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THE MAN *Who Wrote* 'THE CITADEL'

Personal Sketch of Cronin, Whose Book Has Startled The Medical Profession.

By JOHN WARE

A novel called "The Citadel" commences in serial form in this issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

It is a bitter exposure of "racketeering" in the medical profession, and it was written by a doctor.

It is A. J. Cronin's fifth book. The first was "Hatter's Castle," published six years ago. He gave up doctoring to write it, and changed his job at thirty-five.

And made a success of it. "The Stars Look Down" put him in the top rank of best sellers.

A. J. CRONIN—he wrote "Hatter's Castle" in two penny exercise books and then nearly tore it up.

SOME people who read "The Stars Look Down" in the summer of 1934 felt that the description of a mine explosion and its consequences was perhaps a little too horrible.

But as the story appeared in magazine serial form while the newspapers were printing news of a mine tragedy, it was seen that Cronin had exaggerated nothing for the purposes of his story.

It was like a running commentary, supplying an extra touch of drama in one of the most dramatic news stories of the year.

Cronin could show what the newspaper reporters could not about how men died underground.

Publication of "The Stars Look Down" at that time was the sort of luck which all novelists, publishers, playwrights, and film producers hope for, but seldom experience.

It is impossible to calculate how many people have read this novel, for it is still in steady demand at public and subscription libraries, but the figure runs into millions.

This is not to say that the book sold millions of copies; but it went through ten editions, was translated into fourteen languages, and, including cheaper reprints, has sold to date almost 500,000 copies.

But the tall fair-haired Scot who wrote it, although excited by this success, was not primarily concerned with it.

He had previously written "Hatter's Castle," one of the best novels of recent years, and in "The Stars Look Down" he proved that he was not a one-book man, and established his position as a leading novelist of the day.

Six years ago A. J. Cronin was unknown; in April of this year he was elected to the executive council of the Society of Authors, with Sir Hugh Walpole and Ian Hay.

This, and the fact that "The Stars Look Down" is being translated into Japanese, has given him his greatest pleasure to date.

Life of Contrasts

A. J. CRONIN, who started his professional life in two rooms in a miner's cottage in the Rhondda Valley, now lives mostly in a country house in Sussex.

You can step over the low hedge of his garden, cross a few fields and start to climb the Downs, crowned by Chanctonbury Ring. The landscape is a contrast to the slagheap-crowned bleakness of the Rhondda.

Contrast has played a large part in the life of A. J. Cronin. He has practised as a doctor in the squalor of a Welsh colliery village and in the comfort of the West End; has lived chiefly on pease meal (he says it's a kind of Scottish porridge) and eaten the dinners of the rich; started a practice £400 in debt and sold another for several thousands; lived so obscurely among fellow students that no one took any notice of him, and later been invited by the same university to stand as its parliamentary candidate.

Wanted to Write

CRONIN'S brain is driven by his emotions, and when he tells something that excites him he sits forward and clasps and unclasps his hands with each bending of the body, while his fresh sunburned face glows.

While he talks his eyes search the lawn for bits of grass that have escaped the mower. He picks them and sucks at them.

"I wrote 'Hatters Castle' on two penny school exercise books," he says.

"When I came to London in 1926 I built up a successful West End practice. I believe as a doctor I could have made as much as I do as a novelist. But professional security was not what I wanted.

"I always wanted to write; and I sold my practice, bought a dozen exercise books and went off to the Highlands. My friends thought I was a lunatic and tried to save me from my colossal insanity by jeering."

He swooped on a few blades of grass.

"I never thought about it then, but I realise now that if 'Hatter's Castle' had failed I should have started as a doctor again.

"And it nearly did fail, for I was so discouraged when I read it that I almost tore it up.

"For three months I had sat at a bare table in the white-washed bedroom of that farmhouse, with its wonderful view over Loch Fyne, writing sometimes from morning till two the next morning, often writing 5000 words a day."

Mother's Help

IT was Cronin's mother who paved the way for his success, for in the little town of Cardross, Dumbartonshire, she stood out against friends who urged her to put him to work when his father had died.

Cronin, after the village school had done with him, justified his mother's faith by winning a scholarship to the Jesuit College and then to Glasgow University.

He served as a naval surgeon during the war, and after two hospital appointments went to South Wales. Here, as medical inspector of mines, he went down more than five hundred pits.

About this time he seems to have had serious ambitions of reaching the top of his profession, for in 1922, at the age of 26, he took the Diploma in Public Health degree of London, became a member of the Royal College of Physicians in 1923, secured a research post under the Mines Department in 1924, and in 1925 won his Doctorship of Medicine with high commendation.

But all the time his mind was trying to find its right outlet. Its urgency drove him to London.

"I always work under emotional compulsion," he says. "All the time I was in South Wales I burned with indignation at the treatment of the miners. The history of the coalfields is a history of broken pledges.

Days of Poverty

"WHEN you are debarred from the social life of your friends, as I was by poverty in my student days, it develops something inside you—in my case the something that led to the writing of books.

"The money success—I am not fool enough to disparage it—did not really interest me. I was doing something I always wanted to do, writing the books I wanted to write.

"It is now two and a half years since I published 'The Stars Look Down,' and another book is due from me. I could kill myself, as Arnold Bennet did, to make £10,000 a year, but I am content with less than half that.

"I say I disliked being a doctor." He stopped to pluck the grass as we started to walk. "Well, I have just put two years of my life—harder work than I should have done as a doctor—into a new novel.

"I have written in it all I feel about the medical profession, its injustices, its hidebound unscientific stubbornness, its humbug. I had to do it . . . this terrible habit of swilling physic . . . always change the medicine . . . it makes me mad."

That is the book that The Australian Women's Weekly is now publishing as a serial: "The Citadel."

NOW it is finished he is off for a holiday on the Continent with Mrs. Cronin, who is also a qualified doctor.

She helps her husband in his work. "I've got a bad memory for facts and figures, but a vivid one for faces and people," explained Cronin, "and my wife collects data, marshals dates and facts, and does most of the research work on my books."

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

Success Overseas

ANGELA PARSELLES, styled "The new Australian nightingale," has just made her first records, "The Nightingale Song" and "The Piper From Over the Way."

This young singer is among the few Australians trained locally who achieved early success overseas. She has already appeared at Covent Garden Opera House in leading roles, and was specially selected, from the sopranos in London, by Richard Tauber, to sing with him in the picture "Pagliacci." She received her tuition from Mr. Francis Halls, of Sydney.

—Spencer Shier.

On Charities Board

APPOINTED to the Charities Board of Victoria on its inception in 1925, Mr. Victor Hurley, C.M.G., M.D., M.S., F.R.C.S., is a great worker for charity.

Mr. Hurley is an honorary surgeon at Royal Melbourne Hospital and lecturer in Surgery at Melbourne University. He has been associated with hospitals and hospital administration for many years, both in Victoria and in various military hospitals overseas during the war.

Leader of Health League

MISS PRUNELLA STACK is leader of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, London, which has branches in various parts of the Empire. She is 22 years of age and is a daughter of the late Mary Bagot Stack, founder of the movement. She is one of six women members of the British Government's National Advisory Council

£500 RECIPE WINNERS.....

and Free RECIPE BOOK!

Two Great Surprises For Housewives in This Issue

FIRST BATCH OF PRIZE AWARDS: OTHERS NEXT WEEK

Prizewinners in three sections of The Australian Women's Weekly £500 Recipe Competition are announced in this issue.

Also given free with this issue is a book containing over 200 selected recipes from the 97,000 entries in the nation-wide quest for best recipes.

The winners announced this week are in the sections for economical dinners, sweets, jam and jellies.

Three readers have won £50 each for their recipes, which are given below. The names of 150 winners of consolation prizes are given on page 33.

Winners in the Cake Section will be announced next week. This proved the most popular section of the competition, and cakes from selected recipes in the running for the prize are now being cooked and tested in our kitchen.

THE competition is easily the most interesting and successful of its kind ever conducted by an Australian newspaper.

Entries reached the amazing total of 97,108! An astounding response and a tribute to the enterprise of The Australian Women's Weekly; a tribute also to the culinary prowess of Australian womenfolk.

Not only did this alluring competition release an avalanche of treasure trove from Australian housewives, but it attracted numerous entries from New Zealand, New Guinea, and elsewhere.

As can be imagined, the judging of the 97,000 entries was a stupendous task.

The greatest care, however, was exercised by the committee of cookery experts in checking the enormous collection, and in the selection of prize-winning recipes.

In some cases, recipes were extremely similar and varied only in slight degrees.

This meant that the judges had great difficulty in choosing between variations of what were practically the same foundation recipes.

Testing the Cakes

PICKING the winner of the £100 cake prize has proved the most difficult task of all.

The enormous number of entries submitted in this section has now been narrowed down to a batch of finalists, whose recipes are being cooked and tested in our own kitchen this week.

A great many cakes have already been cooked, and when the lot have been completed the final selection will be made of the £100 prizewinner, the £50 second prize, and the remaining consolation prizes.

The names of these winners will be announced next week.

The judges over and over again paid tribute to the general high standard of entries submitted.

Entries very clearly indicated that Australian housewives have a high standard of cooking and a sound knowledge of food values.

As was announced at the opening of the competition, the decision of the judges is final and no correspondence on the subject of the competition can be considered.

Below are the results in the three sections in which judging has been finalised:

DOWN FROM THE COUNTRY FOR THE RACES

AN INFORMAL STUDY of Mrs. George Main, the charming wife of the new Chairman of the Australian Jockey Club, and her eldest daughter, Mollie, taken at the Hotel Australia as they were discussing the affairs of race week. While in town, Mr. and Mrs. Main are staying at Hampstead Flats, Edgecliff. —Women's Weekly photo.

Recipes That Won £50 Each

£50 for Economical Dinner Menu

Awarded to

MRS. L. G. HAMILTON
61 Hughes St., Mile End, S.A.

MENU

Tomato Cream Soup,
Baked Crumbed Chops,
Baked Potatoes, Marrow, Carrots,
Baked Cream Pudding,
Lettuce, Celery and Cheese.

TOMATO CREAM SOUP

One dozen tomatoes, 1 quart water, 1oz. bacon, 1 onion, 1oz. cornflour, 1oz. fat, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon sugar, pinch carb. soda, salt and pepper to taste.

Wash and dry tomatoes and cut up roughly. Make fat hot in saucepan, add tomatoes and chopped onion. Do not let them discolor. Add bacon, sugar, salt and pepper and fry ten minutes. Add water and simmer 1 hour. Rub through a sieve and return to saucepan; add cornflour blended with a little milk and stir till boiling. Add milk and carb. soda and just bring to the boil. Season to taste and serve with croutons.

BAKED CRUMBED CHOPS

One and a half pounds lamb or mutton chops, egg, breadcrumbs, 2 dessertspoons fat. Potatoes, carrots, marrow.

Coat chops in egg and breadcrumbs and place in casserole with fat. Put casserole in top of oven and brown both sides of chops. Now cover with lid and allow to cook gently until tender. Bake in another covered casserole potatoes, carrots and marrow sufficient for family (put a little fat in bottom of dish).

BAKED CREAM PUDDING

Quarter cup sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour, juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar together. Add flour, juice, and grated rind of lemon, yolks of well-beaten eggs and milk. Mix thoroughly. Then just before pouring into piedish fold in beaten whites of eggs. Stand in a pan of boiling water and bake for ½ of an hour. When cooked, the top part is fluffy, and the bottom creamy.

This menu is a suitable one for any family; food values are well-balanced. It is economical, nutritious, containing the necessary proteins and vitamins, and should appeal to the most fastidious palate. Moreover, it is quickly and easily prepared.

£50 for Pudding or Sweets Recipe

Awarded to

MRS. M. PHILLIPS,
Glen Oak, Applethorpe, Qld.
for the following recipe:

RUFFLED APPLES WITH SPONGE

Six large cooking apples, ½ cup of whipped cream (flavored with vanilla), 10 cloves, 1oz. almonds, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 lemon, 6 small round sponge cakes, or squares cut from a sponge (see recipe below).

Peel the apples thinly, being careful not to loosen stalks, and place in a stewpan with sugar, cloves, the rind and pulp of the lemons. Barely cover with water and stew until tender but not broken. Remove apples from the syrup and set aside to cool. Continue boiling syrup until reduced to half quantity. Strain and allow to cool.

When cold slice tops from apples (about 1 inch from top) carefully scoop out the cores and fill hollows with whipped cream.

Replace tops, and place spiked, blanched almonds around them. Place sponge cakes in a glass dish, pour over custard and press an apple into the middle of each cake.

Pour the syrup around and pile whipped cream upon it. Serve as cold as possible on hot days. Custard can be substituted for whipped cream or slices of ice-cream.

To further vary this dessert, fill apples (after removing cores) with any of the following mixtures in lieu of the whipped cream: (1) Sliced marshmallows and chopped prunes, (2) fruit salad, (3) passionfruit pulp, (4) berry jams, (5) sliced strawberries, (6) mashed banana, (7) chopped nuts, (8) dates, stoned and chopped, (9) raisins and nuts, (10) diced pineapple, (11) Yuletide mincemeat—for the Christmas tea party, (12) crystallised cherries soaked in a little sherry.

Sponge: 4 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Separate the whites and yolks of eggs. Beat whites to stiff froth, add yolks, then sugar, and beat till thick, frothy, and has plenty of air bubbles. Stir in very lightly the well-sifted flour and baking powder. Pour into well-greased sponge sandwich tin. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out on to cooler.

Continued on Page 33

PIMPLES, FRECKLES

WRINKLES, BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, and ALL SKIN IMPERFECTIONS QUICKLY REMOVED BY NEW HOME METHOD

FOR years I was worried to death with unsightly Freckles and abominable Pimples and Blackheads. Other girls would avoid me. It was impossible for me to attend parties and dances, because both sexes would shun my company.

Wherever I went out I was actually dressed better and looked smarter than most other girls; nevertheless, I always felt miserable. Every cream and powder and lotion that I saw advertised I would try in the hope of removing these distressing blemishes, but one and all proved failures.

My father felt so sorry for me that he took me to France and Germany. During this trip which occupied six weeks I underwent the treatment of a famous Parisian Beauty Specialist. Within the first week after I commenced this treatment I noticed a remarkable change; and at the end of four weeks my face was quite clear of all blemishes.

I had about abandoned all hope of ever being able to hold my own in company. You can, therefore, realise my joy on returning to London to have my old friends stop me in the street and exclaim, "How well you look. I would never have known you!"

Since my trip I have never been troubled with my old complaints, because I learned just how to care for my skin.

Realising that there must be thousands of women both young and old who are today suffering as I did, you will not be surprised to learn that I am anxious to place my secret before them. If you will, therefore, simply send your name and address, with 2d in stamps to cover my outlay for posting, I will send you free, in a plain, sealed envelope, full information so that you may forever remove all trace of Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, and any other blemishes, by the wonderful method that overcame my troubles. Remember, it is different to any that you have adopted in the past. It does not consist of cosmetics, creams, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage-rollers or other implements. No diet—no fasting—nothing to take, and cannot injure the most delicate skin.

Know the happiness of a radiant, smooth, young skin, as do the thankful thousands who have used my method. Write NOW, TO-DAY, while you think of it, to MISS ALMA P. CHALMERS, 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.

FREE COUPON

Cut out this Coupon if interested and post with 2d. stamp and name and address to: MISS ALMA P. CHALMERS, 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.

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FAY COMPTON *Here to Play* "VICTORIA REGINA"

Distinguished Actress Brings Provocative Play to Australia

One of the most important theatrical events in recent years is the arrival in Australia of the distinguished English actress, Fay Compton, and her company of nine leading London players.

Miss Compton will make her Australian debut in Melbourne on October 23 in "Victoria Regina," the provocative Laurence Housman play based on the life of Queen Victoria.

THE company will have the original manuscript that Housman himself used at a private performance in London, and from which the British censor ordered cuts before passing it for public exhibition.

No play in recent years has attracted such wide public attention as "Victoria Regina," the screen version of which will soon be released in Australia.

Miss Compton, who is a sister of Compton McKenzie, the novelist, is making her first visit to Australia, and will enlarge her own company later on with local talent.

Miss Compton's life history is varied and romantic. At the age of 12 she was playing children's parts in the old Albert Hall. Five years later she became the bride of H. G. Pellisier, the founder of the "Follies."

She had barely left school when she was married, and a year after her marriage Pellisier died and she was a widow and mother at the age of 18.

In 1914 Miss Compton toured America and built up a splendid reputation for herself in both serious and comedy parts.

Then came the films and another series of triumphs for this versatile actress. Of course, those were the silent days and most of the pioneers have been unable to stand up to the ordeal of the talkies. But Miss Compton once more made good.

FAY COMPTON

"Peter Pan" Role

"DID you prefer silent or talkie films?" The Australian Women's Weekly asked her, in a special interview.

"Talkie, of course," she answered, "but look here, I am not a film actress, you know."

She was then asked which was her favorite part. Miss Compton replied by asking not to be thought a snob if she said she preferred Shakespeare.

"My happiest memories are associated with 'Hamlet,' when I played Ophelia opposite John Barrymore at the Haymarket Theatre in London," she said.

When Sir James Barrie wrote that charming play, "Peter Pan," Miss Compton played the leading role and followed up with another success three years later in "Mary Rose."

These plays really established her reputation as an actress.

From that time onwards the world has watched her develop until she has reached fame and world-wide recognition. All her work bears that charm that only a matured and completely poised woman can give.

Ivor Novello has said of her voice that it has a quality that moved him to tears.

Son is Actor

THE stage is a hard life, and Miss Compton is the possessor of a lovely home in Kent where she relaxes completely. She has furnished it entirely with antique furniture, and includes in her family, besides a son of 21, seven dogs, a donkey, and two cats.

Anthony Pelissier, her son, has carried on the traditions of his family and is at present playing in New York with Noel Coward in Mr. Coward's play, "To-night at 8.30."

The Compton family has been on the stage as far back as the sixth generation, and one could build up a very romantic story around the house of Compton.

Miss Compton, however, says that they treat the stage in a very matter of fact manner, in the same way as a father would pass on his business to his son.

It is possible that Ivor Novello's "Proscenium" and Bernard Shaw's "Candida" will also be produced in Australia.

Travelling with Miss Compton as leading man is Mr. Bruno Barnabe, while the company of ten which will be augmented in Australia also includes one Australian, Miss Mary Charles, of Brisbane.

The producer is Mr. Peter Dearing, who left the ship at Fremantle to travel by airliner to Melbourne.

Miss Charles, the Australian member of the company, went to London nine years ago to continue her studies in dramatic work, which had commenced with Alan Wilkie in Brisbane.

After two years at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, she graduated with her diploma and commenced hard work of touring the provinces in repertory.

She was appearing at Richmond Repertory Theatre when Mr. Dearing gave her an audition and engaged her for the Australian tour with Miss Compton.

Miss Charles is the daughter of the late W. M. G. Charles, well-known Queensland pastoralist.

Juvenile lead with the company is golden-haired Miss Hayley-Bell, daughter of Col. F. Hayley-Bell, head of the Intelligence Department in Singapore. Miss Bell is also a graduate of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and has appeared with Seymour Hicks in England and in several films including "Vintage Wine," "Love in Exile," with Clive Brook, and "The Adventures of Mr. Smith."

Just before sailing for Australia Miss Bell was appearing in Shakespearean productions in Regent's Park with Miss Compton.

What Will Our Censors Do?

LAURENCE HOUSMAN, author of "Victoria Regina," is one of the most important dramatists of modern times.

A prolific worker, he has written 36 short plays on the life of Queen Victoria, based largely on her own letters. He grouped together eleven of the playlets to make "Victoria Regina."

In them were lines which the censor for some thirty years has objected to. In fact, the English censors cut out of the play lines which anyone who cares may read in the complete collection of the Housman playlets.

Miss Compton's plan to stage the play here, based on the original uncut manuscript, arouses interest in the possible attitude of the Australian censors. Will the authorities here take the same action as in England?

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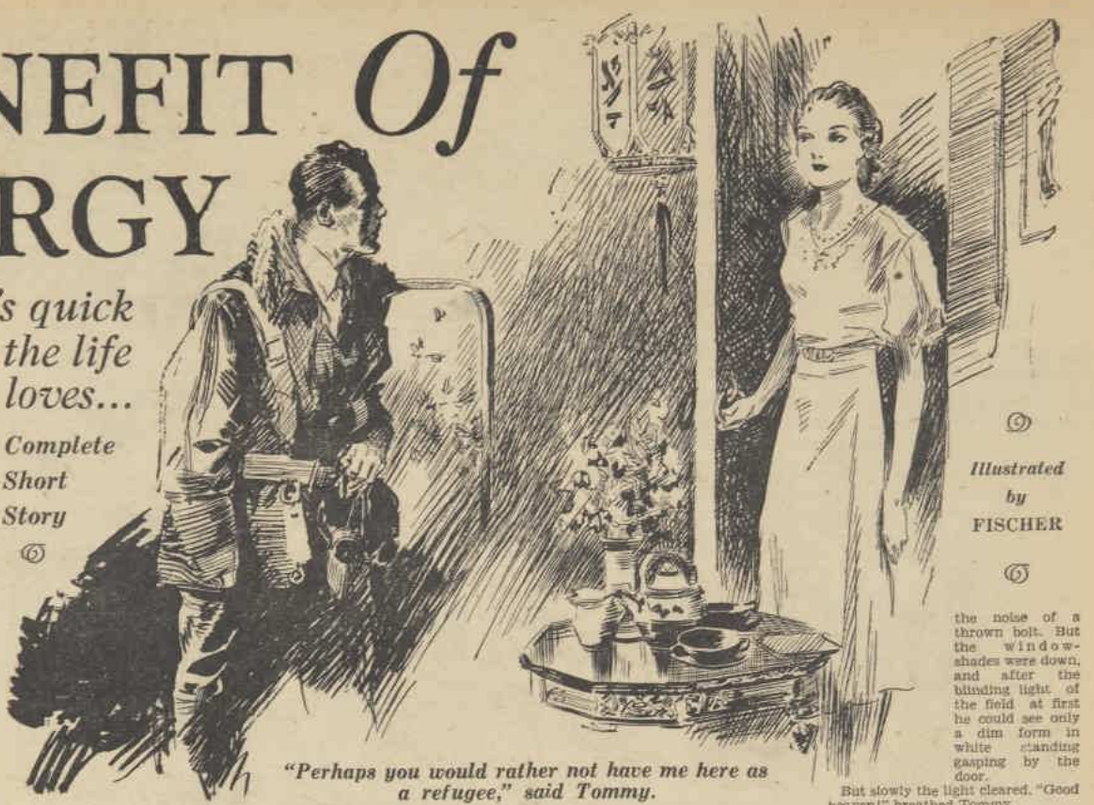

"Perhaps you would rather not have me here as a refugee," said Tommy.

IN appearance, Tommy Wilson was in no way unusual. You saw a rather small and very wiry man in his early twenties, dark hair, plain but pleasant features, and dark eyes that seemed always to be looking a long way off across the water. At first my only interest in him was his interest in Ruth Crandall.

You know the bright-eyed relish with which the staidest passengers watch ship-board love affairs. The yearning of middle-aged people for vicarious romance finds startling expression on ships like the Buchanan, large enough for intrigue but too small for secrets, with a beaming Swedish cupid in command. But the affair between Tommy and Ruth was not regarded with widespread sympathy. The opinion of the smoking-room was that Ruth was too young.

Actually she was seventeen, in the pure glowing dawn of her beauty. True, Tommy was not more than five years older, but was put down as a hard-bitten young aviator who took his fun where he found it. Yes, we male gossips declared, even now he was going out to be a money-fighter for a Chinese war-lord! And Ruth, going out to join a missionary father, was practically at his mercy.

The pair played deck-games, whispered in the lounge, and disappeared from sight among the ship-funnels immediately after dinner. But no one knew how far the affair progressed—and few really cared after land was sighted and we were jerked violently back to our own affairs. That's the way of shipboard.

BUT I saw their parting parting at Shanghai. For some reason it touched me—perhaps because they were both so young, so careful of appearances. Ruth wanted a good-bye kiss, but there were some people on the tender to meet her, and Tommy bit his lip and did not give it to her. Then they were waving to each other, while the brown water widened between them.

Both Tommy and I were going to Hongkong, so that night I cornered him in the ship's bar. He was not a free talker, but before midnight I had learned the main facts of his life and its mainspring. He belonged to a respectable family. Five years before he had run away from school to become a flyer. He knew a number of Kipling's ballads by heart. He was going to China, he said, to make five thousand tael a month, but his real quest was life.

I had never seen such a hunger for life in any human being.

"But Ruth Crandall won't want you to be a money-fighter," I said cautiously.

Good heavens, how his dark eyes burned! "But I've got to, just the same," he muttered. "There's no war in sight of us for years."

"Then you won't see her again?"

"No."

"Pretty tough, eh, Tommy?" For I was nearly twenty years older than he.

"Tough for me. I'll never find another girl like her as long as I live. But not tough for her. Darn good luck, in fact."

I didn't argue with Tommy.

"Thank heaven I left her free," he burst out, forgetting that I was sitting there.

"Free?" I spoke very softly, not to frighten him into putting back his guard.

He did not answer except to sing a line from Kipling. "I couldn't do such, 'cause I liked her too much." And then he called the bar steward for two whiskies.

When I went to my room, I speculated a long time as to Tommy's future. It would be quite interesting while it lasted, I thought, but it wouldn't last long. Tommy had been marked down by the fates. But it turned out that I hadn't given the fates nearly enough credit.

Tommy said good-bye to me in Hongkong, then went up-river to the southern province of Kwang-si. A little war that the newspapers hardly noticed was going on there, and ultimately Tommy became the one-man air force for one of the opposing armies.

I heard of him from time to time. Apparently he was doing well—so well that the enemy war-lord, powerful Liu Ho, first tried to bribe him and then sent him a courteous warning not to be captured alive. As a final compliment, he imported five flyers, four Chinese and one scapegrace Englishman, just to get rid of him.

When I heard this, I did not expect to hear of Tommy any more. But I did—a story so strange that if I had not seen Tommy's eyes one night on shipboard, I would have never believed it, even in unbelievable China.

It was a summer afternoon. Three years had passed; the war was finished; unless all signs failed Tommy was finished, too. In that last battle, the five enemy flyers had guessed the identical hole in the clouds where Tommy emerged. No doubt it had been a glorious fight—the stuttering thunder of machine-guns, whistling bullets, wind shrieking through struts, and the raw taste of life in Tommy's mouth—but although he downed two of the Chinese and frightened off the other two, an enemy bullet cut his petrol pipe.

Apparently he would get to the ground all right. He was not in flames; and the renegade Englishman spiralling about him was another white man who had no intention of hitting him with those savage-sounding bursts of machine-gun fire. But Liu Ho and his army were bivouacked down there after their decisive victory, waiting shiny-eyed for him to land.

Why not cheat them? This was Tommy's grim inspiration. Liu Ho was a soldier and a gentleman, but he would not polish off a foreign-devil mercenary in any decent fashion. Tommy had lived long enough in China to know that some of the wildest stories of heathen tortures were understated. All he had to do was stall and crash his ship.

So he put on the mask he sometimes wore—hard, impenetrable, only his eyes gleaming through—and began to nose up. But in the last split second he changed his mind.

No one—least of all Tommy himself—knows why. Certainly he was not afraid to crash—and it was the logical course. But he was genuinely afraid of Liu Ho, and perhaps this was the reason he must go down and face him. He landed neatly and with a flourish in the open field in front of the long-forsaken medical mission.

But the enemy seemed not interested in taking him alive. He had hardly touched earth when machine-guns opened fire. They hit his wing and then his tail, and as he taxied across the field towards the buildings, the bullets were cutting neat designs in his fuselage. A whole company of men had jumped out of a ditch and were shooting at him with rifles. None of the nearer soldiers dared to run in lest they be struck by their comrades' fire.

Tommy swung out of the cockpit and ran. Instinctively he made for the only shelter in sight, the abandoned mission-house. . . . He did not notice that there were blinds at the windows and that the grass was newly cut, and with bullets whistling by his ears he did not remember the vague report of a medical missionary taking over the station. . . . Once inside and his pistol in his hand he could dance one last jig.

The white warbird had been captured at last.

By EDISON MARSHALL

SUDDENLY the firing ceased. Still stunned by his disaster and dazed by terror, at first Tommy could not understand. And then in that enormous silence he heard someone call.

"Run, soldier! Oh, run—run——"

It came from the door of the house. It had opened and a form was standing there, half-hidden by the gloom within. For fear of hitting this person—some member of the mission-doctor's family—the soldiers held their fire.

Tommy sprang on to the porch and through the open door. It slammed shut behind him; he heard the noise of a thrown bolt. But the window-shades were down, and after the blinding light of the field at first he could see only a dim form in white standing gasping by the door.

But slowly the light cleared. "Good heaven!" breathed Tommy.

A girl was standing there, a white girl. This fact alone took all of Tommy's powers for wonder. This very morning, and not five miles away, had raged the last battle of the war, all the raw and violent drama that man makes for his soul's desire when he is free of woman's hand. Hardly two minutes ago he was darting among clouds, and hate and death had been all the world. But here stood a white girl in a white dress.

But the rest he had to take on faith. It couldn't be true—but it was true. The girl was Ruth Crandall.

"So it's you, is it?" she said very quietly. "I might have known."

"And I might have known it would be you. It all works out." These were Tommy's words, but he did not quite know what they meant. "What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I belong here."

"But don't you know you've got to go——"

"WHY? I'm perfectly safe. Every soldier in Liu Ho's army knows he'd lose his head if he fires one bullet into this house. Liu Ho promised absolute protection for all our family when father took over this mission and agreed to treat the wounds of the high command.

"Where is your father? The whole blamed army——"

"I know. It moved in here after the battle, when Mummy and Daddy had gone for a week to the mission-centre. I'm here alone, except for servants."

I wish I could have seen her standing there, through Tommy's eyes. Her face had all the power and glory, the incarnation of his most wildly beautiful dreams. Remember, the man was in love to start with, and an inch of pine stood between him and blind, oblivious death.

But she was pretty enough on her own account to justify any extravagance. She had amber-colored hair and eyes so dark blue that in this light they looked black, and a full-lipped happy mouth beautiful to the most jaundiced eye. He remembered her as slim and small, but now she had had three years in the tropics that "swell the ripenin' coconuts and ripes the woman's breast."

But Tommy's ecstasy was mingled with sadness and wormwood. He knew what she was seeing—her first "crush" now all but forgotten, a ne'er-do-well in the battered, bullet-torn uniform of an outlaw colonel. She wouldn't look beneath the surface and see the dreams he had dreamed, the hunger and thirst so much bigger than he, that made him almost worthy of her love. And there was no time to show her. Liu Ho waited outside for his life.

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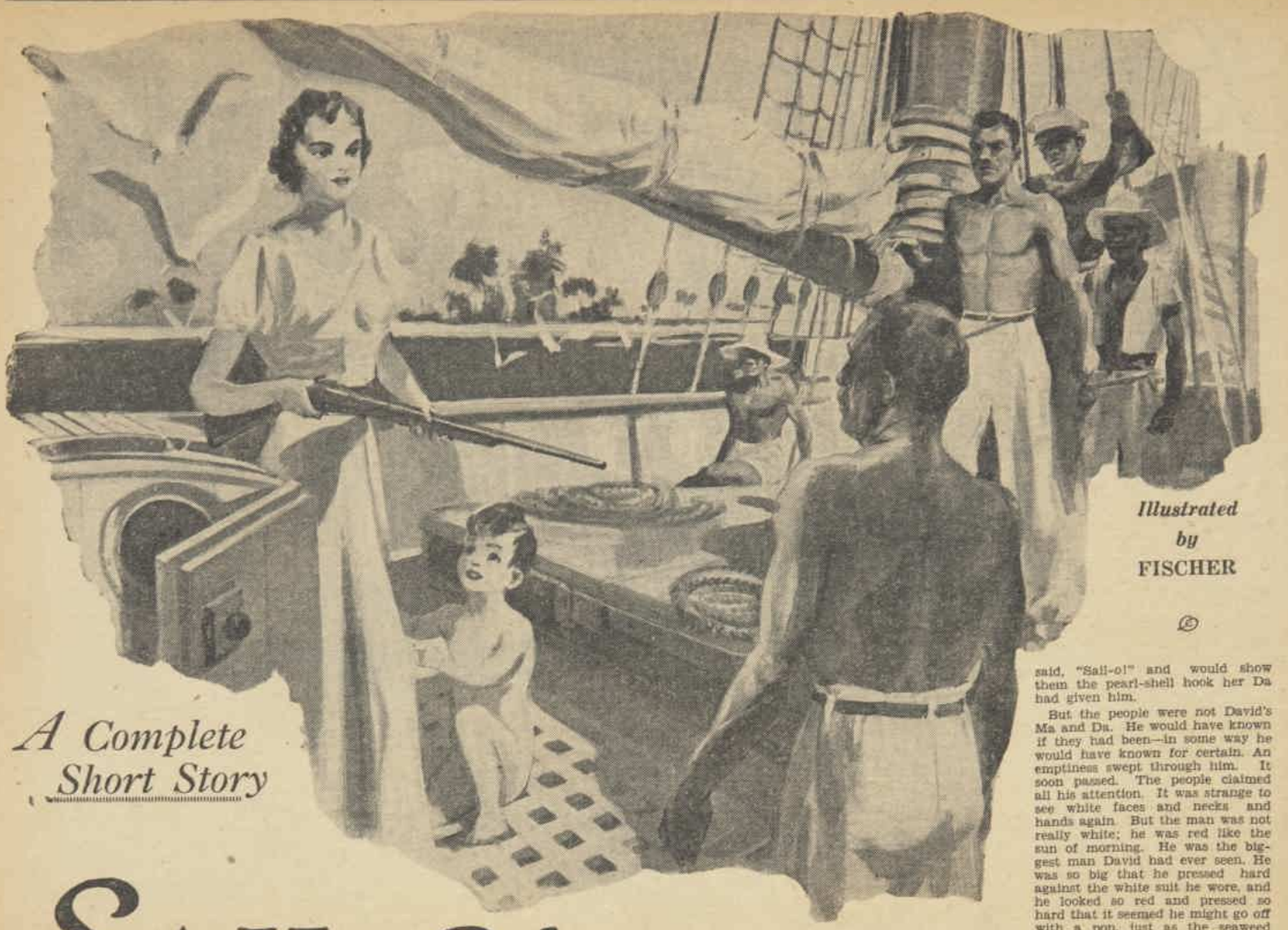

Illustrated by FISCHER

A Complete Short Story

SAIL-O!

"Wake up there, Tom, Dick, Jacob," she said. The men were scared and surprised.

She was married to a tyrant for years, until a helpless child came into her life to show her the way of escape.

By DALE COLLINS

THE sun rose from the hole in the sea where it slept. It climbed the sky in a hurry, and its face was very red, just as David's was when he tried to go up a palm like the native boys did. The sun soon tired and went more slowly and lost its redness. It was that way every morning. It never forgot to get up and look at Malu.

David lay rolled in his mat and watched the sun through the open side of the hut. He wondered whether Ma and Da would ever come back. So long since they went away that it was hard to believe they had ever been on Malu. They were growing dim, fading, like the palms when the sun dived down into the sea. The same with all those others who had gone away about then, but they were even dimmer. He could hardly see them at all.

David crawled from his mat and wandered out into the morning. He left the others asleep in the hut. They would wake presently, and then there would be food. He was hungry. The bowl of taro would be good. He rubbed his bare stomach at the thought.

A big crab ran backwards down a near-by palm and shuffled across the sand. David threw a piece of coral at it, and the crab vanished into a hole. The little girl Lerina came out of another hut. David liked her. He beckoned and she ran to join him. Hand in hand they went down to the water and sat in the shallows splashing each other. Some bigger children passed them and swam out into deeper water, but David was not allowed to do that because he was white and sharks could see a white skin a long way off, and smell it, too. White children had to be afraid of sharks. He had always known that.

He lay on his back in the warm water and looked up into the sky, wondering where the clouds went to. Sometimes clouds sailed everywhere, but on a day like this none at all, only the blue. The same with the wind which often made all the palms bend. No wind now. There must be a reason for the wind to blow one day and not on another. And where did it come from and go to?

THESE problems were driven away by a great outcry from the bigger children.

"Sail-o! Sail-o!" they cried, making a noise like hungry gulls.

David sat up. On the flat sea a huge canoe moved along. For a breath he was astounded. Then he remembered: he had seen it before. This was the Sailo which Ma and Da had often talked about. They used to look for it out there, but they couldn't find it. And here it was.

He jumped to his feet and ran up the beach calling, "Ma! Da!"—eager that they should see the Sailo as soon as possible. But suddenly he stopped and dug his toes into the coral sand disconsolately, for he had remembered that Ma and Da had gone away. And yet the Sailo brought them back so vividly that he looked towards the hut expecting to see them coming out of it. They did not, and it was no use looking. They were not in the hut, not on Malu any more. He felt empty down in his stomach.

There was a great bustle in all the other huts. Everyone was hurrying into the clothes they only wore now and then on big occasions. The women had on long clothes like Ma used to put on at night in the hut, and the men had on clothes like Da's, but they did not look the same on account of their feet and hands and faces being brown.

It was always this way when the Sailo came, he remembered now; but before there had been ever so many more people, and they were much happier and noisier. It had been sad and numb on Malu since all the others went away. Only the very little children laughed.

Everyone was hurrying off to the other side of Malu, talking as they went, not gaily but with sour faces. Lerina had slipped her hand into his, and they started off together. The grown-ups, of course, went much faster. The walk was quite a long one for Lerina. Every now and then her legs gave at the knees and she sat down with a plomp. But she would not be left, so David helped her on. His own legs began to tire, and his stomach was very empty. He sat down with a plomp himself. Lerina giggled. That was silly. He had only sat down because he had tripped on a root or something.

When they came out from the palms on to the other beach all the people who had stayed on Malu were clustered along the edge of the lagoon, and the Sailo was coming in through the hole in the circle that was Malu. David had forgotten how big she was, and the pig noise she made as she grunted along. All this and much besides—the old sense of wonder as to how and why and whence—came back, but rather surprisingly Ma and Da did not, and the people of Malu were sad and silent, as if the Sailo wasn't such fun as it used to be.

They just waited, looking out at the Sailo which had stopped and sat on the water, still yet bobbing a little, just as the white gulls sat. The pig noise had ceased, leaving the day very quiet.

Lerina suddenly said, "Sail-o! Sail-o!" It was the first real word she had ever said. David was proud of her. He patted her hair, which was like the hair on a coconut, only black.

A canoe, not like those of Malu, left the Sailo and came creeping towards the beach with long paddles scraping into the flat water.

The grown-ups spoke together, though still not gaily as they had in other days. They were cross, and grunted bad words, like the pig had the time it ate up its babies. The pig had been very angry and nasty. So were the grown-ups. Even the bigger children could not be happy. Only the small Lerina continued to say "Sail-o!" and laugh at her own cleverness.

When the canoe came closer he saw that a white man and a white woman sat in her and were paddled by two brown men. For a space David took it for granted that they were Ma and Da. That seemed only natural. Their going away was connected in some fashion with the Sailo, and here the Sailo brought them back. He was glad. It would be nice to be with them again. He would tell them that Lerina had said, "Sail-o!" and would show them the pearl-shell hook her Da had given him.

But the people were not David's Ma and Da. He would have known if they had been—in some way he would have known for certain. An emptiness swept through him. It soon passed. The people claimed all his attention. It was strange to see white faces and necks and hands again. But the man was not really white; he was red like the sun of morning. He was the biggest man David had ever seen. He was so big that he pressed hard against the white suit he wore, and he looked so red and pressed so hard that it seemed he might go off with a pop, just as the seaweed bulbs did when you squeezed them. Seeing him in the canoe, David thought of a great red-and-white cloud there had been last evening, but this cloud was solid.

THE other person was a lady like Ma, only different. She was very small and thin with a very white, small face. She was frightened and sad. David was sorry for her. Her eyes did not seem to have any color at all.

"Hullo, hullo," the man said, when they were close. "What's up? What's happened?"

No one said anything back to him.

"All lost your tongues?"

Xavier St. Joseph, who had been the boss of almost everything since the others went away, stepped forward and said, "Plenty die. The man from your ship bring plenty death. Plenty die."

"So he did have the smallpox," the lady said. "I knew it."

"Shut your mouth," the man said. "We had to get rid of him, didn't we? It was them or us. If we'd kept him aboard——!"

Red like the sun he looked at her and she was afraid.

"How many die?" he asked.

"Five, fifty, thirty, plenty die," Xavier St. Joseph said. He flung out his arms to show how many.

"Plenty! Plenty!" others said, and some grunted and all were angry.

"No use blaming me," the red man said. "I didn't want them to die, did I?"

"You bring," Xavier St. Joseph said. He spat. Other men spat.

"Cheeky lot of hounds," the red man said. "I'll teach you to spit when you talk to me."

He got out of the canoe, and the woman followed him. Because they were afraid, the people of Malu went back, shuffling, and David and Lerina were left in front, for David still held Lerina's hand and was too much interested to move. Also he belonged to these people in a way the rest did not.

"Ma! Da!" he said to draw their attention to this fact.

"Them, too?" the red man said. He was bad.

"Yes," said Xavier St. Joseph.

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GRANDMA Looks On!

Complete Short Story

By Oscar SCHISGALL

FROM the terrace Grandma Tyson watched the game with disapproving eyes.

Her granddaughter, she saw, was serving with her usual precision. Peggy, exquisitely graceful in white shorts, tossed up a ball, and in the second she waited for its fall—racquet lifted, slim body poised for the swing—she looked sublime. Like a statuette, thought Grandma Tyson; her young body perfectly moulded, neither too flat nor too voluptuous; her wheat-colored hair, which she disdained to bind, rippling gloriously to her shoulders.

There was a crack as Peggy's racquet struck. The ball flashed across the net to flick up a cloudlet of dust in a corner of Clark Winthrop's court. He made a wild, ineffectual lunge and missed by more than a yard.

Grinning, he shook his dark head. A handsome, blundering young giant, scornfully decided Grandma Tyson.

"Very pretty ace, Peg," he conceded as he crossed the court.

"Your set," he surrendered with another doleful shake of his head. "You're too much for me, Peg."

The tall girl laughed as she tossed her racquet to the grass. With both hands she smoothed back her hair. Clark Winthrop wearily approached her, daubing a handkerchief to his perspiring forehead.

"How about a swim?" Peggy suggested.

"THE sooner the better," he sighed. As they started together for the house, he added, "You had me running to-day. Nice game—very nice."

"I've played a great deal this summer," Peg said apologetically, as if in regret for defeating him.

"So've I," Clark laughed. "But it hasn't made my game any better."

Grandma Tyson frowningly watched them enter the house. This, she reflected, was the fifth consecutive day Peggy had beaten him at tennis. And at golf, too . . . She uttered a curt "H'm!" that was like a snort, and her mind snapped angrily to the letter Peggy's brother had written her.

"Grandma dear,

"I think this boy Clark Winthrop and Peggy will suit from the start. Not that Peggy has to be pushed on anyone—I suppose the boys are buzzing around the house thicker than mosquitoes this summer. But if Peggy has to be given up to anybody, I'd rather it be a friend of mine than a stranger.

"Clark comes from a rather county sort of family. Horsy, but nice. Right now he's one of the best advertising men in our office. He's brought in four new accounts that have made everybody sit up and cheer. So, when he spoke of taking a week off, I insisted that he run up to our place. I promised I'd join him there for the week-end. He accepted. Ought to be along Monday afternoon. Do what you can to make him happy, won't you? And give him a chance with Peggy."

Out of Grandma Tyson's reverie issued another snort. A chance with Peggy? For the past five days Clark Winthrop had monopolised her. And what of it? She had beaten him so badly at everything that he looked silly.

Seated in front of her tri-leaf mirror, Peggy was dressing for the evening when Grandma Tyson determinedly entered her room. There was a threat of trouble in the very tap of Grandma's cane. The staccato quality of its rap made Peggy look round in surprise. And she discovered, in some alarm, that her grandmother's expression bore all the tautness of a Tyson on the warpath.

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

Grandma sat down and clasped her hands over the ivory knob of the cane. She surveyed Peggy's figure, visible through flimsy underthings, with the eyes of a critical connoisseur. Then she said:

"I've come to talk to you about this boy Clark."

Instantly Peggy Tyson smiled. She said gaily, "Don't you think he's nice?"

"You," retorted Grandma, her voice uncompromising, "must think him exceptionally so, since you've given him more time than any other young man."

"That," said Peggy, "is because I like him better than any other man."

Grandma Tyson scornfully shook her head. "It won't do!"

Peggy was astonished. "Clark won't do?"

"Never. I know, child." She hesitated. "I know because he's the kind of man I married. I remember so vividly what I went through, Peg, that I've come to give you a word of warning."

Peggy sat dismayed. She started to say something, but the words collapsed on her lips. So Grandma Tyson flung out a suspicious:

"You haven't actually fallen in love with him, have you?"

"Why, Grandma, I——"

"I wouldn't talk about it if it weren't for the fact that I see you on the verge of making the same mistake I made almost fifty years ago. Your grandfather was of the same type as this Clark Winthrop. Handsome, big—the kind that won you over with his sad smile."

"Clark's smile isn't sad!" Peggy protested.

"Well, it—it's winsome, and that's just as bad. I suppose you've been told what a scandal I created when I divorced your grandfather?"

Peggy, sitting very stiff, said nothing.

"I had no choice," Grandma Tyson vehemently asserted. "I'd lost all my respect for him. You can't live with a man you don't respect."

"But, Grandma," Peggy ejaculated, leaning forward, her brows arched high, "I've always heard that grandfather was such a charming gentleman, so courtly and——"

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Peggy was exquisitely graceful in white shorts—"like a statuette," thought Grandma Tyson.

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THE CITADEL...

By A. J. CRONIN

THIS is the novel which electrified England and the medical profession. It sold 60,000 copies in the first week.

Magnificent in its humanitarianism, and beautiful in its romance, it is the world's best seller of the day.

The Australian Women's Weekly is proud to present the novel to its readers as a serial. You must not miss a line of it.

LATE one October afternoon in the year 1924 a shabby young man gazed with fixed intensity through the window of a third-class compartment in the almost empty train laboring up the Penowell Valley from Swansea.

All that day Manson had travelled from the north, changing at Carlisle and Shrewsbury, yet the final stage of his tedious journey to South Wales found him strung to a still greater excitement by the prospects of his post, the first of his medical career, in this strange, disfigured country.

Darkness had fallen, emphasising the strangeness and remoteness of the scene when the engine panted into Blaenelly, the end township of the Valley, and the terminus of the line. He had arrived at last. Gripping his bag, Manson leaped from the train, and walked quickly down the platform searching eagerly for some sign of welcome.

At the station exit, beneath a wind-blown lamp, a yellow-faced old man stood waiting. He inspected Manson with a jaundiced eye and his voice, when it came, was reluctant.

"You Doctor Page's new assistant?"

"That's right. Manson. Andrew Manson is the name!"

"Huh! Mine's Thomas. Old Thomas they mostly call me, dang 'em! I got the gig here. Set in—unless you'd raather swim."

Manson slung his bag up and climbed into the battered gig behind a tall, angular grey horse. Thomas followed, took the reins and addressed the horse.

"Hue-up, Taffy!" he said.

They drove off through the town which, though Andrew tried keenly to discern its outline, presented after the rain no more than a blurred huddle of low grey houses ranged beneath the high and ever-present mountains.

For several minutes the old groom did not speak, but continued to dart pessimistic glances at Andrew from beneath the brim of his hat. He bore no resemblance to the smart coachman of a successful doctor, but was, on the contrary, wizened and slovenly, and all the time he gave off a peculiar yet powerful odor of stale cooking fat.

At last he said: "Only jest got your parchment, eh?"

Andrew nodded.

"I knowed it." Old Thomas spat. His triumph made him more gravely communicative. "Last assistant went ten days ago. Mostly they don't stop."

"Why?" Despite his nervousness, Andrew smiled.

"Work's too hard for one thing, I reckon."

"And for another?"

"You'll find out!"

A moment later, as a guide might indicate a fine cathedral, Thomas lifted his whip and pointed to the end of a row of houses where, from a small lighted doorway, a cloud of steam was emerging. "See that! That there's the missus' and my chip potato shop. We fry twice a week. Wet fish." A secret amusement twitched his long upper lip. "Reckon you might want to know, shortly."

Here the main street ended, and, turning up a short, uneven side road, they boggled across a piece of waste ground and entered the narrow drive of a house which stood isolated from the adjacent rows behind three monkey-puzzle trees. On the gate was the name Bryngower.

"This is us," said Thomas, pulling up the horse.

Andrew descended. The next minute, while he gathered himself for the ordeal of his entrance, the front door was flung open and he was in the lighted hall being welcomed effusively by a short, plump, smiling woman of about forty with a shining face and bright, bold twinkling eyes.

"Well! Well! This must be Dr. Manson. Come in, my dee-ar, come in. I'm doctor's wife, Mrs. Page. I do hope you didn't have a tryin' journey. I am pleased to see you. I been out of my mind nearly since that last awful feller we had left us. You ought to have seen him. He was a waster if ever I met one, I can tell you. Oh! but never mind. It's all right, now you're here. Come along. I'll show you to your room myself."

UPSTAIRS, Andrew's room was a small camsiled apartment with a brass bed, a yellow varnished chest of drawers, and a bamboo table bearing a basin and ewer. Glancing round it, while her black button eyes searched his face, he said with anxious politeness, "This looks very comfortable, Mrs. Page."

"Yes, indeed." She smiled and patted his shoulder maternally. "You'll do famous here, my dee-ar. You treat me right and I'll treat you right. I can't say fairer than that, can I? Now come along before you're a minute older and meet doctor."

She paused, her gaze still questioning his, her tone striving to be offhand. "I don't know if I said so in my letter, but, as a matter of fact, doctor 'asn't been too well lately."

Perplexed, Andrew followed her to the end of the passage, where she threw open a door, exclaiming blithely: "Here's Doctor Manson, Edward—our new assistant. He's come to say 'ow do."

As Andrew went into the room, a long, fustily furnished bedroom with chenille curtains closely drawn and a small fire burning in the grate, Edward Page turned slowly upon the bed, seeming to do so by a great effort.

HE was a big, bony man of perhaps sixty. The light of the oil lamp, falling across the pillow, revealed one half of his face expressionless and waxen. The left side of his body was equally paralysed, and his left hand, which lay upon the patchwork counterpane, was contracted to a shiny cone.

Observing these signs of a severe and far from recent stroke, Andrew was conscious of a sudden shock of dismay. There was an odd silence.

"I hope you'll like it here." Doctor Page remarked at length, speaking slowly and with difficulty, slurring his words a little. "I hope you'll find the practice won't be too much for you. You're very young."

"I'm twenty-four, sir," Andrew answered awkwardly. "I know this is the first job I've had, and all that—but I'm not afraid of work."

"There now!" Mrs. Page beamed. "Didn't I tell you, Edward, we'd be lucky with our next one?"

An even deeper immobility settled on Page's face. He gazed at Andrew. Then his interest seemed to fade. He said in a tired voice: "I hope you'll stay."

"My goodness gracious!" cried Mrs. Page. "What a thing to say!" She turned to Andrew, smiling and apologetic. "It's only because he's a morsel down to-day. But he'll soon be up and doing again. Won't you, ducky?" Bending, she kissed her husband heartily. "There now! I'll send your supper up by Annie whenever we've 'ad ours."

Page did not answer. The stony look on his one-sided face made his mouth seem twisted. His good hand strayed to the book that lay on the table beside his bed. Andrew saw that it was entitled, "The Wild Birds of Europe." Even before the paralysed man began to read he felt himself dismissed.

As Andrew went down to supper his thoughts were painfully confused. He had applied for this assistantship in answer to an advertisement in the "Lancet." Yet in the correspondence, conducted at this end by Mrs. Page, which had led to his securing the post, there had been no mention whatsoever of Doctor Page's illness.

But Page was ill, there could be no question of the gravity of the cerebral hemorrhage which had incapacitated him.

With an effort Andrew put the puzzle from his mind. He was young, strong, and had no objection to the extra work in which Page's illness might involve him. Indeed, in his enthusiasm, he yearned for an avalanche of calls.

"You're lucky, my dee-ar," remarked Mrs. Page brightly, as she bustled into the dining-room. "You can have your bit of snap straight off to-night. No surgery, Dai Jenkins done it."

"Dai Jenkins?"

"He's our dispenser," Mrs. Page threw out casually. "A handy little feller. An' willin' too. 'Doc.' Jenkins some folks even call him, though of course he's not to be compared in the same breath with Doctor Page. He's done the surgery and visits also, these last ten days."

Andrew stared at her in fresh concern. All that he had been told, all the warnings he had received regarding the questionable ways of practice in these remote Welsh valleys flashed into his recollection.

Mrs. Page sat at the head of the table with her back to the fire. When she had wedged herself comfortably into her chair with a cushion she sighed in pleasant anticipation and tinkled the little cow-bell in front of her. A middle-aged servant with a pale, well-scrubbed face brought in the supper, stealing a glance at Andrew as she entered.

"Come along, Annie," cried Mrs. Page, buttering a wedge of soft bread and stuffing it in her mouth. "This is Doctor Manson."

Annie did not answer. She served Andrew in a contained, silent fashion

Illustrated by FISCHER

The gig entered the drive of Dr. Page's house, where Manson was to begin his career as a doctor.

"We've done it, Denny," Andrew gasped exultantly, as the explosion occurred.

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For a moment they faced each other. Then the girl said, "There's nothing more you want here, is there, Doctor?"

with a thin slice of cold boiled brisket. For Mrs. Page, however, there was a hot beefsteak and onions, with a pint bottle of oatmeal stout.

As she lifted the cover from her special dish and cut into the juicy meat, her teeth watering in expectation, she explained: "I didn't have much lunch, doctor. Besides, I got to watch my diet. It's the blood. I have to take a drop of porter for the blood."

Andrew chewed his stringy brisket and drank cold water determinedly. After a momentary indigestion his main difficulty lay with his own sense of humor. Her pretence of invalidism was so blatant.

During the meal Mrs. Page ate freely but said little. At length, sopping up the gravy with her bread, she finished her steak, smacked her lips over the last of the stout and lay back in her chair, breathing a trifle heavily, her round little cheeks flushed and shiny. Now she seemed disposed to linger at table, inclined to confidences, perhaps trying, in her own bold way, to sum Manson up.

Studying him, she saw a spare and gawky youngster, dark, rather tensely drawn, with high cheekbones, a fine jaw and blue eyes. These eyes, when he raised them, were, despite the nervous tensity of his brow, extraordinarily steady and inquiring. Although Blodwen Page knew nothing of it, she was looking at a Celtic type.

Though she admitted the vigor and alert intelligence in Andrew's face, what pleased her most of all was his acceptance, without demur, of that scanty cut from the three days' old heel of brisket. She reflected that, though he looked hungry, he might not be hard to feed.

"I'm sure we'll get on famous, you and me," she again declared genially, picking her teeth with a hairpin. "I do need a bit o' luck for a change." Mellowed, she told him of her troubles and sketched a vague outline of the practice and its position.

"It's been awful, my dee-ar. You don't know. What with Doctor Page's illness, wicked bad assistants, nothin' comin' in and everythin' goin' out—well! you wouldn't believe it! And the job I've 'ad to keep the manager and mine officials sweet—it's them the practice money comes through—what there is of it," she added hurriedly.

"You see, the way they work things in Blaenelly is like this—the Company has three doctors on its list, though mind you, Doctor Page is far and away the cleverest doctor of the lot. And besides—the time he's been 'ere! Nearly thirty years and more, that's something, I should think! Well, then, these doctors can have as many assistants as they like—Dr. Page has you, and Dr. Nicholls has a would-be feller called Denny—but the assistants don't ever get on the Company's list.

"Anyway, as I was sayin', the Company deducts so much from every man's wages they employ at the mines and quarries and pays that out to the listed doctors according to 'ow many of the men signs on with them."

She broke off under the strain of her illiteracy and an overloaded stomach.

"I think I see how the system works, Mrs. Page."

"Well, then!" She heaved out her jolly laugh. "You don't have to bother about it no more. All you got to remember is that you're workin' for Dr. Page. That's the main thing, doctor. Just remember you're workin' for Dr. Page, and you and poor little me'll get on a treat."

It seemed to Manson, silent and observant, that she tried at the same time to excite his pity and establish her authority over him, all beneath that manner of breezy affability. Perhaps she felt that she had unbent too far. With a glance at the clock, she straightened herself, restored the hairpin to her greasy black hair. Then she rose. Her voice was different, almost peremptory.

"By the way, there's a call for No 7 Glydar Place. It come in the back of five o'clock. You better do it straight away."

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Continuing THE CITADEL

ANDREW went out to the call immediately, with a queer sensation almost of relief. He was glad of the opportunity to disentangle himself from the curious and conflicting emotions stirred up by his arrival at Bryngower. Already he had a glimmer of a suspicion as to how matters stood and of how he would be made use of by Blodwen Page to run the practice for his disabled principal.

It was a strange situation, and very different from any romantic picture which his fancy might have painted. Yet, after all, his work was the important thing, beside it all else was trivial. He longed to begin it. Insensibly he hastened his pace, taut with anticipation, exulting in the realisation—this, this was his first case.

He reached 7 Glydar Place, knocked breathlessly upon the door, and was at once admitted to the kitchen, where, in the recessed bed, the patient lay. She was a young woman, wife of a steel puddler named Williams, and as he approached the bedside with a fast-beating heart he felt, overwhelmingly, the significance of this, the real starting-point of his life.

While the husband stood by in the cramped, ill-lit, stone-floored room he examined the patient with scrupulous care. There was no doubt about it, she was ill. She complained that her head ached intolerably. Temperature, pulse, tongue, they all spoke of trouble, serious trouble. What was it? Andrew asked himself that question with a strained intensity as he went over her again.

His first case. Oh, he knew that he was over-anxious! But suppose he made an error, a frightful blunder? And worse—suppose he found himself unable to make a diagnosis? He had missed nothing. Nothing. Yet he still found himself struggling towards some solution of the problem, striving to group the symptoms under the heading of some recognised disease.

At last, aware that he could protract his investigation no longer, he straightened himself slowly, folding up his stethoscope, fumbling for words.

"Did she have a chill?" he asked, his eyes upon the floor.

"Yes, indeed," Williams answered eagerly. He had looked scared during the prolonged examination. "Three, four days ago. I made sure it was a chill, doctor."

Andrew nodded, attempting painfully to generate a confidence he did not feel. He muttered. "We'll soon have her right. Come to the surgery in half an hour. I'll give you a bottle of medicine."

He took his leave of them and with his head down, thinking desperately, he trudged back to the surgery, a ramshackle wooden erection standing at the entrance to Page's drive.

Inside, he lit the gas and began to pace backwards and forwards beside the blue and green bottles on the dusty shelves, racking his brains, groping in the darkness. There was

Continued from Previous Page

nothing sytnptomatic. It must, yes, it must be a chill. But in his heart he knew that it was not a chill. He groaned in exasperation, dismayed and angry at his own inadequacy.

Unhappily, Andrew took a six-ounce bottle from the recess beneath the dispensary counter and began with a frown of concentration to compound an anti-pyretic mixture. Spirits of nitre, salicylate of sodium—where the dickens was the soda sal? Oh, there it was! He tried to cheer himself by reflecting that they were all splendid, all excellent drugs, bound to get the temperature down, certain to do good.

He had just finished his compounding, and, with a mild sense of achievement, was writing the label when the surgery bell went "ping," the outer door swung open, and a short, powerfully thick-set, red-faced man of thirty strolled in, followed by a dog.

There was a silence while the black and tan mongrel squatted on its muddy haunches, and the man, who wore an old velveteen suit, pit stockings and hobnail boots with a sodden oilskin cape over his shoulders, looked Andrew up and down. His voice, when it came, was politely ironic and annoyingly well bred.

"I saw a light in your window as I was passing. Thought I'd look in to welcome you. I'm Denny, assistant to the esteemed Doctor Nicholls, L.S.A. That, in case you haven't met it, is the Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries, the highest qualification known to God and man."

Andrew stared back doubtfully. Philip Denny lit a cigarette from a crumpled paper packet, threw the match on the floor, and strolled forward insolently. He picked up the bottle of medicine, read the address, the directions, uncorked it, sniffed it, recorked it and put it down, his morose red face turning blandly complimentary.

"Splendid! You've begun the good work already! One tablespoonful every three hours. It's reassuring to meet the dear old mumbo-jummery. But, doctor, why not three times a day? Don't you realise, doctor, that in strict orthodoxy the tablespoonfuls should pass down the oesophagus three times a day?"

HE paused, becoming, with his assumed air of confidence, more blandly offensive than ever. "Now tell me, doctor, what's in it? Spirits of nitre by the smell. Wonderful stuff, sweet spirits of nitre. Wonderful, wonderful, my dear doctor! Carminative, stimulant, diuretic, and you can swill it by the tubful. Don't you remember what it says in the little red book? When in doubt, give spirits of nitre, or is it pot. iod.? Tut, tut! I seem to have forgotten some of my essentials."

Again there was a silence in the wooden shed broken only by the drumming of the rain upon the tin roof. Suddenly Denny laughed, a mocking appreciation of the blank expression on Andrew's face. He said derisively: "Science apart, doctor, you might satisfy my curiosity. Why have you come here?"

By this time Andrew's temper was rising rapidly. He answered grimly: "My idea was to turn Blaenelly into a health resort—a sort of spa, you know."

Again Denny laughed. His laugh was an insult which made Andrew long to hit him. "Witty, witty, my dear doctor. The true Scots steam-roller humor. Unfortunately I can't recommend the water here as being ideally suited for a spa. As to the medical gentlemen—my dear doctor, in this valley they've the rag-tag and bobtail of a glorious, a truly noble profession."

"Including yourself?"

"Precisely!" Denny nodded. He was silent a moment, contemplating Andrew from beneath his sandy eyebrows. Then he dropped his mocking irony, his ugly features turned morose again. His tone, though bitter, was serious. "Look here, Manson! I realise you're just passing through on your way to Harley Street, but in the meantime there are one or two things about this place you ought to know. You won't find it conform to the best traditions of romantic practice. There's no hospital, no ambulance, no X-rays, no anything. If you want to operate you use the kitchen table. You wash up afterwards at the scullery bosh.

Please turn to Next Page

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Continuing THE CITADEL

"THE sanitation won't bear looking at. In a dry summer the kids die like flies with infantile cholera. Page, your boss, was a good old doctor, but he's finished now, by Blodwen, and'll never do a hand's turn again. Nicholls, my owner, is a tight little money-chasing midwife. Bramwell, the Silver King, knows nothing but a few sentimental recitations and the Songs of Solomon. As for myself, I better anticipate the gay tidings—I drink like a fish. I think that's about all. Come, Hawkins, we'll go."

He called the mongrel and moved heavily towards the door. There he paused, his eyes ranging again from the bottle on the counter to Manson. His tone was flat, quite uninterested. "By the way, I should look out for enteric in Glydar Place if I were you. Some of these cases aren't exactly typical."

"Ping" went the door again. Before Andrew could answer Doctor Philip Denny and Hawkins disappeared into the wet darkness.

It was not his lumpy flock mattress which caused Andrew to sleep badly that night, but the growing anxiety of the case in Glydar Place.

Was it enteric? Denny's parting remark had started a fresh train of doubt and misgiving in his already uncertain mind.

Dreading that he had overlooked some vital symptom he restrained himself with difficulty from rising and revisiting the case at an unearthly hour of the morning. Indeed, as he tossed and turned through the long restless night he came to ask himself if he knew anything of medicine at all.

He ate his breakfast quickly, then he hurried out for the morning surgery.

Dai Jenkins was already in the wooden shanty when Andrew reached it, running water from the tap into a large earthenware pipkin. He was a quick little whippet of a man, with purple-veined, hollow cheeks, eyes that went everywhere at once, and the tightest pair of trousers on his thin legs that Andrew had ever seen. He greeted Manson ingratiatingly.

"You don't have to be so early, doctor. I can do the repeat mixtures and the certificates before you come in. Mrs. Page had a rubber stamp made with doctor's signature when he was taken bad."

"Thanks," Andrew answered. "I'd rather see the cases myself."

FORTUNATELY there were few people at the morning surgery, which was over at half-past ten, and Andrew, presented with a list of visits by Jenkins, set out at once with Thomas in the gig. With an almost painful expectancy he told the old groom to drive direct to 7 Glydar Place.

Twenty minutes later he came out of No. 7, pale, with his lips tightly compressed and an odd expression on his face. He went two doors down, into No. 11, which was also on his list. From No. 11 he crossed the street to No. 18. From No. 18 he went round the corner to Radnor Place, where two further visits were marked by Jenkins as having been seen the day before.

Altogether, within the space of an hour, he made seven such calls in the immediate vicinity. Five of them, including No. 7 Glydar Place, which was now showing a typical rash, were clear cases of enteric. For the last ten days Jenkins had been treating them with chalk and opium. Now, whatever his own bungling efforts of the previous night had been, Andrew realised with a shiver of apprehension that he had an outbreak of typhoid fever on his hands.

The remainder of his round he accomplished as quickly as possible in a state dithering towards panic. At lunch, during which Mrs. Page dealt exclusively with a nicely-browned sweetbread, which she explained merrily, "I ordered it for Doctor Page, but he don't seem to fancy it somehow," he brooded upon the problem in frozen silence. He saw that he would get little information and no help from Mrs. Page. He decided he must speak to Doctor Page himself.

But when he went up to the doctor's room the curtains were drawn and Edward lay prostrate with a pressure headache, his forehead deeply flushed and furrowed by pain. Though he motioned his visitor to sit with him a little, Andrew felt it would be cruelty to thrust this trouble upon him at present.

As he rose to go, after remaining seated by the bedside for a few minutes, he had to confine himself to asking: "Doctor Page, if we get an infectious case, what's the best thing to do?"

THERE was a pause. Page replied with closed eyes, not moving, as though the mere act of speech were enough to aggravate his migraine. "It's always been difficult. We've no hospital, let alone an isolation ward. If you should run into anything very nasty, ring up Griffiths at Toniglan. That's fifteen miles down the valley. He's the district medical officer." Another pause longer than before. "But I'm afraid he's not very helpful."

Reinforced by this information, Andrew hastened down to the hall and rang up Toniglan. While he stood with the receiver to his ear he saw Annie, the servant, looking at him through the kitchen door.

"Hello! Hello! Is that Doctor Griffiths of Toniglan?" He got through at last.

A man's voice answered very guardedly. "Who wants him?"

"This is Manson of Blaenelly, Doctor Page's assistant." Andrew's tone was overpitched. "I've got five cases of typhoid up here. I want Doctor Griffiths to come up immediately."

There was the barest pause, then with a rush the reply came back in a sing-song intonation, very Welsh and apologetic. "I'm powerful sorry,

Continued from Page 10

doctor, indeed I am, but Doctor Griffiths has gone to Swansea. Important official business."

"When will he be back?" shouted Manson. The line was bad.

"Indeed, doctor, I couldn't say for certain."

"But, listen . . ."

There was a click at the far end. Very quietly the other had rung off. Manson muttered aloud, "I believe that was Griffiths himself."

For an hour and a half he sat in the little back-shop cubicle which was the consulting-room, wrestling with a packed surgery until the walls sweated and the place was choked with the steam of damp bodies. Miners with beat knee, cut fingers, nystagmus, chronic arthritis. Their wives, too, and their children with coughs, colds, sprains—all the minor ailments of humanity.

Normally he would have enjoyed it, welcomed the quiet, appraising scrutiny of these dark, sallow-skinned people with whom he felt he was on probation. But now, obsessed by the major issue, his head reeled with the impact of these trifling complaints.

At half-past nine, when the last patient had left the surgery, he came out of his den with resolution in his eyes.

"Jenkins, where does Doctor Denny live?"

The little dispenser, hastily bolting the outer door for fear another straggler might come in, turned with a look of horror on his face that was almost comic.

"You aren't goin' to have anything to do with that feller, doctor? Mrs. Page—she don't like him."

Andrew asked grimly: "Why doesn't Mrs. Page like him?"

"For the same reason everybody don't. 'E's been so rude to her." Jenkins paused, then, reading Manson's look, he added, reluctantly, "Oh, well, if you 'ave to know, it's with Mrs. Seager he stops. Number Forty-nine Chapel Street."

OUT again. He had been going the whole day long, yet any tiredness he might have felt was lost in a sense of responsibility, the burden of those cases, pressing, pressing urgently upon his shoulders. His main feeling was one of relief when, on reaching Chapel Street, he found that Denny was at his lodgings. The landlady showed him in.

If Denny was surprised to see him he concealed it. He merely asked, after a prolonged and aggravating stare, "Well, killed anybody yet?"

Still standing in the doorway of the warm, untidy sitting-room, Andrew reddened. But, making a great effort, he conquered his temper and his pride. He said abruptly: "You were right. It was enteric. I ought to be shot for not recognising it. I've got five cases. I'm not exactly overjoyed at having to come here. But I don't know the ropes. I rang the M.O. and couldn't get a word out of him. I've come to ask your advice."

Denny, half slewed round in his chair by the fire, listening, pipe in mouth, at last made a grudging gesture. "You'd better come in." With sudden irritation, "Oh! and take a chair. Don't stand there like a Presbyterian parson about to forbid the banns. Have a drink? No! I thought you wouldn't."

Though Andrew stiffly complied with the request, seating himself and even, defensively, lighting a cigarette, Denny seemed in no hurry. He sat prodding the dog Hawkins with the toe of his burst slipper. But at length, when Manson had finished his cigarette, he said with a jerk of his head:

"Take a look at that, if you like."

On the table indicated a microscope stood, a fine Zeiss, and some slides. Andrew focused a slide, then slid round the oil immersion and immediately picked up the rod-shaped clusters of the bacteria.

"It's very clumsily done, of course," Denny said quickly and cynically, as though forestalling criticism. "Practically botched, in fact. I'm no lab. merchant! If anything I'm a surgeon. But you've got to be jack-of-all-trades under our rotten system. There's no mistake, though, even to the naked eye. I cooked them on agar in my oven."

"You've got cases, too?" Andrew asked with tense interest.

"Four! All in the same area as yours." He paused. "And these bugs come from the well in Glydar Place."

Andrew gazed at him, alert, burning to ask a dozen questions, realising something of the genuineness of the other man's work, and beyond everything, overjoyed that he had been shown the focus of the epidemic.

"You see," Denny resumed with that same cold and bitter irony. "Paratyphoid is more or less endemic here. But one day soon, very soon, we're going to have a pretty little blaze up. It's the main sewer that's to blame. It leaks like the devil and seeps into half the low wells at the bottom of the town. I've hammered at Griffiths about it till I'm tired. He's a lazy, evasive, incompetent, pious swine. Last time I rang him I said I'd knock his block off next time I met him. Probably that's why he welshed on you to-day."

"It's a shame," Andrew burst out in a sudden rush of indignation.

Please turn to Page 47

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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There's no excuse for having poor tea. It costs more per cup than good tea.

You get over 200 cups from a pound of good tea like Bushells Blue Label, so that it is actually cheaper than ordinary tea, and you have the finer flavor as well.

Only the young, tender leaf buds are picked for Bushells Blue Label Tea, and slow, careful curing imprisons the rich flavor.

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA

Sleep Sound All Night.

The largest selling medicine for bronchitis and asthma in all of blizzardy-cold Canada is Buckley's Canadiol Mixture (triple acting)—now sold in Australia—a blessing to thousands.

There's nothing so safe and sure in the world—2 or 3 doses in sweetened hot water just before bedtime and many a sufferer from strangling, choking Asthma has found relief and a good night's rest—and that bad, old, persistent, bronchial cough has left you—if you don't believe it get a bottle at any good chemists, with the understanding you must get satisfaction or money back.

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She thought her counterpane was white...

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You can pick out a Persil-washed garment at a glance. It's shades whiter—and there's good reason why it should be. Persil's oxygen-charged suds go bubbling right through the weave of the fabric—removing the rubbed-in greyness that ordinary washing leaves behind. That's why Persil does twice as good a washing job as any ordinary soap or powder can—why Persil-washed things always look so delightfully clean and white.

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An Editorial

OCTOBER 9, 1937.

SALUTE THE GOOD COOK!

THE art of the good cook cannot be praised too much.

Without it, food is but fodder. With it, food can be a delight to the senses, a benison to the body, and a stimulus to the mind.

Generations of salesmen seeking orders and clerks seeking rises have attested the virtues of a good lunch in evoking that mellow mood so desirable in big executives.

And how many homes are happier of an evening because a delectable dinner sits snugly within the midriffs of the family!

Mere quantity of victuals does not achieve these admirable ends. Quality is the thing that counts—and the quality of food is ninety per cent. dependent on the art of preparation.

That art is sorely threatened by modern conditions—by rush in preparation and rush in eating. The mass advance of gilded hash-houses has swept away so many of the excellent restaurants that throve in an age of leisure and good taste.

It is in the home that the culinary art must find its stronghold and make its stand against trick food and slapdash cookery.

Our £500 Recipe Competition has shown that Australian women understand food and its preparation. If anything is lacking in their work it is color, virtuosity, a readiness to experiment, to invent, and to vary the menu with dishes culled from the kitchens of other countries.

We are rapidly getting over our pioneer traditions of beef, bread and boiled puddings. But we are still very conservative.

America, despite the innumerable atrocities she has foisted upon the palates of the world, offers some fine recipes that are little used here.

And Europe, from Scandinavia to Spain, from Paris to Budapest, is abloom with the exquisite and varied flowers of centuries of intelligent eating.

Let us not neglect them for a too single-minded devotion to the English tradition—admirable though that tradition is.

Let's eat—and let's be civilised about it.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Back to the Harem

AS Queen of Egypt, the Paris-educated, Paris-gowned Princess Farida will cover her face with the veil of her ancestors and shut herself up in a harem as Moslem women did in Mohammed's day.

The irony of it is that King Farouk has been a leader in the Westernisation of his people, and only the urgent pleas of the Moslem Patriarch persuaded him to agree to his wife's immolation.

What is all right for thousands of other modern Egyptian girls is not all right for the first lady in the land.

So we have one more example of the fact that Royalty is more often a penalty than a prize.

The Doctor's Duty

THE refusal of a doctor, who disliked Sunday sport, to attend an injured footballer has brought an interesting statement of the B.M.A. position.

"No country," declared a member of that body, "places a legal compulsion on the ordinary medical practitioner to attend a patient, and such obligation as exists is of a moral nature only."

The doctor's point of view deserves consideration. Too often people tend to regard him as a sort of warrior-monk, pledged to the service of his neighbors—frequently without pay.

That most doctors actually live up to this ideal is a credit to them, and offsets the more mercenary methods of a few medical sharks such as Dr. Cronin attacks in "The Citadel."

But, from the public's viewpoint, it is disquieting to think that in an emergency medical aid **may** be refused.

A possible remedy might be the provision by the Government of an adequate skeleton system of emergency doctors, subsidised to be always on the job.

While There's Life

PARALYSED from the neck down through breaking his spine while diving, an Adelaide lad, Robert Richardson, told sympathisers that he could still use his brain, and added, "I do a lot of hoping."

Heroic words, those, and a heroic way to use your brain when all else is lost to you. And in Bob Richardson's case hope was not in vain. His spine has mended, his paralysis is cured, and he is going back to work.

Exams. Go

TASMANIA has struck the first blow in the anti-school examinations war.

The "Intermediate," says the Premier (Mr. Ogilvie), will be replaced by an accrediting system which will judge the pupil on the year's work.

An experiment which parents generally will watch with interest. Exam. room panic has "flopped" many a good student, but the yearly basis should at least prevent that.

LYRIC OF LIFE

ETERNAL

Without you I am nothing, even less;
Perhaps my lips are shameless to confess
My heart's ill-guarded secret . . . but to me
Shame does not lie along that destiny
That gathered up my life's unfolding strands
And placed them here in your protective hands.
All that I am or dream, all that I do,
Was given gladly, lives ago, to you.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Fashion and Trade

CANADA'S Trade Commissioner told Melbourne girls the other day that dieting for slimness has so reduced wheat consumption that wheat is piling up in the world's granaries.

But what's the use of arguing with fashion? The only remedy open to the wheat kings is to get together with the Paris designers and persuade them to create a new vogue for the roly-poly silhouette.

Then the wool trade, not to be outdone, would have to get the couturiers to produce a daring mode of midsummer serges and flounced flannel, to the horror of the cotton and silk industries.

Nonsense, of course, but the funny thing is, if it happened, we'd still wear whatever we were told.

Japanese women filling and marking bags containing cigarettes, raisins, dried figs, handkerchiefs, and assorted nuts for their soldiers in China. These bags are called comfort kits.

Peace, Imperfect Peace

FIVE hundred German girls in gold and white paraded before illustrious visitor Mussolini in a pageant of peace. It was a more pleasant sort of charade than the usual Nazi or Fascist parade of boys armed with daggers and filled with war-talk. But it was still a charade.

The world would find more promise of peace in a parade of women voters dedicated to woman's worldwide mission of peace and democracy.

Undiscovered Stars

SEARCHING for radio stars, A.B.C. experts have tested 2000 candidates and found not one outstanding.

This will be a cruel blow to some thousands of bathroom crooners and to the parents of innumerable suburban child wonders who imitate Shirley Temple.

But it will be an even crueller blow to the other boarders and the prodigies' neighbors. Had they been chosen and put over the air, one could have switched them off at will.

As it is, the bathrooms and the drawing-rooms will go on resounding to their cries, perhaps forever.

City of Lovely Shopgirls Now Rained by Bombs

Nanking, Chinese city of beautiful shopgirls, is being blown to pieces by Japanese bombs.

Miss Betty O'Brien, an Australian who passed through Nanking just before the present war began, records her impressions of the Chinese city in the article below.

By BETTY O'BRIEN

MY first introduction to Nanking was near midnight. The train terminated at Pukow, and I was told that a ferry boat would take me across the river to the city.

Following the crowd of Orientals off the train, with the scores of sleepy offspring, straw mats, live birds, baskets of food, and charcoal stoves, we were soon on the boat.

I went up on the top deck, from where I could see the lights of the city in the distance.

Gazing down at the Yangtse River, the yellow waters obscured by the darkness, it was easy to imagine myself on the Yarra or Port Jackson.

In about fifteen minutes the quayside was reached, and we were soon through the many turnstiles and in a well-lighted, spacious station.

The crowd disappeared as if by magic, and left me with a dozen or so rickshaw men clamoring for hire.

On the succeeding days I wandered through Nanking streets, in and out the shops, watching the throngs of people at their day's work.

Dainty Chinese maidens, young wives with their merry children, and amahs (Chinese nurses) predominated in the crowds.

The nurses wear white coats and black satin trousers. Their beautiful long hair forms a plait to the waist.

It is a city of contrasts. Men in well-tailored cream suits, or comfortable long Chinese gowns, coolies hurrying along with their loads . . . rickshaws, and humbler modes of conveyances running side by side, luxurious motor cars and trucks laden with merchandise.

The shops are stocked with gorgeous silks and satins.

The young wives in their long Chinese dresses, willowy figures, pause to gaze at the beauty of figured patterns and gay designs in the windows. The elder women, in more sombre colors, finger bolts of goods, selecting or rejecting, for their daughters, their daughters-in-law, their grandchildren.

But that was the colorful, fascinating scene before the terror of war.

The larger stores, great buildings of brick and stone, with elevators, have all the modern equipment of the West.

Behind the counters are Chinese girls in Eastern frocks—dainty little things, with pretty hands, eager to serve you.

It is an amusing, if difficult, task to make them understand sizes and prices, although the shop walker generally speaks very good English.

The programme of development in Nanking embraced an ambitious beautifying scheme, in fine roads, public parks and the restoration and improvement of ancient buildings. Now bombs are ruining it.

On a drive one afternoon I saw the walls of Nanking—five centuries old. They are 40 to 60 feet high, 20 to 40 feet thick and 26 miles in circumference.

Happy days, then, and that's only a few weeks ago! But now the people of Nanking are terror-stricken—they pour by thousands into dugouts when the alarm sounds . . . for horror and death rain from the skies.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*

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L. W. LOWER'S *Mystery* CUP HORSE

"May have to race him in the raw," says Veteran of the Turf

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by
WEP

In this racing game it's always best to look ahead.

I'm getting my horse ready for the Melbourne Cup. He's slightly out of condition at the moment and given to fainting fits. He's been gnawing pieces off the door of his stable.

A fellow-trainer suggested giving him some chaff. I have been doing this and he is showing remarkable improvement. He is now able to walk.

"My horse sleeps in pretty late," says L. W. Lower. "But even then he's awake before I am."

TRAINING horses is a very ticklish business. One day the animal will look all right and the next day he drops dead.

I very seldom mix with the other trainers at the morning gallops because they all seem to get up too early. My horse sleeps in pretty late, but even then he's awake before I am.

I can see no sense in waking a horse up early in the morning and then expecting him to gallop like mad. I let him sleep in, and then give him gentle exercise.

The trouble about being a trainer is that you get so many hangers-on. They lurk around the stables with stop watches and sinister expressions and electric batteries and things.

Not that I'd ever allow anyone to use a battery on any of my horses. I tried it once, and the horse was electrocuted and the jockey was flung fifteen feet into the air, and has never been the same since. They told me afterwards that the battery was a bit too strong.

Strange how I came to be in the training business. I used to be a big punter. One day I was talking to a trainer and I said: "I'll make it worth your while if you'll give me a little information about your horse. Catsmeat!"

He thought for a while, and then said: "Make it two and six, and you can have the horse."

"I'll think it over," I replied, and went away to borrow the two and six.

I couldn't get it all in one lump, and had to form a syndicate. There were eight of us in it. The trouble I had to get them to chuck in for the feed every week!

In his first race under our colors he was weighted with four stone six, and we despaired of getting a jockey at that weight. At last we found a one-legged boy with pernicious anaemia.

Catsmeat was nominated, and we sold all our empty bottles and went for a big killing. He died at the barrier, poor thing. The walk to the course had been too much for him.

Still, I suppose that's the luck of the game. It was a bit of a blow to me, though. A man's got to be tough, rugged, and philosophical if he's in the racing game.

For instance, I once took a horse down to the beach early in the morning to give him a swim. It's supposed to tone them up. My horse walked into the surf and sank like a stone. How was I to know he couldn't swim?

Expense is the main thing. One has to have rugs and saddles and bridles, and then there's your club membership fees, and feed, and stable rent—a man's lucky if he's got two bob left to bet with.

Interfering Owners

THEN if you're training a horse for somebody else you can never get a decent price about him.

The owner comes around to the stables, looks at his horse, and says: "How is he? Do you think he'll win?"

"I think he's got a chance," I reply, munching a piece of straw.

He doesn't ask me what he's got a chance of, but immediately dashes off and tells all his friends. What's the result? His price shortens from 200 to 1 down to 150 to 1.

On the day of the race the jockey gets his instructions just before leaving the saddling paddock. "Take it easy for the first couple of yards, and nurse him till you come around the turn. Then kick him along!"

And the jockey looks at the horse, and says that it looks as if it needed a bit of nursing, and I leg him up.

Then the silly-looking owner comes along and says to the jockey: "Go flat out right from the jump. Get to the front and stay there."

Of course, the jockey goes flat out on his back, and gets to the hospital and stays there.

That's the trouble with some owners. They won't leave things alone.

Trainer's Worries

I'VE never had much luck with hurdlers. The best hurdler I had used to win a race or two, but he was too impulsive. He'd come home first by a neck with no jockey on him and two or three hurdles hanging around his neck. Mind you, that horse meant well. He'd have been a good hurdler if they'd only taken the hurdles out of the way.

One thing I can say with pride is that in all my career I've never had a horse pulled. I've never had to. If the jockey didn't do it the horse used to look around at him with a wondering look in his eye, and slow down of his own accord.

Is it any wonder that we racing men get that weather-beaten, furrowed, grim look on our faces?

Yet there is the thrill of victory, such as the time when one of my horses won easily by four lengths. The trouble was that when the jockey weighed in they found that he'd dropped his lead bags and was four stone under weight. I offered to go around the course and pick up the lead, but the stewards wouldn't have it.

I asked the jockey, later, why he threw away his lead bags, and he said he thought they were too heavy for the horse.

"Why didn't you carry them yourself?" I asked. "It isn't as if you had to walk with them!"

He'd never thought of that. They're all like that. Thoroughly dumb.

I'm more experienced now, and looking forward to the result of the Cup with confidence.

My horse is just jumping out of his skin. If he keeps on doing it I may have to race him raw. That's the only thing that worries me.

And that's why I'm working him in secret and keeping his name to myself. He's a real mystery horse.

How can you get that PERFECT FIGURE

SHE'S the kind of figure which shows off Spring fashions to perfection — but once she'd a tendency to put on weight, to lose those graceful lines, until a friend recommended her to take Bile Beans. Now her figure's as lovely and slim as ever it was.

Don't envy her, but get that slim fashionable figure for yourself by taking Bile Beans nightly. These fine vegetable pills tone up the system, ensure internal health, and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

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"I tell all my friends who talk about slimming to take two Bile Beans every night. Since I have taken them regularly I have gradually lost nearly forty pounds of surplus fat. They have made me feel years younger."—Mrs. E. Thompson.

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is the right of every normal person. But, are you normal? Is your liver sluggish, your stomach disordered, are your bowels constipated? If any of these conditions beset you, then happy old age is impossible. To safeguard yourself you should take Chamberlain's Tablets—they cleanse the stomach and liver, promote thorough natural bowel action and put you on the right path to happy old age.

Take a Chamberlain's Tablet tonight.

GRANDMA LOOKS ON

Continued from Page 7

"OF course he was!" the old lady rapped out fiercely. "That's why I married him in the first place. But it wasn't long before I discovered where I'd made a mistake. I don't say this to boast, Peg; merely to point out a parellel. He was no match for me in—in practically anything you could mention. Possibly you've been told I was quite a horsewoman in my time."

Grandma Tyson paused with a faint hint of pride, until Peggy dutifully nodded, as though applauding.

"Well, your grandfather could never ride with me," the old lady flatly declared. "He was thrown so often that he finally gave it up altogether. I could never teach him to manage a horse at all. Nor anything else . . . Why, the man couldn't even defeat me at croquet! Mind, Peggy, I don't say he wasn't a charming gentleman. But I do say a woman loses her respect for a man she can beat at everything she tries. And once you've begun to lose your respect for your husband, there's nothing that can save your marriage from being wrecked."

PRISCILLA LAWSON selects white pebble crepe for her shirtmaker style of evening gown. The bright red crushed woven straw bows at waist and neckline are added attractions.

Grandma Tyson jerked her head towards the door.

"Take Clark. He's a good-looking young man, I'll grant you that. But I'm warning you, Peggy, not to consider him seriously. You're much too good for him. You can beat him at everything. If it goes on that way, it's bound to end in a smash. You'll find no interest, no stimulus in him. What you need in the line of husbands, if you want to be happy, is a man who can beat you. Remember that when he proposes."

Peggy sprang to her feet. Her eyes were suddenly dark, almost angry. "He hasn't proposed!"

Grandma Tyson also rose, more slowly. As she turned to the door she said with grim assurance:

"He will, my child. He will."

The warning annoyed Peggy Tyson considerably that evening when she drove Clark to the Bennett party. Grandma's words rankled—especially because Clark was so breath-takingly attractive in his evening clothes, and because he looked at her so queerly, so eloquently.

They danced a great deal at the Bennett party. It was almost half-past two in the morning when they started home.

As they hissed through darkness along the cliff road, Clark studied her profile and for a long time sat silent. She was maddeningly lovely in blue chiffon, he thought. Her face possessed the most exquisite symmetry he'd ever seen. And the moonlight seemed to light sparks in her fragrant golden hair.

"Peg, will you stop a minute?" he said suddenly.

Something began to hammer rapidly in her chest. She nodded, and brought the car to a halt. They were facing the sea now. Moonlight glimmered on its calm surface. Far ahead of them a white yacht, its port-holes illuminated, was gliding softly through the night. She looked at it steadily—quite unaware of it.

"Peggy," whispered Clark without preamble, his arm tightening about her shoulders, "I'm asking you to marry me."

She'd known it would come. A strange delicious tingling asserted itself within her, and she gripped the steering wheel all the harder in rigid hands.

"I might also mention while I'm at it," went on Clark Winthrop in a voice startlingly husky, "that I'm crazy about you. I've loved you since I first saw you on Monday afternoon. I don't know how I can ever thank Dick for sending me down here. Peg, I want you to be my wife. And darn soon. Will you?"

She turned to him. She looked straight into his eyes. Dark, serious eyes. And, looking, she suddenly remembered with a rush of consternation everything Grandma Tyson had said.

"Clark," she managed after a time, "I—I can't answer you now."

He was profoundly disappointed. He fell back from her in confusion. "Meaning you haven't made up your mind about me?"

"I've only known you five days, Clark——"

"Would six days make you any surer? Or six weeks?"

Peggy smiled twistedly. She looked away at the distant white yacht. Inside her a voice begged, "Say yes, you idiot; say yes!" But Grandma Tyson's finger seemed pressed against her lips. It was very hard, she suddenly discovered, to be nineteen and in awe of a competent and intelligent old lady of sixty-seven.

Clark, too, was staring at the yacht.

"I had an idea this was going to be a pretty happy moment," he mumbled bleakly. "I didn't think a proposal could fall so flat—and bring such gloom——"

Peggy at once seized his hand importunately. "Please, Clark! I'm not gloomy. I'm really—thrilled!"

He brought puzzled eyes back to her.

"It's just that I don't—I don't trust my thrills," she told him. "I want to think things over. I've got to!"

Abruptly she turned away from him, stamped her foot down on the starter; and in the roar of the engine the magic of the moment was destroyed . .

IT was after three o'clock in the morning when Grandma Tyson heard them come home. Lying in bed she caught the sounds of their low voices in the hall. She heard Peggy enter the room next to her own, while Clark Winthrop heavily strode off to his room at the rear.

Grandma Tyson frowned, muttered something and tried to go back to sleep.

For an hour, however, fitful sounds emanating from Peggy's room repeatedly disturbed her. Whenever she dozed off she was startled by squeaks and shufflings.

They began to annoy her, to anger her.

At four she rose grimly, got into her negligee, snatched up her cane and went into Peggy's bedroom.

The girl sat on the window-sill, drenched in moonlight. Her diaphanous pyjamas revealed more than they concealed of her superb young figure. Her knees were bent up almost to her chin, and she was thoughtfully smoking a cigarette as she looked up into the night skies.

Please turn to Page 54

"SHE HAD THE KIND OF LIPS MEN LIKE TO KISS"

SAID GARY COOPER

HERE'S WHAT GARY COOPER SAW

Popular star gives reasons for choosing the Tangee Girl

We presented three lovely girls to Gary Cooper. One wore the ordinary lipstick ...one, no lipstick...the third, Tangee.

"Her lips look kissable," he said, choosing the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

Tangee makes your lips glow with natural color, your own color intensified, but it avoids "that painted look," because Tangee isn't paint. If you prefer more color for evening, use Tangee Theatrical.

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ARMS & LEGS must be free from UGLY HAIR this summer

No stockings is the vogue. Shorts are all the rage. Bathing suits leave less to the imagination than ever. Feminine limbs simply must be free from the disfigurement of superfluous hair. An amazing new discovery enables you to get rid of it in 2 minutes. No odour; no mess or bother. Simply spread on the skin the dainty toilet cream called new 'Veet' (new and improved formula). Wash it away with water—every trace of hair is gone as if by magic. Skin is soft and smooth as if that ugly growth had never existed. New 'Veet' contains a newly discovered ingredient that dissolves the Keratin in the hair and hair roots. The hair simply falls away. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with new 'Veet.' 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.***

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Sit-down Strike to Regain Husband

MRS. JOSEPHINE McCOY being greeted by a friend while indulging in her stay-in strike to win back her husband.

Wife Lives in Motor Car

(By Air Mail from our New York Office.)

MUNCHING sausages and assuring passers-by that "True love can never die," 17-year-old Mrs. Josephine McCoy, of Detroit, staged a sit-down strike in a motor car to regain her husband's affections.

The breakdown in their three-months' marriage came after a furious quarrel, when her husband, Joseph, aged twenty-three, stalked from their flat to live with his mother.

Josephine deserted the flat, settled down in her husband's parked car with pillows, blankets, and oil cooking utensils.

"Here I stay till Joseph comes back," she said. "He will—because true love never dies."

But Joseph returned with an injunction restraining her from occupying the car. He also filed a divorce suit.

Josephine then transferred to another car, parking herself outside her mother-in-law's home.

There she sat while hundreds stared. Most of the time she cooked and ate, repeating, "He will come back to me because true love never dies."

Always at her side was a piece of lead piping to belabor her mother-in-law or husband's lawyers should they attempt to disturb her.

NO *Slimming Diet for this* YOUNG LADY

Record-breaking Cyclist Gives Her Secret for Good Health

When Joyce Barry, the Sydney girl cyclist, drew up at Melbourne post office last week after establishing a new Sydney-Melbourne women's unpaced road cycling record of 2 days 2 hours 47 minutes, she asked for a glass of ginger beer mixed with ice cream, but really she is a drink-more-milk girl.

ASKED what diet she followed to fit her for 50 hours on the road she said: "I eat what I like. That means plenty of nourishing food. I eat more than most girls, but then I'm bigger than most—5 feet 10 inches.

"The things I do pin my faith to are milk, malt, fruit—especially oranges—and under-done steak.

"For breakfast I usually have cereal, sometimes with prunes, under-done steak, with perhaps an egg, toast, marmalade, and milk.

"There is always a salad for lunch, with sweets. My favorite is fruit salad and cream.

"For dinner I have a good, solid meal: soup, meat, plenty of vegetables, fruit, or sweets.

"I keep off stimulants like coffee and tea so that I can get the full benefit of them when riding. The last few days before a ride I take plenty of egg-flips.

"I never have to worry about my appetite. Riding stimulates it, and also cures insomnia. I often wonder why people not in the best of health don't buy bicycles and get out into the open air on them.

"Cycling made me as healthy as I am to-day.

"Three years ago I had pneumonia badly, so took up cycling to cure the after-effects of my illness.

"I trained for a year for this ride.

"I began riding thirty miles twice a week, then added ten miles to that every week until I could ride 150 miles in one day, come home, go to a dance, and not feel tired next day.

Truly Feminine

"FEEDING me on the road was great fun. When I got hungry I'd put up my hand, and the car accompanying me would rush past to the side of the next hill. As I came up one of the men would run along beside me, hand me what I wanted—milk, egg-flip, soup, soda water, celery, milk, chocolate, coffee, loaf sugar, malt, and halibut oil, or even chicken."

When racing Miss Barry wears regulation clothes and rides a man's bike. Other times she rides a woman's bicycle. Sometimes she wears plus fours, action-back sports coat, brogue cycling shoes, and fingerless gloves; at others a brown and string-colored culotte outfit to match her brown-and-string bike. She usually adds a feminine touch with a hair-ribbon. She does not like to be thought mannish.

It need not be expensive, but it will be smart if you make it of Ferguson Fabric. This season's designs are more intriguing than ever. Floral prints as gay as a garden, dashing spots and checks, and amusing nautical designs with little boats sailing merrily from selvedge to selvedge. Colour fast? Oh yes! And they wash like new.

SEE THESE:

CREPE JESSAMY — heavy-weight crepe de chine that hangs beautifully. In uncommon prints.

CARLRAY—slub-weave spun rayon in plain colours and perky prints. Wears and wears and wears.

SHANRAY—crease-resisting spun rayon in fast prints and gay solid colours.

FERBRETTE — linen-finish cotton that's crease-resisting.

FERGOTEX—For all the world like linen, but it doesn't crumple as much as linen does. And so easy to make up, too. Prints and plain colours.

Sold at good stores.

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Ready-to-put-on frocks of Ferguson Fabric available too!

The Daily Telegraph Holiday Booking Bureau will be pleased to supply you FREE with helpful information and literature which will enable you to plan just the holiday you want—the answers to such questions as these:—

Locality? Name of Establishment? Proprietor? Tariff — Weekly? Daily? Week-end? Holiday? — Number of Boarders Taken? Distance from Station? Menu? Facilities and Prices Charged for Children, if catered for? Sewerage? Lighting? Sporting and Social Facilities available and distance from same?

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COUNTRY AND CITY FOLK MINGLE IN GAY RACE WEEK PARTIES

Tremendously gay is this spring-time race carnival, which brings in its train parties of all descriptions, including "after race parties," formal cocktail parties, dances, jolly affairs in private houses, and dazzling functions in our city's largest ballrooms.

Then, too, there are the glamorous shipboard parties. Both naval and merchant services have vied with each other in the splendor of their parties.

THERE are changes at Randwick this year. On Saturday Mr. George Main appeared for the first time as Chairman of the A.J.C., and received many congratulations from his friends.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Main, whose home, "Retreat," Illabo, is one of the meeting places of the young people of the southern districts, have always taken the keenest interest in racing and have frequently watched their own horses gallop past the winning-post. Their three daughters, Mollie, Jean, and Agnes, and only son, George, all follow in their parents' footsteps in their keenness for the Sport of Kings.

George (junior) is a splendid amateur rider and has had frequent wins on his own mounts at Cootamundra Picnic Races and similar sporting fixtures.

The dinner dances at the Hotel Australia are very popular, and there one has a good chance to view the intricacies and fashion* fancies of the perfectly lovely evening gowns that have made their bow this season.

Lady Wakehurst's lovely frock of broderie anglaise lace in a pale hyacinth shade is much admired, and Margot Burns has an imported model of white cobweb lace, slim fitting to the knees, with stiffened godets giving fullness at the hemline.

Shorter Skirts

A FEW frocks worn by the very young show the ankle-length styles, and floral silks and satins have added their note of gaiety to all occasions.

The glitter theme is still in evidence with sparkling diamond hair-clips, shoulder-straps, and jewelled sandals in lieu of more formal jewellery.

Strange as it may sound to racing enthusiasts, quite a few city dwellers waste no time in getting out of town to mountain and seaside resorts as fast as trains and cars can take them. They feel that a breath of revivifying air is more important than picking winners on a race programme.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Broughton, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Stirling, of Point Piper, Thelma Houston and Mrs. A. Barber have all made for the open spaces.

Never has there been a longer list of private entertainments. Sydney residents have taken the opportunity of having their parties while so many of their country friends are in town, and most cheery have been the reunions.

Sir Kelso and Lady King have issued invitations for an At Home at their lovely residence, Quambi, Edgecliff, on October 10, at 8.30. Sir Kelso's daughter, Mrs. Harold Waring, just returned from London, will be the guest of honor.

Youthful Hostesses

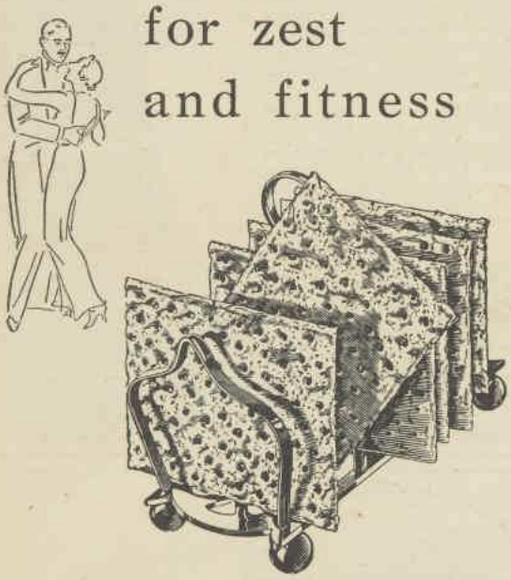
MR. and MRS. LUSCOMBE NEWMAN entertained at their home in honor of the newly-married Mr. and Mrs. Eric Luscombe Newman on their return from the U.S.A. on Monday, and Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Ramsay Sharp also entertained their friends at the cocktail hour on the same day. Alison and Patrick Nicholas were among the youthful hosts and hostesses, and Mrs. Doll Clayton, well-known racehorse owner, has arranged a party for her brother-in-law and sister, Captain and Mrs. Snowie Thompson for this Thursday.

Joan See, Nea Arnott, Mrs. Philip Lloyd Jones, Mrs. Alan McGregor, Enid Halloran and Mrs. B. B. O'Conor also entertained.

MISS NUTTIE MACKELLER, perfectly turned out as a French golliwog, poses with her brother, Mr. Ron Mackeller, in the role of an American "Gob." They were at the Bachelors' Ball which took place at Elizabeth Bay House and was one of the most successful of the Race Week parties.

Vita-Weat

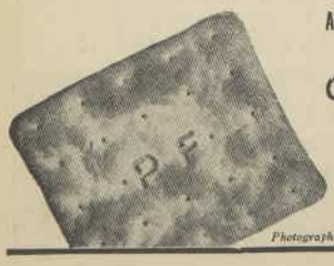
— *that's* the bread for zest and fitness



Stop eating clogging, old-fashioned, starch-heavy foods. Change to Peek Frean Vita-Weat Crispbread—"the bread that lets your stomach travel light." None of the goodness is left out of *this* bread. It contains the *whole* grain of the best wheat.

Vita-Weat ends hot-weather sluggishness. It makes you feel fit, *be* fit.

PEEK FREAN
Vita-Weat
CRISPBREAD



Also eat
PEEK FREAN
CLUB CRACKER

Here's a generous-sized biscuit for everyday use. Temptingly light and crisp—most economically priced. Look for the blue and white package.

Photograph two-thirds actual size. W.224.

How to Reduce Varicose Veins

Rub Gently and Upward Toward the Heart, as Blood in Veins Flows that Way.

Many people have given up hope because they have been led to believe that there is no remedy that will reduce swollen veins.

If you will get a two-ounce original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength) at any first-class chemist's and apply it night and morning as directed, you will quickly notice an improvement which will continue until the veins are reduced to normal.

Moone's Emerald Oil is a harmless yet most powerful germicide, and two ounces last a very long time. Anyone who is disappointed with its use can have their money refunded. The leading chemists sell lots of it under this rigid guarantee.***

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"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.
Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.
MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

Be Glorified BY GOSSARD

beneath the glamour... a GOSS-Amour*

THE "X-RAY" photograph reveals the reason for the lady's loveliness of line. Goss-Amours* are those breathlessly-talked-about elastic NET foundations. Here, Goss-Amour*, is shown in a beauty moulding girdle, with slender satin panels back and front. Model 5030. The lace bra is designed for the small bust.

GOSSARD FOUNDATIONS ARE SOLD AT ALL LEADING STORES

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"Quin" Sisters in Drama of the Parasol

EPISODE ONE: A parasol, some "Quins," and a difference of opinion. Annette and Yvonne want the sunshade, Marie looks on.

Where There Are Five Wills, There's Only One Way

KEEPING the world's wonder babies, the Dionne Quintuplets, of Canada, in toys would be a problem for ordinary parents.

Five girls who want five dolls, five prams, five teasets, five tricycles, and five of everything . . . just imagine it.

In this new series of pictures three of the five children are seen playing with ONE parasol, and the parasol's fate is a clear indication that one toy cannot be divided among five without disaster.

—Pictures exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

EPISODE TWO: Yvonne gains possession of the parasol, broken in the struggle. She stalks off, leaving Annette in tears. Marie is still neutral.

EPISODE THREE: Annette at last wins the parasol, dashes off, triumphant and happy.

EPISODE FOUR: Now it is Marie's turn, and here's a good close-up showing how happy a "Quin."—or any child—can be. The parasol is the only one that didn't enjoy the game.

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Books

Conducted by
LESLIE HAYLEN

Sawdust Caesar and False Nero in Ancient Rome

Feuchtwanger Shows How History Repeats Itself

Lion Feuchtwanger's "False Nero," which tells of the rise and fall of a dictatorship built on a madman's dream, makes an enthralling story.

So vivid is it in parts that one wonders if it is history or this morning's news.

ALTHOUGH Feuchtwanger uses a genuine historical background, almost every incident finds a parallel in events of to-day.

It is a powerful story, if you forget the overdone explanations as to how the false Nero arose. The masquerade at the height of his power and in his tragic decline exceeds in poignancy and drama the story of "Jew Suss," which made the author famous.

Terence Maximus was an old-time spell-binder. He had the voice of an actor and the magnificent presence of Nero himself. For background he had nothing. He was the son of a slave, but bore such a striking resemblance to Nero himself that the Emperor delighted to have him in the palace and once allowed him to address the Roman Senate in his stead.

After the death of Nero, Terence was made the puppet of a group of clever men who for years foisted him off as the real Nero, whom the Romans knew to be dead. In Syria it was comparatively easy to do this, until the tolerant Romans made an end of it.

So much for history, but it is in treatment that Feuchtwanger has excelled.

Equally as powerful as the story of the power-drunk Jew Suss, the author gives us a memorable picture of a dictator who is in reality nothing more than the mouthpiece of his advisers.

When he acts for himself he brings about his own destruction.

Once hoisted to the saddle, Terence begins a purge against his enemies—personal and political—even including his own wife. "They scribbled on their writing tablets thoughtfully and tentatively. The white, fleshy hand of Nero, the small, bony hand of Knops, his close adviser, and the red, hairy paw of the soldier Trebonius.

"They wrote down many names—of men and women, some of them old and some of them young. The list already contained over 300 names.

"Nero studied the closely-written list. There was room for two more names. Little names which he would be able to squeeze into the already crowded writing. **Gloatingly he wrote the two names—one was Knops, his trusted adviser, and the other was Caja, his wife."**

Human Character

IN a detached way Nero considers the fate of his wife. It was a pity she must disappear.

"There's no doubt," he thought, "that she loves me. And it isn't her fault really that she is blind and stupid and can't see past her nose. But it isn't mine, either. Perhaps it's unwise for me to despatch her; perhaps I'll be sorry some day; but no, it isn't unwise. She simply refuses to believe that I am Nero. She won't understand. She insults my divine majesty. She can't help it, but I can't help it, either, if I have to have her removed. A woman who insults my majesty has no right to live."

There is something very human and yet at the same time something very great in the personality of Caja, the wife of the false Nero.

While he has been called to fame she remains the woman of the people. She knows her husband, understands his vanity and appreciates his weakness. Come what may she knows he is destined to fall.

"When the soldiers seized Caja she could not make out what it was all about. She thought the hour she feared had come, that the falsity of Terence had been discovered and that the authorities were hunting for him and his supporters. She longed despairingly to be beside Terence in the evil hour. 'Don't hurt my Terence. Don't hurt my poor stupid Terence,' she said as the soldiers cut her down."

Although always adhering to the facts of history, the author points in every page to the happenings in ancient times which might easily occur in Europe to-day. His dictator is Nero—it is also a composite picture of certain people nearer home.

"False Nero." Lion Feuchtwanger. Hutchinson's.

URSULA BLOOM, famous English author, who played the piano in a cinema before she achieved success as a writer of best sellers. "Call It a Date," our free novel this week, is one of her best stories.

"Mr. Goldwyn Presents"—

By Air Mail

SAYINGS of Samuel Goldwyn from Alva Johnston's new book on the great movie producer:

On a lovely Sunday morning at the beach: "What a wonderful day to spend Sunday!"

On addressing a group of salesmen: "This business is dog eat dog, and nobody is going to eat me."

On announcing an idea: "Gentlemen, I've invented a new slogan — 'Goldwyn pictures griddle the earth.'"

On discussing the choice of a star: "For this part I want a lady; somebody that's couth."

On the occasion when a director said a script was too caustic: "To hell with the cost. If it's a good picture, we'll make it."

"The Great Goldwyn." Alva Johnston.

What a MEAL!

SERVE Heinz Baked Beans with the breakfast bacon. What a marvellous breakfast they make—how good, how delicious, how nourishing!
And how *"different"* these Heinz baked beans are!—sweet as a nut, soaked through with the most delicious tomato sauce.
Oven-baked so that they almost crush on the tongue.
Two styles — with and without pork. Serve them often—for breakfast, lunch, dinner and snacks.
RECIPE FOLDER FREE. Showing 24 delicious ways to use Heinz Baked Beans. Send for your free copy to H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Melb., C.1.

ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS
for BREAKFAST/—for LUNCH/—for DINNER/

"JOY OF LIVING" for a few pence

London Critics Praise Two Australian Novels

Two Australian novels, "Murder in Sydney," by Leonard Mann, and "Sun Across the Sky," by Eleanor Dark, are being highly praised by the London Press.

MR. MANN'S novel has been awarded the title of the "Book of the Month" by the Book Society, and Sir Hugh Walpole praised his style as being equal to that of Somerset Maugham.

There is plenty of plot in Mr. Mann's story, and situation and incident are well handled. Characterisation is well done, too, but some of the minor characters are very shadowy, and sketchily drawn.

While there is plenty of force in the writing, there are extravagances, too. This is how the author sees the life-savers on the beaches:

"Big young fellows—boys with stiff salt hair and long marmoreal limbs of a dark brown color, more beautiful than Phidian statues, their original whiteness darkened by long entombment in the earth, but glowing in resurrection with fresh blood."

And of the pines at Manly:

"The ocean quivered ceaselessly and violently in the universal undulation, and the pines writhed ceaselessly upwards, their writhing motions more passionate because confined like those of dark equatorial men and women, bound and burning at the stake."

Miss Dark's story is not so tense. It moves at conversational pace to a satisfactory climax. There is action, humor, and good craftsmanship in the story, apt to be spoiled by the author's trick of leading her characters into long-winded soliloquies.

"A Murder in Sydney." Leonard Mann. (Cape.) **"Sun Across the Sky,"** Eleanor Dark. (Collins.)

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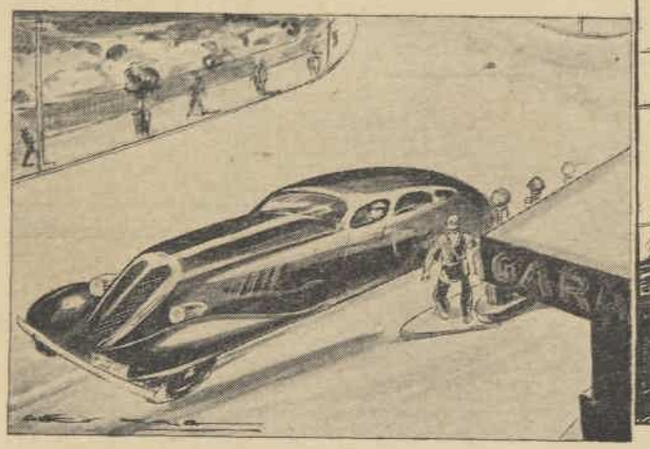
Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

"He is a self-made man, is he not?"
"Yes, except for the alterations made by his wife and her mother."

MOPSY, the Cheery Redhead

"I am not afraid to introduce you to my new boy friend! Here he is now—Tom, say 'hello' to Susie Siren."



DRIVER: One gallon, please.
ATTENDANT: What are you trying to do, wean it?

EMPLOYER: You want a rise, eh? Give me two good reasons why you should get a rise!
EMPLOYEE: Twins, Sir!

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"NOW you're married," said the insurance agent, "you'll need a life policy."

"Oh no!" protested the young man, "she's not as dangerous as that."

GERT: So your sister won £10,000 in a lottery. Did you get anything out of it?

Gwen: Yes, a brother-in-law.

SPEED KING (slowing car down): Gosh, don't you feel glad you're alive?

Passenger: Amazed is the word, old man, not glad.

"I WOULD like to take out an insurance policy."

"Very good, sir, Fire or Life?"

"Both, thanks, I have a wooden leg."

"DOGS like me. When I walk down the street, they *follow* me and lick my hands."

"Why don't you try eating with a knife and fork?"

BOY: I've been begging you for a kiss for the past hour. Don't you like kissing?

Girl (coyly): Of course, silly; but I don't like beggars!

1ST CAT: Couldn't you see by my face that I didn't want to meet your boy friend?

2nd Cat: Well, you see my dear, I'm not good at reading between the lines.

YOUR HARD-WORKED FEET

Need Regular Care With

Zam-Buk

ARE you one of those unfortunates whose feet ache and become so sore that it is a real struggle to keep going and finish the day out?

Here's an easy treatment which not only brings immediate relief, but keeps the feet in fine condition all the time. Every night bathe the feet in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Corns, bunions, and hard growths are softened, the whole feet are strengthened and you can again work and walk in comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All Chemists & Stores

"I had a very trying time with an inflamed bunion on the joint of my big toe. Bathing my foot and applying Zam-Buk ended the inflammation, and soon my toe was quite normal."—Mr. W. G. Marsh.

"I'm a factory overseer, but since regularly using Zam-Buk I no longer experience the misery of aching feet. At the end of a day's work my feet are as comfortable as at the beginning."—Mr. F. H. D.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

SEVEN EXQUISITE SHADES

in three flowers new face powder

Seven shades—radiantly flattering, completely different. A perfect colour range in flattering tones to bring out the true beauty of your skin. Powder that's silky-fine and clinging, a delight to dust over your cheeks. Lasting fragrance that makes even your hair seem exquisitely perfumed. In these fascinating shades—Peach, Rose, Naturelle, White, Rachel, Tan Rachel or Dark Rachel.

THREE FLOWERS TALCUM—A soft . . . finely textured powder . . . so cool and refreshing . . . in the same delicate scent as your face powder.

AND TO COMPLETE YOUR BEAUTY ENSEMBLE . . .
Three Flowers Face Creams . . . Rouge . . . Lipstick . . . Hand Cream . . . Hair Preparations . . . Perfume.

RICHARD HUDNUT AIDS TO LOVELINESS

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Get WELL the Modern Way!

If you suffer from headaches, nerve pains, fatigue, sour stomach, fits of depression, etc., buy a bottle of Salda Seltzer to-day and keep it handy.

At the first sign of trouble drink a glass of this new, sparkling restorative! It's the MODERN way to get relief . . .

It is known that most of our every-day ills are caused by excess acid in the system. More alkalis are needed, and Salda Seltzer is the newest and most pleasant method of remedying this deficiency . . . . .
Contains also certain pain relieving analgesics that banish headaches, relieve nerve pains and nip colds in the bud, FASTER THAN ANYTHING ELSE YOU HAVE TRIED.

No laxatives—no harmful drugs. Perfectly safe for both young and old. From chemists and stores in three sizes: 6d., 1/3d., and 2/3d.

TRIAL SIZE 6D REGULAR SIZE 1/3 ECONOMY SIZE 2/3

BE WISE, *ALKALISE* WITH

SALDA Seltzer

S.S.2.A.

SOFTER SAFER PROTECTION COSTS LESS

MODESS SANITARY NAPKINS alone have a special moisture proof backing, assuring perfect protection:

1/- BOX OF 12

Price Throughout West. Aust. 1/3

MODESS

SAIL-O!

Continued from Page 6

"OH, David, poor darling lamb," the lady said. "Both dead, and the mite all alone." She ran forward and knelt on the sand with him. Her eyes were no color, but she was kind. David liked her. "Why," she said, "we are a big boy now. And looking fine."

"Ma!" he said. She held his hands.

"You lamb!" the kind lady said. "And naked as a little savage!"

"Well," the man said, big and red above her, "they get their wish. They wanted their kid to grow up unspoilt in their darn-awful earthly paradise, didn't they?"

"But, Hank, not like this," the lady said, and her eyes looking into David's were shiny and wet.

"What the devil?" said the man who was Hank. "It's no perishing business of ours, is it? He'll thrive, all right. The smallpox couldn't kill him off, anyway." He had a bad voice, like the sea when the wind blew hard. "He's nobody's business."

The kind lady jumped up and faced Hank. Her hands were closed tight. David could see her shaking under her frock.

"Oh, yes, he is," she said. "He's our business. He's my business."

"Is that so?" Hank said, more quietly, but worse.

"It is. You don't mean to say you think we can leave him here?"

"I mean to say we're going to."

"But you can't! You can't!"

"Can't I?" Hank said. He knew he could. His big mouth went down one side and up the other. "I always hated the Brownhills, the pair of stuck-up, smarty fools, and if you think I'm going to raise a finger to help their brat you've another think coming. We do just nothing for the Brownhills' pup, and that's flat."

"Only to make me wretched," the lady said. "If I wanted to leave him you'd take him. Oh, Hank, won't you ever get tired of torturing me?"

"I don't know," Hank said, "but you can take it from me the kid doesn't travel in my ship."

The lady said, "Hank!" Her hands opened and closed.

"Snivelling about other people's dirty kids," Hank said.

"He's a lovely child, and they were fine people. For once I won't give in to you, Hank. We're taking him with us. If he's all alone we ought to adopt him. Anyway, we won't leave him here. And you can kill me, but I stick to that."

"Quite a show of spirit, my love," Hank said. He laughed, but funnily.

"For once," the lady said, "I'm going to get my way. You big bullying swine of devil, just this once." She put her head up very straight, and shook her fist at him.

"Shut your mouth!" Hank said.

"I won't! I won't!" the lady said. She stamped her foot.

Hank hit the lady hard. He was very red. There were ropes in his neck and in his face. The lady fell down on the sand.

"Come on, all of you," he said in his big voice. "Leave her there to get a bit of sense. Heavens, it's hot. Come on. I want a drink."

HE walked quickly away with his head sunk between his shoulders. All the people of Malu went after him. They were afraid to stay. The lady did not matter to them, after all. Even little Lerina went.

David sat down by the lady. They were alone save for the two men in the canoe. She was asleep. He did not wake her, but just sat by her side. He dug his toes into the sand. The sun was high above the palms now.

The lady woke up. She made a sad noise and her eyes went from side to side because they did not know what they were looking at. Then they saw David, and stayed with him. While she looked at him her face changed. Color came into it, and some of the lines deepened. Her lips pressed together. She sat up with a jerk. She still looked afraid, but in another way, and she was quicker and happy. David watched all this with interest, sitting in the sand. It was so different from anything that had happened before.

"Little David," the lady said. She smiled properly. Her face went curvy, all the lines moving about. "This is where Goliath gets the surprise of his life. Come on, lamb."

She took David's hand, and they went together down to the canoe.

"In you go," she said, lifting him. He sat on the bottom of the canoe. It was nice there, like being in a hut with no roof. The lady got in and said, "Pelican, quick time."

Brown legs moved about. The men pushed the canoe away from the beach and sat down and paddled with their funny paddles. The canoe went out across the lagoon. David sat looking up at the lady, and she smiled at him, though there were tears on her cheeks.

A bump startled David. He looked up and there was the Sailo rising above him like a big hut. She was much, much bigger than she had seemed from the beach. His heart started to jump about. The lady stood up and called, "Billy! Billy!" A brown man looked down from the Sailo. He had a cloud of hair.

The lady picked up David.

"Don't drop him now," she said.

The brown man's hands came under David's arms and lifted him up. He went into the air like a bird, and then he was inside the Sailo. The Sailo was not curved inside like a canoe, but flat with a fence built round. Two palms grew from her with vines hanging down from them. Little huts were dotted about. Brown people slept here and there, but not people of Malu. It wasn't at all like Malu on the Sailo.

The lady walked away from him. She went down into a hole. David got frightened. The sharks would eat her if she went into that deep water, for her skin was very white. He ran after her as quickly as he could, calling in warning, "Ma! Ma! Ma!"

BUT the lady had not fallen down into the water. She came up again out of the hole with a round, bright stick in her hand. David hardly knew her, she looked so stern and hard.

"Wake up there, Tom, Dick, Jacob," she said in a much bigger voice. The brown people woke up. They looked surprised. She pointed the bright stick at them. "Captain he stop along shore," she said in her much bigger voice. "We go very quick one time. Tie little fellow boat astern. You Jacob, engine. One fellow anchor up. Suppose you no can do I shoot plenty quick."

They were all scared of her and surprised. She seemed new to them, too. She walked about, pointing the stick. David stood at the bottom of one of the palms. Everyone seemed to be running very fast. He grew bewildered, and his neck ached with jerking his head from side to side. He cried a little, but felt very excited and happy. It was much better on the Sailo than just watching from the beach.

The pig noise started so suddenly that he jumped. The Sailo began to go along. No one paddled it. It simply went along grunting. David clapped his hands. The feeling of just going along was like sitting on the back of a fish. A brown man turned a round thing down at one end. Perhaps that was what made the Sailo go. David's legs were very tired. He sat down, but did not go to sleep because there was so much to see.

The kind lady came along. She was laughing quite loudly. The stick was under her arm.

"Oh, David, I'm so happy," she said. "Free at last! Rid of him! I should have done this years ago. It took you to teach me and give me the pluck." She lifted him high with a swinging movement that made him crow; then she carried him down to the end where the man turned the round thing. A queer smell came to him and the pig noise sounded louder. She stood him on the fence of the Sailo and held him there.

"Take a last look at Malu, David," she said. "You might have died there, infant, or rotted there for years. He'd never have taken you away because he loved making me unhappy. He's a devil, that man. And I've stood it for so long. They break a woman's spirit, his sort. But you've mended mine. We've stolen the Pelican, David boy, and marooned the terrible Captain Hank Paterson on Malua. This will make him the joke of the Pacific. One of these days I'll be able to share that joke with you, David. One of these days." She hugged him. That was nice, and reminded him of Ma. He put his arm about her neck and hugged her in return.

Please turn to Page 22

"why every dog needs regular conditioning"

Bob Martin

A dog's life today is really an unnatural one. Usually he spends most of his time confined in a house or garden instead of being free to roam; he eats prepared foods; and, above all, he cannot find for himself the vital blood correctives Nature has provided in certain wild grasses and herbage.

It is because Bob Martin's Condition Powders contain these natural blood correctives in their right proportion that they are so essential to your dog's health. By purifying his blood they will keep him free from all miserable blood disorders such as listlessness, sulky temper, loose-coat, loss of appetite, eczema and swellings between the toes. What is more, they will raise the whole standard of his fitness, he'll be lively and healthy—a *fitter* companion with a lovely coat. Give your dog Bob Martin's regularly every day from now on. You can get them in boxes of 9 and 21 powders—full instructions enclosed.

Bob Martin's

TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

banish all blood disorders in dogs

FREE SAMPLE and free copy of "Bob Martin on Dogs." Write to SALMOND & SPRAGGON (AUST.) PTY. LTD., Dept. W.W.1 Box 1552 E. G.P.O., Sydney. State breed, age and weight.

Only one answer

". . . Madam, you ask me, a beauty specialist, what skin creme you should use? My only answer is . . . CREME CHARMOSAN. There are certain things in CREME CHARMOSAN that are not in any other skin creme.

"CREME CHARMOSAN helps bring charm and youth to skins that are no longer young . . . because it is that kind of creme. It undoes the havoc wrought by the sun and wind. It holds your powder for HOURS AND HOURS.

"You know, of course, that it is the favourite creme of hundreds of stars of the films and the stage. They know."

Creme Charmosan for skin youth

Big jars for your dressing table, 2/6. Tubes for your handbag, 1/-. It's greaseless. Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.

Charmosan face powder is French. It gives instant charm to your skin. It stays on with sweet witchery hour after hour . . . you can motor, dance, play golf or tennis, do what you like . . . Charmosan face powder "stays put." How lovely to be able to forget all about your powder puff for hours. It's the best powder money can buy, and costs only 2/6 for a large box. You can get it in all shades, including sun tan. It's the favourite powder of stage and film stars. It brings enchantment to your skin, no matter what your age. Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.***

Now Beauty-Wash your own Hair

with Colinated cocoanut oil.

WHATEVER the natural colour of your hair . . . and particularly if it is "difficult" . . . try this "new way to wash hair"—created specially to give that rich, lustrous, beauty-salon effect! You *feel* the difference instantly its extra-active "cocoanut-bubbles" start to foam through your hair . . . and you *see* the difference in the way waves and curls come out deep, firm, crisp and sparkling—and instantly easy to dress!
Colinated cocoanut oil Shampoo dissolves all dust, dandruff, oily film. Rinses quickly. Leaves hair *silky-clean*, and with a magic new sheen. Bottle gives 14 shampoos. All Chemists. Make your next shampoo a "beauty-wash"!

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Intimate Jottings

by Caroline

Did You Know—

That Lady Gowrie had to miss all the springtime parties? She went into hospital last Wednesday night to have her tonsils removed.

✣ ✣ ✣

Chitral Party

QUITE a number of guests I chatted to on board the Chitral on Thursday said it was the best shipboard party they had ever been to and I quite agreed with them.

In the beflowered lounge I saw Mrs. Bennet Bremner, who was wearing quite the quaintest little hat with her black sheer frock. It was made of hard shiny straw with corrugations in a peaked brimless shape, and banded with a straight piece of grosgrain ribbon half way up.

Mrs. Bing Carson's hat also attracted my attention. It was a navy skull cap with bayadere stripes over the crown of her head.

✣ ✣ ✣

I like the alert-looking antelopes which pattern a blue linen frock worn by Sheila Currie, our attractive race visitor from Melbourne!

✣ ✣ ✣

No Languid Artist

THERE is nothing of the languid artist about Charles Benson, the well known Tasmanian tenor at present visiting us for a broadcasting tour. He is jolly and energetic and it is not surprising to learn that Charles began life as a man on the land and is proud of it.

Charles has not long returned from England, where he found the custom of singers being asked to interview smart hostesses who were engaging them for entertainments in their houses rather amusing. If they expected Charles to arrive with a wide sombrero and stock whip they were very wide of the mark, as he is most elegant.

✣ ✣ ✣

Staying at the Hotel Australia is Mrs. Hugh Fearon. Hugh is off to the South Seas with his brother-in-law, Cobber Atkinson, of Tamworth, for a holiday, and his wife thinks that she might just as well stay right in the city while the race festivities are with us.

✣ ✣ ✣

Wedding in Hobart

HOBART society was all agog on Monday for the wedding of Michael Eisdell, son of the famous tenor, Hubert Eisdell, and Katherine Parker, at St. Joseph's Church. Michael does not lift his voice in song like his father, but his tones are heard over the National stations as an announcer.

His father is at present in Toronto where he is a professor at the University, and Mrs. Eisdell is in London. Quite recently she went to Berlin and played accompaniments for Dino Borgioli, who is a relation by marriage.

Farewell Party

MRS. M. NEWMAN, well known in both Sydney and Perth, gave a jolly cocktail party at the Royal Empire Society Rooms, London, as a farewell gesture to many overseas friends.

Daughter Kath assisted with the entertainment, and the guests included Mrs. Morris Edwards and daughter Elizabeth, Mrs. G. G. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Giles, Pat Jordan and Margaret Baxter.

Mrs. Newman will visit Europe before joining the Moldavia en route for Australia.

Secretary to Vice-Royalty

AT present acting secretary to Lady Gowrie and thoroughly enjoying the job is Phyllis Parkinson. She recently went to Canberra with the Vice-Regal party and had lots of rest and enjoyment in between short bouts of work.

Phyllis is now ensconced at Admiralty House, and naturally finds her time fully occupied with so many social activities in full swing.

Pampered Pets

CAPTAIN AND MRS. J. T. SIMPSON left by car last week for Melbourne, where Captain Simpson has been appointed to Army Headquarters.

They went by car so that their two jolly little terriers would not have the ignominy of being dog-boxed in the train. These pets recently went to Brisbane and back with their owners. A caravan had to be chartered specially for them on that occasion.

Golf Club Party

THE Leura Golf Club was a blaze of lights and bright with flowers for the dance which was held there on Saturday night.

A large party came from Montgreenan, where Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Davidson entertained a house party for the week-end. Mrs. Davidson wore a lovely frock of sapphire-blue with a cluster of pink roses on the corsage, and her niece Helen chose cherry chiffon. Dutchie Robinson was there, also Royce Shannon, Stanley James, and Haddon Braund.

No Time Lost

THERE has been much coming and going between Melbourne and Sydney of late by Donald Mackay, son of the W. A. Mackays, of shipping fame.

Donald arrived from Melbourne for the ski-ing ball on Thursday last, flew back to Melbourne and spent one day there before motoring back to Sydney again for the spring doings.

✣ ✣ ✣

Jascha Spivakovsky, who played the Schumann concerto under Schneevoigt's baton on Thursday night at the Town Hall, has sent his small daughter, Rahel, to Adelaide to stay with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Hirsch Krantz, during the infantile paralysis epidemic.

✣ ✣ ✣

Just Too Cute

QUITE fascinating are the buttons featured by Dorothy McMahon on her new summer frock of floral sheer. They portray fat little gentlemen with the roundest figures wearing high black hats, green coats, red vests and white buttons.

Their little faces with their bright blue eyes and suspiciously red noses are just too cute.

MISS ROSEMARY SHEPHERD, busy making the colorful butterflies which will adorn the Town Hall for the Butterfly Fete on October 15, in aid of the Church of England Homes. —Women's Weekly photo.

Travel in U.S.A.

DOROTHEA LORRAINE arrived home in the Monterey on Monday. She toured extensively in U.S.A. and a great many of her journeys were made by air.

She has lots of friends over there and hopes it will not be long before she makes off again to see them. Dorothea is very film-minded and spent a good deal of time at Hollywood, where she visited the famous studios.

For Summer Entertaining

AS Patricia, Countess of Jersey, and Robin Filmer Wilson, whose wedding took place in London recently, were married in the afternoon to enable them to catch the plane to Biarritz for their honeymoon, guests at their wedding reception did not see the very modern home of Mrs. "Jimmy" Field at its best.

The magnificent garden surrounding the house is fitted with floodlighting and fairy lights for the hostess' summer entertaining. Mrs. Field, one of London's smartest hostesses, is a great friend of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

✣ ✣ ✣

Very lovely is the material chosen by Mrs. John Arnott for her ball dress to be worn this Tuesday at the Pastel Ball. It is pale apricot in color, and is needlerun with gold thread.

✣ ✣ ✣

Vivid Personality

NICHOLAS KOSTRUKOFF, conductor of the Don Cossack Choir, which opened its Sydney season on Saturday, impressed the audience with his vivid personality.

It is difficult to think of such a merry fellow contemplating engineering as a livelihood, but it was not until he was studying this profession in Prague that he took seriously to music. Fellow students comprised his first choir.

✣ ✣ ✣

In town for a week, and a very good week too, is Mrs. Bruce Watchorn. Her husband, Captain Watchorn, is in camp at Liverpool, and his wife is making the Queen's Club her headquarters.

✣ ✣ ✣

From a Mountain Top

ONE of the highlights of Mrs. C. G. Lambie's trip abroad will be taking her two schoolgirl daughters, Brenda and Wilda, for a long holiday in the Scottish Highlands, where she herself spent many happy childhood days.

Professor and Mrs. Lambie and Wilda will leave on November 9 by the Australian Star and will make a lengthy stay in Europe as the professor will do research work in Germany and Belgium. Brenda will join the party on their arrival on the other side. She accompanied her grandmother, Mrs. S. A. Lambie, on her return to England some months ago.

Did You Notice—

Mrs. Alan Potter in summery attire of ice-blue and white, with burgundy-colored shoes in hand, matching a roll of ribbon in the daylight of Elizabeth Street?

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There is no better shirt in all the world than Pelaco

★ Conrad Veidt
(Gaumont British Star)

Illustrated is the Meirix Shirt, with twe Pelaco-weld Starchless Collars. Price, 10/9.

A great Character Actor . . . and a smart Dresser

Thousands of picture goers have been thrilled by the sterling characterisations of this versatile actor. Thousands, too, have remarked on his immaculate appearance, a reputation which owes not a little to his careful selection of good shirts and collars. The shirts worn by famous British and Hollywood stars are no better in any way than Australia's popular Pelaco.

Available in all the latest colours, stripes and fabrics, Pelaco Shirts are priced from as low as 6/11 to 17/6. See the wide range at your local store. Insist on getting Pelaco, for there is nothing "just as good."

Pelaco Shirts are now available with the smart Pelaco-weld Starchless Collars

Don't ask for just "a shirt"— specify . . .

Pelaco

SHIRTS
COLLARS
AND PYJAMAS

DANDRUFF INEXCUSABLE

Dissolve it clean away—regain luxuriant new growth, sparkling lustre

Barry's Tricopherous provides the one quick and positive means of getting rid of *every trace* of dandruff—permanently. It dissolves away all unsightly particles and restores your hair to a gloriously healthy condition. It pours new life into languishing roots and encourages a luxuriant growth of silky, youthful, sparkling hair.

BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Of all Chemists & Stores 3/- a bottle.

SAIL-O!

Continued from Page 20

It was all very strange. They were going away from Malu just as Ma and Da, and all the others had. He could see that for himself. They had passed through the hole in Malu and were outside it. Tiny people were jumping about on the beach. They were a long way off and unreal. He could not think of them as Lerina and Xavier St. Joseph, and the rest. They seemed as different from people as the fish far below among the coral. The palms got smaller and smaller, as if they were growing backwards down into the sand. He looked again and saw that the whole of Malu was getting smaller. It got smaller in his memory, and was a long way off and a long time ago. The Sailo was the world.

The lady said: "And now, young man, some food for you, and then you're gr'ng to rest. Incidentally, I must make some clothes for you, you little heathen."

The brown boy brought food. They sat on the deck and ate. The food was fine, quite different from what they had on that other place. Everything was different on the Sailo, and everything was better. He shovelled the food in.

"Frightful manners, but a healthy appetite," the lady said.

When he had eaten every scrap she wrapped him in a kind of mat softer than the other mats had been, and she put her face on his. She was very like Ma when she did that, so he was happy and went to sleep.

The sun went down into the sea, and came up out of the hole where it slept, and looked at the Sailo. The Sailo was in the middle of the sea and sky just where that other place had been, the one that had gone away. Sometimes it spread out wings bigger than any bird's, and flew along quietly, without grunting. The brown people played with him. They liked the lady and were glad about her. She was nice. She would play with him, too, and talk to him. She had made him clothes like Da wore. He was proud of them. They felt funny, but they made him awfully proud. The lady often used to laugh when he walked about.

But sometimes she did not laugh. She would look sad and frightened like she used to, only worse. Then she would hold him to her and talk for a long time.

"He'll be furious to think how easily I tricked him in the end," she would say. "He'll murder me if he ever gets me. That's one thing certain. He thought I couldn't run away because I never had any money. He thought he had me chained hand and foot. I've shown him differently. Or you have, David. But how are we going to run away far enough and fast enough? We can make Tahiti all right with the help of Jacob. But after that? How would it be to report him dead and sell the ship for any price so long as it was enough to take us away where he could never find us? Yes, we might do that. We can stop at nothing, young Mr. Brownhill, now that we've eloped. Stealing a ship is just a detail compared with being murdered. You've made a tough customer out of Janet Paterson. But to sell the ship would take time, and they might want proof he was dead. Still, we'll find a way. We must. He won't catch me, you just see, and my young man and I are going to make the world our oyster."

Thus life went on in the Sailo, with the sun coming and going, and always the Sailo was in the centre of the sea and the sky.

Then one night it rained, and David slept down in the very inside of the Sailo. When he awakened something strange had happened. The Sailo did not swim along any more. Noises he had never heard before came down to him. He knelt in the bunk and looked out through the hole that had hard sky in it. He knelt there for a long time, nose pressed against the sky, and marvelled. For a crowd of other Sailos were all about, their palms rising everywhere. Beyond them was a place like that other place there used to be, but very, very different. It went on and on as far as David could see. The huts were tremendous, and some of their roofs shone in the sun like fish scales. Crowds and crowds of white and brown people were going about. David had not known there were so many people. The scene was so amazing that he simply could not take it in. He felt dizzy, staring there, his nose against the cool, hard sky.

Then he heard the lady coming down. Her legs came first. When she was inside another pair of legs followed. They were men's legs in white clothes. He had never seen this man before. It was not Da. The man was small with a shiny head that had no hair on top. His hair grew down on his face. He looked dry, like coral left out of the water.

The lady said: "Well, there he is—there's David Brownhill." She pointed at David.

"Dear me! Dear me!" said the man with the hair on his face. He looked so hard that he made David shy. David hid his face in the pillow.

"The resemblance is astounding," the man said. "Even without the facts I'm sure I'd have been struck by it. Luck for me. When I heard from the signal station you were reported back from Malu already I could not believe my ears. It seemed such an inaccessible place. That was why they sent me all the way out here. Our cables and so on had failed to produce any reply."

"No doubt we still have them aboard," the lady said. "Last voyage we missed out Malu on account of bad weather. It was the voyage before we landed the native with smallpox and killed half the island's inhabitants, including David's parents."

"I imagine your husband will scarcely be having a happy stay there," the man said.

The lady said: "They may have murdered him, though they're a poor-spirited lot." She was sad about them being a lot like that. "Oh, I must get away! I must get away!"

"I've been turning over a plan that may suit all parties very well," the man said. "I must go to Malu to verify the facts on the spot. In legal matters we have to go very carefully. In the meant'me the child should start for England. Seeing what you've done already I've faith in you, Mrs. Paterson, and also—ha! ha!—I am something of a judge of character myself. I suggest you accept an appointment as his nurse. Take him ahead. There's the mail-boat to-morrow. I am not very good—ha! ha!—with babies. In England I imagine your appointment would be made permanent if you wished it. They will owe you that, at least, and the family is one that pays its debts."

"That would be heaven," said the kind lady in a lovely voice.

David sat up to see her look happy.

The man like coral came across and poked him with his finger. David was afraid of the man, and wanted to run away.

"Well, my boy," he said differently from when he spoke to the lady, "I suppose it's my duty to break the news to you, though I fear you're a trifle young—ha! ha!—to take it all in. You are the son of eccentric parents who buried themselves on what they called—ha! ha!—a little Eden in the Eastern Pacific. Who could foresee at that time that a motor smash and a aeroplane crash would in a single month remove four people standing between them and half a million pounds? Now it is too late for them to benefit, but you, my boy, you—ha! ha!—are a very rich young man with all the world—ha! ha! before you."

He rustled his hands together as the palms did.

David did not know what to say to the man, so he merely remarked, "Ma! Da!"

"'Pon my soul!" the man said. "'Pon my soul!"

The kind lady ran to David and held him to her heart. She said: "But when I did run away at last I eloped with the heir to a fortune. Who'd have thought it of Janet Paterson?"

"Ha! ha!" the man with toe hair said. "I won't mention that to the good captain. Might get this young man—ha! ha!—into trouble. That wouldn't do. No, indeed, ha! ha!"

"No, indeed," the lady said, "for I love him so."

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

WHITE... *and* BLACK

● *ABOVE: White linen tailored suit worn with black blouse and white hat banded with black grosgrain.*

● *AT RIGHT: Ensemble of black featherweight wool lace worn with white accessories.*

● *EVENING FROCK of black matt crepe. It features a back train and is slit at the front.*

● *SMART SUMMER SUIT of white shark-skin worn with black hat and gloves*

PARIS SNAPSHOTS

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

POCKETS are in the news. They are stitched to all the newest jackets in the most unaccountable places—high up on the shoulders, right at the waist, even on sleeves.

They can be heart or diamond shaped, square or oblong, round or triangular, or the shape of a well-rouged mouth, but they must be of contrasting material, suede on cloth, tweed on taffeta, or flannel on velvet.

* * *

FOR several seasons tiny gold ankle chains have been worn under thin stockings, but now the smartest girls are wearing gold clip-on anklets over their stockings . . . wide gold bands with a single large stone let into the front, something like the massive bracelets our grandmothers wore.

Such anklets are so fine and so closely fitted to the leg that young lovelies can play tennis, ride, and dance without knowing they're there. Amethysts and topazes are the favorite stones.

* * *

WOODEN initials as part of the trimming of felt hats are chic. When the debutantes are exercising their poodles in the Bois you see any amount of tiny quills, plaid taffeta bows, and jay feathers all pinned into their velours with initial brooches in brown, black and yellow woods.

They usually match initial clips which are being worn on all the latest high-necked blouses.

EVERY well-dressed Parisienne has a gaily-colored printed chiffon scarf. The favorites are a yard square, but so diaphanous that they melt almost into nothing in the hand.

Mademoiselle Paris uses hers doubled cornerwise as a collar to her plain wool or linen frocks. She ties it round her waist at dinner, letting the two ends hang like a sash; she wears it round her head for motoring.

When she goes dancing she ties it once round her right wrist, so that it floats about her as she and her partner take the corners.

* * *

SAW a jabot with a difference the other day. The edges of the frills were trimmed with thin bands of ermine arranged to resemble birds in flight.

Fur in narrow bands is popular for all kinds of trimming—collars, cuffs, pockets—and the only rule seems to be dark on woollens, light on the lighter fabrics.

* * *

TOILET vinegar is being used more and more by smart women, and many of them are searching old trunks and dusty boxrooms for the dainty little silver, gold and china vinaigrettes which their grandmothers and great-grandmothers invariably carried with them.

A HOLIDAY IN SUNSHINE and SNOW!

When mid-summer heat makes you feel that it is time for a real, energy-recuperating holiday . . . plan a trip to New Zealand. Here, even in mid-summer, mighty alps rear snow-capped peaks to the sun, sun-kissed lakes look cool and inviting along their bush-fringed shores—wherever you go the climate is refreshing and energising. There is much to see—glorious fiords, underground caverns, lovely glowworm grottoes, inspiring grandeur of lakes and mountains, great glaciers grinding slowly seawards, and changing panoramas of bush-clad slopes and fertile farmlands.

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New Zealand

★ For the sportsman—what a paradise . . . trout and salmon flash in lake and stream . . . giant swordfish and mako sharks test the deep-sea fisherman's skill to the utmost . . . picturesque, well-kept links make summer golf really pleasurable . . . game, big and small, give ample scope for shooting . . . while hikers and mountaineers find scenic trails of surpassing beauty, and alpine peaks to extend the most experienced climbers.

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MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

Hats go their own sweet way!

● HAT of flat sailor type in navy Italian straw banded with white kid.

● LEFT: A flower-pot red straw has a crown of gay spring flowers and an ultra-coarse piece of veil.

● A TOREADOR model in chalk-white toyo panama edged and strapped with navy velvet ribbon.

● IN BLACK VELVET with a grosgrain band, this back-of-the-head model might have evolved from the soft beret type, once worn over the face.

● A SCOOP brimmed back-of-the-head bonnet in black antelope.

● A SMART TOYO MODEL is worn back of the head. Black straw with red, green, and yellow ribbons.

● ABOVE, Rene illustrates one way of tying on the flattest of flat rough straw sailors—with a silk-fringed scarf.

● SUN HAT in natural leghorn, edged and banded, with bow and trailing ends of forest-green ribbon velvet.

● A TINY HAT for cocktails has a turned back off-the-face brim of black antelope with a miniature chimney-pot crown of silver kid.

● WORN BACK OF the head—a straw hat with wide bonnet brim in front and cut-away at the back.

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The Fashion Parade by Petrov

Choose COTTONS

. . . They take to cruising like a duck to water!

THE trio of cruisers above are adorning the Lido deck in vivid cottons. The lass standing at the left sports a yellow linen bolero coat over her red-and-green spotted sun-suit of romper design. Her friend reclines in marine-blue cotton skirt and cardigan worn over a natural cotton brassiere and pleated shorts printed with little red anchors.

Gazing down at her is a cruise girl in a scarlet-and-white striped crepe coat with triangular pockets, and a large hat to match buttoning under the chin.

For afternoons ashore, the girls at the right have chosen a plaid linen coat gathered at the yoke and pockets, and worn over a brown linen dress and a red-and-white print on dirndl lines with a stiff white bolero.

Below, a star-gazer is daintily clad in white muslin and pale blue lace with a cape of pleated chiffon. Her friend prefers violet organza, which has its hem stiffened with wide and narrow ribbon, and adds a jacket of the same ribbon.

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HOW *Changes in* FASHION *are* MADE

A RECENT photograph of Norman Hartnell, who designs dresses for the Queen.

By ALISON SETTLE, Famous English Fashion Expert. Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

CAN one predict changes in fashion? Do they come, willy nilly, just by some whim, just by some stroke of good fortune for those who can afford to get in with them early, a run of bad luck for those who get in late?

GIRLS ENGAGED on fine embroidery in one of Norman Hartnell's workrooms, where many of the Queen's gowns are made.

"INFLUENCES": The people knowledgeable in dress are always talking about influences.

These are the factors which change dress, apart from the general steady growth. What is in the air is one kind of influence.

When there is talk of war you see epaulets, martial little suits rather than soft dresses, topcoats of regimental coloring in place of softer coats, gauntlets where a while back you wore ruckled elegant gloves, military caps and capes in lieu of velvet turbans and intricately cut coats, regimental sashes and braidings.

Exhibitions are one "influence," the times we live in, warlike or peaceful, another. A jubilee, a coronation, focuses all eyes on this country and then we lead in color, in elegance, in dignity.

We must as well examine the lives of the great makers of clothes.

She Altered Woollens

MADEMOISELLE CHANEL worked for a while in London and there fell in love with English tweeds and English suits. She saw their disadvantages, the then stoutness of the former, the unchanging masculinity of the latter, but, undeterred, she set to work to alter both and give them to the women of the world instead of confining them to a circle of women in one country.

Mlle. Chanel's visits to England and Scotland altered the whole outlook of women's dress, brought back the little suit that had vanished, the supremacy of wool to wear not just for sport but for all day use, indeed, even for evening dresses.

So, too, Mme. Agnes, the hat-maker, travels and comes back in the nineteen twenties with African colors and draperies in her mind, and hats lose their brims and become turbans, and from sobriety change to gaiety of color. From hats the brighter, more intense African coloring spread to dresses.

Mme. Alix a few years later falls in love with the East and we have draperies, hoods, pleats. Mme. Schiaparelli goes to Russia and it must not be supposed that with her vivid brain she fails to observe, to record and to transmute her ideas into clothes.

Influence of Royalty

THE influence of royalty is a deep and lasting one. That is true down the ages.

You have only to recall Queen Elizabeth, the Prince Regent, the Empress Eugenie, and Queen Victoria to realise what powerful changes a strong royal personality can make. It is not necessarily because they are royal; it is because they have strong character and influence heightened by their great positions. At this period the whole world has turned to the British royal family.

One can even instance children's clothes, furniture, nannies, and upbringing as copied from the royal nurseries and royal children, the influence of Her Majesty Queen Mary on richness in fabrics and splendor of jewellery, of the then Prince of Wales in men's clothes and the very fabric and design of women's sports clothes, of the Duke of Kent, following the conspicuous example of good taste and restrained modernity shown by him and his bride in furnishing.

New fabrics most definitely play their part in changing fashion. Cellophane is a pre-war product, over thirty years old but only in recent years "discovered" by fashion. At once there was a change in fashion when gleam was introduced as an actual part, not a trimming.

"The fashionables" are another influence to watch. They have time, money, inclination, and opportunity to discuss with the great fashion makers what they want, why they want it, and why what is created may not fit into life as it is being lived by them.

All women are now open to the same influences: the movies have seen to that. They admire the same American stars, see the same pictures at identical times. The girl with ten and eleven to spend on a hat has in her mind's eye the same film star as the woman with the three and a half guinea cheque to pay.

The business woman goes on cruises and sees the same foreign countries on a ten-guinea trip as the woman in the yacht, listens to the same radio, reads the same paper. And general taste improves greatly.

Now, knowing all these facts about influences, how will it alter your own personal point of view about fashion? I think it should make you more alert, prepared not to be surprised by fashion but to be quick in the uptake.

You will never be surprised if fashion seems to do strange things at odd times. You will ask yourself why.

If suddenly the dress which has always been made of silk or velvet or chiffon—your dance dress—is made of the finest wool, you won't criticise.

You will snap in and have one while it is chic, while it is fresh as an idea.

Hesitation and dawdling over new ideas may turn you into a dowd.

"Look! See what she's got in her pocket . . . her baby! Isn't he lucky—always going riding! Of course, he must rub up and down a bit when she jumps. I'll bet his seat gets chafed!"

"Know what to do for that, Mrs. Kangaroo? Just sprinkle him good with soft, slick Johnson's Baby Powder. It makes any baby feel great! Let me put some on him—I'll be very careful!"

"There! . . . Doesn't he feel nice—doesn't he smell nice? And no more rashes or chafes or prickly heat for him. He'll be so good you can put him in your pocket and forget him!"

Feel Johnson's Baby Powder—how downy and soft it is—never gritty like some powders. That is because Johnson's is made from the finest talc. Babies need Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too.

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, fly to the South Pole to rescue

MOLLY BRUNSWICK: Missing airwoman. They walk through a wall of steam, and discover themselves in a prehistoric world of a million years ago, inhabited by primitive animals and neanderthal men. They find Molly, rescue her from a giant winged lizard, and meet

LANCE: A handsome stranger, who, Mandrake says, is a cro-magnon man, a member of a strange super race which has long vanished from the world. Lothar, coming to meet them down a steep incline, is attacked by a vicious, primitive animal.

NOW READ ON.

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LETTER No. 2. "I feel ever so improved My voice is returning. I am eating and sleeping better. It all seems so wonderful to me."
LETTER No. 3. "I am pleased to say my cough has eased. I have got a dreadful lot of mucus up. Since inhaling Membrosus I am feeling ever so much better.
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BENEFIT *of* CLERGY

Continued from Page 5

"HELL take you in the end," she was whispering. "Father isn't allowed to shelter combatants——"

"Will they search the house?" Tommy asked.

"No, but when father returns to-morrow——"

"To-morrow!" And Tommy turned pale with thankfulness and hope.

But apparently he had been cheated after all. There came a sharp knock on the door.

Ruth looked at him with enormous eyes, her finger on her lips. "Go through that door and stay there," she commanded, indicating an inner room.

"But won't they——"

"Do what I tell you. I can handle this."

Tommy tiptoed away, but he paused in the shadows just beyond the inner door to watch and listen. Ruth opened the outer door to two of Liu Ho's officers standing on the porch. Both bowed low to the white girl.

"I am so sorry," the older officer told her in Chinese. "Is his Excellency the Doctor here?"

"No, he won't be here until noon to-morrow."

"His Excellency Colonel Wilson came in here a few moments ago. Please, may we speak to him?"

"I'm sorry, but he is resting now."

"You understand, his Excellency the Doctor promised neutrality. To break that promise would be very bad; we could not answer for the consequences."

"Father will not break his promise. You know that. But Colonel Wilson is my countryman. I wish to entertain him here a little while."

Both officers bowed low. "We understand," the elder told her. "It is a lonely country for white people, and we so very much appreciate your father's good works that keep him here. We shall be bivouacked on this plain until our transport comes up, to-morrow evening." And with more bows, they took their leave.

When Ruth closed and bolted the door, Tommy came trembling from his retreat. "Ruth, are you sure it's all right? I'll surrender to-morrow, of course, but if you think they'll make trouble before then——"

"We shan't hear a word from them until father arrives to-morrow."

Tommy's eyes were burning in the shadows. "It's the same in the end, you know—I won't mind so much. Perhaps you'd rather not have me here, a refugee, all night. Tell me the truth, Ruth. I'll understand perfectly——"

She leaned against the wall, light from the edges of the window curtain playing upon her hair. "I let you go once," she answered in low tones. "Do you think—until I have to—that I'd let you go again?"

And do you think that at this very immediate instant Tommy swooped forward and took her in his arms? No, he was the same Don Quixote of the Air, the man who had refused General Liu Ho's offer to change sides because his own general was the under-dog. He mustn't misinterpret her kindness! He mustn't go too fast.

Fast! The two of them head over heels in love—the minute hand of the wall-clock turning like the wheel of doom——twenty minutes or perhaps half an hour gone already. . . . But Tommy was grateful that she wanted him to stay!

"I suppose you want a drink," she said. "Dad's medical whisky is locked away from the servants, but we could have some tea. It will pick you up, if you're tired."

"I'm not tired—but I'd like some tea."

So they went to the kitchen and

GIRLIGAGS

"SOME MEN seem to think the easiest way to get a dish-washing machine is to marry one."

she put on an apron. He washed his hands and face in the kitchen sink very carefully, as though making ready for some high rite. He told her a story while the water boiled, and she laughed with all her heart. But when they were measuring out the tea their hands touched first by accident, then by design.

That was all—just an accidental-on-purpose touching of their hands. Yet that touch was silken and soft, and their hearts drummed so that they could hardly hear the victorious drums of Liu Ho's army.

When they were seated at the kitchen table and Tommy had emptied his cup, she peered with shining priestess eyes at the tea-grounds.

"Do you want me to tell your fortune? Old Hsiao-Shun taught me how."

But she was instantly remorseful. "It's all moonshine, of course," she told him quickly. "You know the Chinese saying, 'Look not at the distant thorns lest you tread on the flower at your feet'?" And she put aside the cup.

But he held it before her eyes. "Tell me what you see. I know it's good."

She glanced quickly at the tea-grounds, then raised her eyes in wonder to his.

"You're right. It is good—wonderfully good. But it says you'll meet a dark woman."

"That's all right. I've met her before. I'm not afraid." Nor was Tommy afraid to reveal his long-shuttered poetic soul.

"You are going on a long journey."

"'Where the strays are counted and branded, there go I,'" he quoted with a smile.

"And you'll live a long, long time."

"For ever, I think." Ecstasy was stealing through him.

"Then there is something like a cross—no, I believe it's an aeroplane in flight. They look alike, you know, at a distance. And I can't see any more."

She rose and rinsed the cup. "How about your fortune?" he asked.

She smiled gravely, shaking her head. "What will be, will be."

So they strolled about the rooms, and then turned on Ruth's radio to a programme of dance music from the Cathay Hotel in Shanghai. But Tommy did not ask her to dance. She had told him once that dancing was against the severe religious beliefs of her missionary parents. She knew how, he thought—but still he did not ask her.

BUT he did try to tell her—boldly as he dared——what was in his heart. It was not easy to put in words. Don't scorn him for his stumbling, or pity him for his blindness. He was not in the least blind to the tragic drama of the situation, the darkness that would follow this night—but he didn't want to take advantage of it. Nor is it easy for me to repeat his boyish words, but they are part of his story.

"All those people, dancing round and round, jostling each other, so much noise they can't hear themselves speak—and we two sitting here all alone in the twilight," Tommy said. "Ruth, is it wonderful to you, too?"

"Yes, Tommy."

"You—you like me just as much as when we were on the ship?"

"Tommy, don't you know?"

"I know I lost you for three years. Now I don't dare believe I've found you."

He saw her breast rise and slowly fall.

"I can hardly breathe for happiness," he went on. "But Ruth, it isn't—it couldn't be—the same with you."

"How do you know?"

"It's just not in the cards." And now Tommy's high passion gave him power of words he never had before. "You're a missionary's daughter—and I'm a mercenary fighter. You're going to stay on the earth, so you have to act sensibly and be careful. You haven't wanted to write poetry—and couldn't do it—or fly to the moon and end up in a little pile of rubbish in an out-of-the-way cornfield. Even if you felt what I feel, you'd have too much sense to admit it, even to yourself."

"No," she answered quietly. "I'd have too much sense to deny it."

He held his breath and waited.

"I did try to deny it three years ago," she went on, "and it wouldn't work even then. But I'm wiser now."

"What does it mean, Ruth?"

"If you don't know—I can't tell you."

"But knowing that to-night will be the only night makes you see it through colored glasses. It would be the same to me if it was going to be a thousand years, but you mustn't make a mistake."

"I'm not wearing colored glasses. I shall be careful, very careful, not to make a mistake."

He rose, circled the room, muted the radio, then sat down again beside her. "What are we going to do about it, Ruth?"

"I suppose it's for you to say. That's the conventional idea." She hesitated, then added without shame, "but we'd better not waste too much time."

"But I can't help you to fight against me, to-night. I could, if I didn't love you—but now all life—and death—is against us. Do you realise that, Ruth? Do you want to run the risk?"

SHE waited until he swayed towards her and found her young lips.

"I love you too, Tommy," she told him, "so I'll run the risk."

Still they did not count the flying hours. Although they could hardly bear for their lips to part, they told secrets and sang together and raided the cupboard and laughed. When they opened the window blinds to let in the moonlight, they did not even glance at the long rows of watch-fires on every side of the house.

"But the moon will set about five," Ruth told him, "and that's when tired sentries grow careless."

"What do you mean? There's not a chance on earth——"

"Even no chance is worth taking, now we've found each other."

Had he noticed the hedge running almost from the back door to the servants' quarters? If he could creep along that hedge, wait until the sentries were at the far ends of their beats, then crawl across about fifty yards of open ground through the watch-fires, he'd find a little creek running down from the hills. Once in the hills, he could hide in the day and travel at night to the banks of the Wu-Ni-Kiang.

"I could get a closed sampan there and head for Canton," Tommy whispered. "But, Ruth, what would Liu Ho do to you?"

"YOU came here and then you went away. Liu Ho might behead the guards, but he wouldn't say a word to Father or me. He is a just man as Chinese generals go."

"And a long-headed, resolute man who keeps his promises. It won't work, but I might try it, anyway." For a little while Tommy stood tense and grave, then his smile broke slowly and he held out his arms to Ruth. "But it won't be five o'clock until nearly seven hours—almost a lifetime."

But soon there were only six hours left, and then before they could breathe again the relentless hour hand of the wall-clock went round and stood at midnight.

Tommy was sitting on the divan, Ruth in the hollow of his arm. "Only five hours more," she whispered.

"And some of those we'll have to spend apart, while you go and rest," he answered.

"No, Tommy." She slipped her arm about his neck and drew his ear close to her lips. "We mustn't part. This is our night, our only night. I'd never forgive myself if I left you even an hour."

In the deepest dark, just before dawn, Ruth and Tommy stood whispering in the little kitchen of the mission-house. Stealthily she had opened the door, showing Liu Ho's watch-fires burning red and low.

"I'm not going to try it," Tommy said. "It would be only a chance in ten. I'm going to wait till your father returns, then surrender."

Please turn to Page 32

MICHEL LASTS

In Fair Weather or Foul ..From Morning to Night

● You don't know how truly permanent lipstick can be until you try MICHEL. It clings lovingly to your lips . . . stays with you through dining, dancing and sports . . . comes through rain and drizzle fresh and appealing.

Michel keeps lips soft and young. Its perfume is delicate and subtle. Its creamy base prevents dryness and chapping . . . helps to make mouths lovely. *Avoid imitations.*

5 APPEALING SHADES

Blonde Scarlet Vivid
Raspberry Cherry

For an entrancing complexion, use Michel adherent compact rouge; for eye beauty, use non-irritating waterproof Michel cosmetique.

Michel LIPSTICK

FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

FRESH BEAUTY IN WEMCO FABRICS . . . a gay loveliness in new materials which will instantly win the admiration and approval of Australian women.

. . . all the new season's effects in Paisleys, Persian, Floral and Monotone (in fast colours) are shown in these delightful English rayon fabrics.

Wemcolisse (the ever-popular crepe) . . . Cilmatel and Cilmidene (in a fascinating diversity of designs) . . . and Tuscda (a beautiful Wemco ANTICREASE fabric in plain colours) are now obtainable in Australia.

Go gay this season — with Wemco.

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Smart Fashions . . . Smart Punters

NARROW WHITE BRAID, threaded through eyelets, gave a candy-striped border effect to the youthful bolero frock of navy hail-spot muslin worn on [illegible] Day by Miss Pamela Roberts, the debutante daughter of Surgeon-Commander and Mrs. W. E. Roberts.

MRS. G. M. STAFFORD wore a gay Persian printed jacket with a straight black skirt and a blouse of duck-egg blue. Her tiered black toque and snappy accessories introduced a novel note.

MISS FRANCES ANGUS, who was a trim figure in a modified version of masculine tails, carried out in black pencil-stripe crepe and worn with a white pique waistcoat.

CONTRASTING STYLES were chosen by Miss Moya Gee (left), daughter of the popular comedian, George Gee, and Miss Joyce Bowden. The former wore a gay floral frock with black swing-back coat, while the latter combined a capucine-yellow organdie blouse and accessories with her mist-blue suit.

VICTOR STIEBEL created this trim little black frock and off-pink and black floral tailored jacket for race wear, which is one of the many lovely outfits in Miss Eleanor Douglas Cox's Randwick wardrobe.

ALL THE VIVID HUES of an artist's palette were combined in the gay printed frock worn by Miss Pamela Laidley Dowling.

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[ADVERTISEMENT]

Women couldn't go shopping 5 years ago!

THINGS ARE BETTER NOW . . . HERE'S WHY

Five years ago, thousands of wives and mothers didn't have money enough to buy the necessities, let alone the little luxuries that mean so much to their own happiness and that of their families.

But a change for the better set in *immediately* the Scullin (Federal) and Lang (State) Governments were replaced by United Australia Party administrations. Things will be even better when the Lyons Government is returned to office this month.

The "Labour" Party, with the Lang group as dominant and powerful as ever, has not changed in any way. Every vote for that party is a vote to unsettle industry, put men's jobs in danger, and make the lot of every woman harder.

Authorised by H. W. Horsfield, 30 Ash Street, Sydney.

FOR THE SENATE VOTE

1 ARKINS 3 HARDY

2 HALL 4 HELMORE

AND NUMBER EVERY OTHER SQUARE ALSO

VOTE FOR THE UNITED AUSTRALIA PARTY

U.A.P. 3.T.P.W.

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What Women Are Doing

Delegate Returns

MRS. J. W. C. BEVERIDGE, chairman of the Australian delegation to the Pan-Pacific Women's Conference, returned to Sydney recently with glowing reports of the important gathering she had attended.

As a vice-president of the Country Women's Association of N.S.W., Mrs. Beveridge is already "on the job" in her district, Gundagai.

✣ ✣ ✣

Former Student Sings Songs of Former Teacher

MISS RITA GRASBY—or, as she is known in the world of music, Miss Aussia Reka—at one time learned music from Frederick Keel at the London Royal Academy of Music. Keel, of course, is the composer of the Salt-Water Ballads and many other concert songs, and he sends his latest publications to Miss Grasby from time to time, and her renderings of them are often heard over the air in A.B.C. broadcasts.

Miss Grasby

Miss Grasby took her L.A.B. degree while studying from Oscar Taeuber in Adelaide, then went to London, then to Vienna, where she was a pupil of the celebrated Hofrat Gustav Geiringei. She was more than six years abroad, and learned to sing in seven languages—English, French, Spanish, Yiddish, Latin, and German. Later she went to America where she became a member of the Friends of Music, which had as soloists Elisabeth Rethberg, Lawrence Tibbett, and other famous musicians. Miss Grasby has toured and studied largely in other countries as well as those mentioned.

✣ ✣ ✣

Australian Forwards Work of Nursing League

THANKS to the work of Miss Jane Bell, the Royal Victorian College of Nursing is now affiliated with the International Council of Nurses, which is a great Nursing League of Nations with great possibilities in the struggle for world peace.

This fact was recorded at the large meeting of the council held in the Great Hall, Westminster, London, which more than 4500 trained nurses attended.

Miss Bell, who was formerly lady superintendent of the Royal Melbourne Hospital, has now become Australia's representative on this International Council of Nurses.

✣ ✣ ✣

Prominent Worker for Many Queensland Activities

ONE of the best-known and most active residents of Manly, about 12 miles from Brisbane, is Mrs. G. W. Edmonds, who has lived there for over a quarter of a century, during which time she has given generously in service and in kind to many charitable organisations.

Mrs. G. W. Edmonds
—Dorothy Coleman.

The Wynnum branch of the Queensland Transport Brigade presented her recently with a certificate in recognition of her seventeen and a half years' service, and a few weeks ago she received a long service Red Cross medal. She also has the silver badge of the social committee of the Queensland Country Women's Association, awarded for her successful labors as chairwoman and convener. Various Churches in the district owe Mrs. Edmonds deep gratitude for her services to them. She is a talented musician, and from time to time has assisted them in all sorts of ways.

During the war Mrs. Edmonds worked hard for the Manly eisteddfod, the Red Cross, and the Choral Society. She was official accompanist to the first and second Brisbane eisteddfods. These are only a few of the things Mrs. Edmonds has been associated with.

Broadcast From London

A RECENT broadcast from London that was popular with Australian audiences was that of Miss Barbara Howard, formerly of Adelaide.

Miss Howard, whose work and chief interest in life is singing, spent a long holiday in Australia (and particularly Adelaide) last year, returning to her work in London in February. She learned singing at Mr. Johnston-Douglas' School of Music and Dramatic Art there, and later joined the staff as stage director of all students' plays and operas.

With the school company, she has toured all over England and Scotland, giving performances. Miss Howard has also been doing quite a lot of broadcasting.

Well-known Public Speaker in Adelaide

BOTH as a member of the Women's Non-party Association and the Women's Christian Temperance Union in South Australia, Mrs. A. Drummond, of Mile End, is keenly interested in the questions of peace and the free library system, and has given numerous public addresses on both these subjects.

Mrs. Drummond is at the head of the Peace Committee of the Women's Non-Party Association, and is that body's representative on the United Peace Council. She is a member of the executive of the W.C.T.U., and speaks frequently at branch meetings. Another organisation in which Mrs. Drummond is actively interested is the Australian Labor Party, whose officials regard her as one of the most effective of their women speakers.

✣ ✣ ✣

Preparing for Art Exhibition

MRS. FRANK AVDALL, of Brisbane, honorary secretary of the Queensland Arts and Crafts Society, is busy with preparations for the annual exhibition on October 12.

There is a tremendous amount of work before an exhibition of this kind, and with a large number of expert helpers Mrs. Avdall directs the arrangements of the exhibits in various groups. The selection committee will be very busy. No work previously exhibited can be accepted.

Demonstrations of glove-making, china-painting, carving, modelling and other arts are being convened by Miss Hope Mackenzie, and will take place every afternoon.

✣ ✣ ✣

Worked Hard for Success of Fete

MRS. J. NOALL has been a busy woman in recent days for, with the aid of an enthusiastic committee she, as hon. secretary, worked hard to make a success of the golf gymkhana at Frankston last Friday, to aid the Royal Melbourne Hospital.

Mrs. T. Noall
—Dickinson-Monteath

Mrs. Noall gives practical assistance to many charities. She is one of the vice-presidents of the Toorak Auxiliary for the Royal Melbourne Hospital, and was hon. secretary of the No. 2 stall conducted by Mrs. Phillip Hudson at the last University fete. She is also hon. treasurer of the Queen's Fund.

Mrs. Noall is a keen golfer and is a member of the Metropolitan.

✣ ✣ ✣

Performed Her First Marriage Ceremony

THE latest woman to obtain a licence to perform marriage ceremonies in Adelaide is Mrs. A. C. Murray. Mrs. Murray is the leader of the New Thought Society in Adelaide, and, shortly after obtaining her licence, she officiated at the wedding of two members of the New Thought Society in that body's headquarters in Pirie St., Adelaide.

Mrs. Murray is assisted in her work by her husband, and with his help she planned the marriage service which she used, and will continue to use when occasion demands.

It substitutes the word "comfort" for "obey," and leaves out the words "in sickness and in health," as the New Thought Society believes in health as man's Divine inheritance.

She Knows All the Answers

YOUNG and fair, with laughing blue eyes, Miss Patricia Paterson is decidedly good to look upon, yet to many radio listeners she is just a voice.

Miss Paterson.
—Athol Shmith

She is rapidly becoming known as the Personality Girl of 3XY and 3KZ, Victoria, where she handles all kinds of sessions, writes all her own copy, and can give advice on almost any subject.

Her latest undertaking is a regular half-hour at 3KZ each Wednesday night, when she and Norman Banks answer questions sent in by listeners. They undertake to answer anything, from bridge queries to historical inquiries or anything else that may come along.

✣ ✣ ✣

Kindergartener Returns to New Zealand Home

MISS NANCY PARSONS, who passed through Melbourne on the Ormonde on her way to her home in New Zealand, found time to "look up" Miss Christine Heinig and renew acquaintanceship made at Columbia University.

Miss Parsons did kindergarten work in Christchurch, N.Z., and was awarded a Carnegie Fellowship entitling her to study at Columbia University (U.S.A.), and also in London, so she will have expert knowledge to impart when she takes up her kindergarten work again.

✣ ✣ ✣

Imperial Ex-service Women Form Fellowship

AS a result of a suggestion made by Dame Florence Simpson when she visited Adelaide at the beginning of the year, ex-service women in South Australia have formed a United Imperial Ex-Service Women's Fellowship.

The object of the fellowship is "to promote the interest of all Imperial ex-service women who served in any capacity during the war, either in England or abroad."

Mrs. M. Scott, of Evandale, has been elected president of the Fellowship, and the secretary is Mrs. A. C. Perrins, who was a member of the land army service. At one stage of the war Mrs. Perrins was in charge of a hostel with 40 girls and 20 German prisoners working under her direction. She has arranged for the fellowship's next monthly meeting to be held on October 26.

✣ ✣ ✣

Advocates Physical Training for Middle-Aged

MISS LETTY BEER, well-known teacher of physical culture in Melbourne, and several Victorian country towns, will judge the calisthenic section at Ballarat competitions this year for the fourth time.

New Zealand-born, Miss Beer had extensive training in Germany, specialising in the rhythmic "relax and press" system.

In a broadcast talk recently during Health Week, Miss Beer spoke of the growing enthusiasm for physical training among older women, and the mental and physical improvement that is apparent through their becoming physical culture-minded, as are women in countries abroad. In one country class her pupils number forty, most of them married.

At the conclusion of the class, about 9 p.m., Miss Beer boards her car and drives back the 70 miles to Melbourne ready for two classes the following morning.

Back from Visit to Japan's War Zone

BACK in South Australia after a three months' trip to Japan where she attended the biennial conference of the World Education Federation in Tokio, Miss Olive Carter has some exciting experiences to relate as she was at times in the actual war zone.

Miss Carter

The conference, Miss Carter says, was attended by representatives of 44 nations, all of them wearing national dress, and the establishment of international understanding, appreciation, and goodwill through education was the chief object of discussion.

While at the conference Miss Carter, who is in charge of voice culture at the Adelaide Teachers' College, assisted with the broadcasting section. She is familiar with this work through giving regular wireless lessons to schools on speech and voice production.

✣ ✣ ✣

A Great Asset at N.Z. Railway Station

MOTHERS in Wellington, New Zealand, are taking advantage of the beautiful nursery provided at the new railway station where their babies may be left in charge of a fully-qualified nurse. Meals are provided at a small charge.

There are six bedrooms and also a room equipped with cradles for young babies.

✣ ✣ ✣

Repeated Her Success of Last Year

MRS. C. BRYCE, one of Melbourne's busy workers for charity, was awarded the second prize in the One Woman's Work section at the Royal Melbourne Show. She gained the same award last year. Not only were her jams, preserves, and pickles of a high standard, but she grew the fruit and vegetables in her own garden.

Mrs. Bryce has lovely samples of her knitting and crochet, and does a lot of barbola work, wood pulp flowers, and intricate fancywork.

She frequently lends her lovely home and grounds for parties and fetes to aid charity, doing the catering herself.

Two Clever Sisters to Visit Australia

MANY Australians will be interested to learn that the Misses Jean K. and C. R. Borland expect to be in Melbourne in December to visit their brother, the Rev. Dr. W. Borland.

Miss Jean Borland took her M.A. degree after a brilliant career at Edinburgh University, and afterwards did post-graduate study at Somerville College, Oxford. In 1908 she commenced duties as superintendent of the women students attending the Scotland Training College, and mistress of method in English. Afterwards she was warden of women students and lecturer in education in the University.

She only retired in June from the office of Lady Warden at Moray House Training College after thirty years' service.

Miss C. R. Borland, M.A., specialised in history at Edinburgh University, and after graduating spent some years at the Advocates' Library doing special work as Carnegie Research Fellow of the University. Her book on Western medieval manuscript is in the Edinburgh University library.

She was one of the first volunteers in the new factory welfare work, and in recent years was in charge of this work in a well-known woollen factory in Restalrigg, near Edinburgh.

✣ ✣ ✣

To Make Her Home in Victoria for a While

MISS LEURA MACFARLANE has gone to live with her aunt, Mrs. Lambert Baillieu, in Melbourne, for a few years, and will do her secretarial work.

Miss Macfarlane
—Brosthorn.

Miss Macfarlane is particularly interested in child welfare, and for valuable services rendered during her 15 years as principal of the Child Study Association of Queensland she shared honors with Sister Kenny in being among Queensland women awarded the Coronation Medal.

Miss Macfarlane had another honor conferred on her by the Queensland Government—she was granted the freedom of schools in the State.

She has contributed helpful articles to the Queensland Country Women's Association paper.

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BENEFIT of CLERGY

Continued from Page 28

BUT she would not list— "Don't wait, don't talk, but go," she ordered. "Send me word when you get to Cantor, and I'll meet you there."

"You don't understand——"

"I do. I'm a woman, not a dreamer like you, and I love you. I'll look and see if the coast is clear, then you must go at once."

He tried to stop her—too late. Swerving from his hands, she stole down the steps into the compound. The darkness obliterated her least outline, but only for an instant.

A wedge of yellow burst from behind the hedge full upon Ruth, showing her in vivid grace, like a deer photographed by flashlight. And instantly the shadows danced and pounced as innumerable Chinese soldiers burst from the blackness and swallowed up her form.

She gave one cry—not of terror, but warning to the man she loved. Stay inside, it said. Shut and bolt the door. It was a trick to catch him; she would not be harmed. They dared not enter her father's house, but if he ran out to help her—

But he ran out to help her just the same. He was not a realist like Ruth, not long-headed Liu Ho, but only a dreamer, Tommy Wilson of the loving, fighting heart. And before he had come three strides the soldiers had released the girl and were diving for him.

His pistol was knocked out of his hand, but it seemed that he struck down two of them and perhaps more before they pinioned his arms and fastened on his legs. And then they were half-carrying, half-marching him out of the compound.

"Cheerio, Ruth," he called over his shoulder, his voice rising loud and clear above the excited singsong of the soldiers. "I'll be back soon."

But he did not quite know what he meant. He only knew that this parting was only an interlude in their strange story, not the end.

In Liu Ho's bag at last, the white warbird was treated with high honor. He was not herded in the wire enclosure with the Chinese prisoners, but given a comfortable tent, with a full platoon of regulars in real uniforms and with smuggled Belgian rifles standing guard. Gazing through the doorway he watched the dawn's volcanic explosion over the shoulder of Nan-Shan.

When the light had cleared Tommy called the officer of the guard.

"When am I to be shot?" he asked in Chinese.

"Please, it will be delayed a little, I am afraid," the officer replied, standing at attention. "It may be that our General will order a parade to do you honor and let the army see. It is a great day for us, when his Excellency Colonel Tommy Wilson flies no more."

"Thank you. Thank you very much. But will you tell General Liu Ho that I wish to speak to him on a matter of great importance? Tell him if he does not grant this interview his triumph will be incomplete."

The interview was arranged much sooner than Tommy had dared hope. No doubt Liu Ho was curious about the white flier who had harried him so long, and Tommy suspected that the illustrious war lord wanted to show off a little, parade his chivalry and savoir-faire. Immediately after breakfast, Tommy was led under an imposing guard to General Headquarters.

Behind a folding table sat a solidly built man, with scanty grey hair, high-bred features, and a fanatic's gleaming eyes. Tommy clicked his heels and gave him his best salute.

"It was so kind of you to come and tell me good-bye," Liu Ho said, returning the salute. "I am sorry that destiny has brought such a gallant soldier to my sword."

"The fortunes of war, your Excellency. But I have one minor request."

Tommy's face was composed, his manner formal, but General Liu Ho saw the desperate hope and agonised entreaty in his eyes. "Surely you are not going to ask for—mercy," he said nervously. "That would be most painful——"

"Not on your life," Tommy broke in. "The favor I ask is in return for a favor."

LIU HO sighed with relief. Tommy heard him. "I did not realise, Colonel Wilson, that you were in a position to do favors for General Liu Ho," the war lord commented with a faint smile.

"A small one, at least. Time is short and I'll go straight to the point. Your soldiers seized me on neutral ground, the compound of Doctor Crandall, a missionary. It constituted an attack on the mission itself."

"It is true. I owe an apology to his Excellency, Doctor Crandall. But as his daughter was sheltering a combatant——"

"The doctor would have surrendered me at your request. Now he'll feel it his duty towards me to report the matter to our Government."

"It is a small matter. What is your proposal?"

"If you will let your soldiers lead me to the gate of his compound and let me enter the house alone and without restraint, I shall ask his Excellency the Doctor not to report my capture. And I will give you my word of honor as an officer to appear for execution within an hour."

A film seemed to drop over Liu Ho's brilliant eyes. "You have some other purpose, of course. But I see no reason why I should not grant your request. I am only sorry that my promise to my troops demands that you return at the stated time."

Tommy clicked his heels again, gave and received a salute, and quite pale with happiness marched out of the tent with his guards.

It was still an hour before noon when Doctor Crandall and his wife dismounted from an ox-cart at their own door. At once Tommy was escorted from his prison-tent and, with a full company of soldiers under a mounted officer, marched off to keep his rendezvous in the mission-house. The captain halted his men and dressed their ranks not far from Tommy's discarded aeroplane.

"By general order, you are granted an hour's parole," he told the prisoner, "and we will wait for you here."

The long line of men seemed an earthen wall, part of the dead landscape. A strange, solitary figure in the sunlit space between the troops and the compound, Tommy marched forward.

But he stopped, his heart hammering and clanging, when one of Liu Ho's fighting planes glided down and landed beside his own. A white man leaped from the cockpit and waved his hand.

"Wait a minute, Tommy," a voice called in English. And then in Chinese, "I wish to say farewell to a brave enemy."

It was Chilcott, the English flyer, nominally an enemy, actually another white man on a yellow planet. Leaving his engine running, he ran to intercept Tommy, stopped three paces distant, clicked his heels, and saluted. But Tommy hardly heard his flowery compliments in the Chinese tongue, so intent he was on the leaping fires in the blue eyes.

Please turn to Page 34

Does It Matter?

SHOULD I be suddenly taken ill,
Then you would come, you said,
And bring, no doubt, bright fruits to eat,
And flowers to cheer my bed.

If I should die, I know, I know
How deeply grieved you'd be,
And all your little hours would weep
Their sadnesses for me.

But heart and mind, if they be ill,
Are they beyond your care?
And does it matter least of all
How bitterly they fare?

—YVONNE WEBB.

BLINDFOLD TEST No. 54.

Corn Flakes are far the best

All Vote "Yes" "TWICE AS NICE." "We won't bother about other breakfast foods in this family now we know how much nicer Corn Flakes taste," says Mrs. G. P. Pryor after tasting Kellogg's Corn Flakes in the blindfold Test made in her own home.

Vote 6 out of 6 in the Pryor Family of 12 Modern Avenue

All of these Australian families that make Kellogg's amazing blindfold test are asked to vote on the taste of four different breakfast foods whilst blindfolded. For month after month Kellogg's Corn Flakes have swept the polls! Everyone votes for Corn Flakes. Of course it's amazing—if YOU haven't tasted Corn Flakes yourself! The first thing you'll notice is the EXTRA crunchiness of those bigger flakes. And then, as you crunch them, you get *that flavour*. Corn Flakes are EXTRA RICH because they are the only breakfast cereal made with Corn—and Corn has much more natural flavour than any other grain. Order a packet from your grocer to-day.

Votes "Yes" "MORE PLEASE, MUMMY," says little Bobby Pryor. Children love the crunchiness and that full flavour of corn in Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

Votes "Yes" "BEST EVER TASTED." Who'd waste time cooking porridge when there is anything as good as Corn Flakes? You get them all ready to eat and in all my life I've never enjoyed anything half so much for my breakfast." Mrs. Pryor, Senior.

Votes "Yes" "CORN DOES THE TRICK." Kellogg's Corn Flakes have a full, appetising flavour of malted corn that makes other breakfast foods seem mushy. There's nothing like Corn Flakes for flavour." Mr. G. P. Pryor, 12 Modern Avenue.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes, made from a special Australian white corn, are the only corn flakes you can get in Australia.

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FIRST BATCH OF £1 *Prizewinners In Our* £500 *Recipe* COMPETITION

Cheques For Housewives In All States

Here are 150 consolation prizes of £1 awarded in three sections of our £500 recipe competition, which closed on September 8. Cheques will be posted to all the winners. The consolation winners in the £100 cake section will be published next week. (See story on page 3.)

SECTION 2

Economical Dinner:

Mrs. G. Miller, Flat 14, Leithen, Ackland St., St. Kilda, Vic.
Mrs. J. B. Macmahon, Reynella, S.A.
Mrs. P. Clift, Burraneer Bay Rd., Caringbah, N.S.W.
Mrs. W. E. Mate, Waverley Av., Ivanhoe N21, Vic.
M. Rundell, Barnard Grove, North Kew, Vic.
Mrs. Orn, Ulnrick, Burnie, Tas.
Mrs. L. Bultitude, Bulwarra, Cowper St., Goulburn, N.S.W.
Miss E. Paton, Banger's Rd., Cremorne, N.S.W.
Mrs. M. C. Livingston, Carinya, Rennie St., East Coburg, Vic.
Mrs. P. Armitage, Monte Vista, Pomona, Q'sld.
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Cash Prizes Every Week

COINCIDING with the close of the £500 recipe contest, our weekly recipe contest will be resumed next week. £1 is given for the best recipe received and consolation prizes of 2/6 each are awarded to every other published. Any type of recipe is eligible for this weekly competition.

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Recipes That Won £50 Each

Continued from Page 3

£50 for Jam Recipe

Awarded to

MRS. E. EMBURY,
41 Arcadia Av., Leeton, N.S.W.
for the following recipe:

ORANGE JELLY AND MARMALADE

Six oranges, 3 lemons, sugar, water, crystallised ginger (if liked).

Choose thick, clear-skinned fruit and slice very thinly. Measure, and to each cup allow 4 cups of water. Bring to the boil and boil briskly for 30 minutes.

For the Jelly: Strain off 12 cups of the clear juice. Bring this juice to the boil; add 1 cup sugar to each cup of juice. Boil rapidly until it gives the jelly test of thick sheet-like drops from the side of the spoon. Bottle and cover down.

For the Marmalade: Take the remaining fruit and liquid, measure it, and add 1 cup sugar to each cup of mixture, and, if liked, 1 teaspoon of chopped crystallised ginger to each cup of pulp. Bring to the boil. Boil rapidly until a small quantity sets when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle and seal down.

If smaller quantity of jelly and marmalade is required, use 2 oranges and 1 lemon. In this case, when making the jelly, strain off 4 cups of the clear juice and proceed according to directions.

A strong point in favor of this delicious jelly and marmalade is that it can be made at any time of the day—there is no standing overnight—and Australia's "national" fruit is obtainable the year round. Moreover, both jelly and marmalade can be made almost simultaneously if you possess a preserving pan and a large saucepan, enamel for preference. Furthermore, it is a utilitarian recipe. Time and labor are saved; there is no waste.

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If you already wear glasses, Eye Culture can enable you to discard them. If you do not wear glasses but your eyesight is causing you trouble or discomfort of any kind, you owe it to yourself to undertake a *course* of Eye Culture without delay.

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Don't neglect your eyes—they are far too valuable. Call and see me personally . . . consultation is free, or if you cannot, write to-day to Eye Culture, C/o Irvine Pty. Ltd., No. 1, St. James Buildings, 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

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So keep these tablets handy and keep your engagements—free from pain or discomfort. Carry the neat pocket tin of 12 for emergencies; buy the 100 bottle for economy. Bayer Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin, so insist on Bayer when you buy. Bayer means Better.

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Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/3, household size 3/-. Resent a substitute.

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"COME towards me as though to shake hands." Chilcott told him in an undertone.

With a strangled heart, Tommy obeyed.

"Now hit me in the jaw, hard as you can, then run for my ship. They'll all open fire, but there's one chance in a hundred you can get away."

But Tommy smiled with his pale lips and shook his head. "No, thanks, old man. You see—I've got an important engagement."

"Great heavens, man, I can't wait. I've got to be in the air in a minute more. Sock me, dash it, and bunk—even a chance in a hundred is better than none at all."

Tommy looked at the troops, then at the plane. Before now the hundredth chance had saved his life. If he were free, he'd give his immortal soul for this final song-and-dance. But at last he looked at the sky, the sunlight on his face, the mad idealism of his barbarian race shining in his eyes.

"I'm sorry, Chilcott, old sport," he said. "It's nice of you. But there's something I've got to attend to before I leave here."

Their gaze met. The masked but burning excitement in Chilcott's face changed to startled wonder. "Beg pardon, Wilson," he said contritely. "Didn't understand before. Good-bye—good luck—congratulations. 'Old soldiers never die,' you know—'they only fade away.'"

Drawing himself erect, he gave Tommy not the Chinese but the British military salute by the right temple.

It was strange how quickly and

Continued from Page 32

how simply everything worked out. Ruth met Tommy at the door and without a word of explanation to her dazed father came into his arms. Nor could Tommy tell his errand, because her ardent lips were crushed to his.

BUT presently he turned to the grave, grey man, standing there so patiently, so still. "In charge of this mission, of course you are empowered to marry people," Tommy said, without a tremor in his tone.

"Of course."

"We want you to marry us—Ruth and me."

Crandall turned his wide eyes to his daughter's. "Ruth, is that true?"

"Yes." And she smiled.

"Not—not at once?"

"At once," Tommy broke in. "I'm about to go on a long journey."

Crandall gazed from one to the other. Ruth's eyes were bright with tears, but she did not let Tommy see. And at once the missionary changed his stricken look to that jovial expression which runaway couples expect in the faces of marrying parsons called from the beds at midnight. A good soldier in his own way, Tommy thought.

"Well, well," Doctor Crandall burst out. "This is a surprise. How clever you were to keep it from us all this time. But Ruth, at least we've got to call your mother."

"Of course."

"I'll call her myself, if you don't mind. And you'll want flowers, too. I'll send Hsiao-Shun to pick some."

He bustled from the room. Tommy and Ruth said not one word while they were left alone, but their lips pressed together told each other all they need ever know. Doctor Crandall returned in scarcely five minutes, wearing a black coat and bearing the family Bible in his hands. His wife in her best dress, hastily buttoned, walked before him, bright-eyed, smiling and erect.

There were flowers—roses from Ruth's garden—and a ring engraved with a caterpillar from Tommy's little finger. And then the missionary's deep voice.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in the presence of God——"

Only once did the note of solemn exultation drop and change, or the silence around their voices break. It was when Crandall asked Thomas if he took Ruth to love, cherish, and protect; "as long as ye both shall live."

"I do," Tommy said in a clear voice. And Ruth's mother standing behind her drew a deep, sharp breath.

* * * *

BY all the rules of art and life, this should be the end of Tommy's story. Those who don't know Tommy, who are interested in him merely as a character in a remote drama, would prefer to leave him here, about to kiss his wife good-bye, wave from the doorway, march with a quick step to his rendezvous with Liu Ho's firing-squad. But those who want the facts must follow him on.

It was true he kissed his wife, waved from the door, marched off with a quick step. It was also true that Ruth's father tried to follow him, but was courteously stopped on the trumped-up excuse that his pass was not in order at the outer lines of Liu Ho's camp. But the rest was pure discord, the outrageous raucous laughter of the gods.

Among Liu Ho's aides was a man with a perverted sense of honor. Also he was cruel with that exquisite cruelty peculiarly Chinese. He was much disappointed that Liu Ho would merely shoot Tommy, not boil him in oil, bury him in an ant-hill, or peg him out with a mouse under a tin can on his bared abdomen. If you insist on logic, blame this man for what happened. The good gods were so intent on his downfall that they completely forgot their poetical plans for Tommy.

As Tommy was receiving his sentence from General Liu Ho, the aide remarked with a thin-lipped smile,

"Excellency, you have a sweet revenge. Instead of the warm and perfumed bed of his new wife, he will sleep to-night in the cold ground."

"His new wife?" General Liu Ho echoed absently.

"Fearing betrayal, one of my spies peered through the window. He has just now married the daughter of his Excellency, Doctor Crandall."

General Liu Ho looked at his aide like a man demented. Then his face began to swell and turn dark, his slanted eyes protruded from their sockets, he leaped to his feet with a neighing yell of rage.

"Son of a pig!" he roared. "Grandson of a turtle! Why did you send a spy? Did I not give Colonel Wilson a free hour? Why did you tell me? Now you go to the firing-squad in his place."

The Chinese stammered.

"Do not speak! Haven't you spoken enough already? Off with your sword! Off with your gold insignia I pinned on your shoulders with my own hands!"

"What is it, Excellency?" Tommy asked, throwing all his nerve into his voice. "It is true I have just married the doctor's daughter——"

"Devils of the Pit! And now you are a member of his family." But with an effort that sent sweat oozing from his pores, General Liu Ho now regained his Oriental calm. "It is not your fault, Colonel Wilson," he admitted grudgingly. "If this dog had kept his place and shut his mouth, everything could be carried out as planned. But you see, now that I have heard the news in the presence of witnesses I cannot ignore it."

"I see." Tommy nodded wisely, but he was still too bewildered to grasp the truth.

"I INFORMED my troops that they would see you dead. I sent you a warning not to be captured alive. But I swore by my ancestors to his Excellency the Doctor to protect the members of his family. I will lose much face by letting you live, but not a tithe, an inconsiderable fragment, of the face I would lose if I broke my vow."

Tommy stood rigidly at attention. It helped to prevent himself from losing face by fainting, yelling, or jumping around the room.

"I sympathise with your position, General Liu Ho," Tommy said sonorously.

"Thank you. Thank you very much. Now, as his Excellency's son, you will be escorted in honor to his compound. No doubt your lovely young wife will be glad to see you."

Liu Ho mused a moment, his swollen neck receded to its normal size, and his eyes grew dreamy as he remembered various brides of his own.

"After all," he murmured at last, "you have been a good soldier and deserve a soft couch. And if later you wish to serve under my banners——"

"No, thank you, Excellency." And to put them both at ease Tommy translated into Chinese one of his favorite verses from Kipling:

"The bachelor 'e fights for one,
As joyful as can be;
But the married man don't call it fun,
Because 'e fights for three.
For 'Im and 'Er and It
(And two and one makes three)
'E wants to finish 'is little bit,
And 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea."

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SONG CLASSICS

"The Erl King"

By Franz Schubert, 1797-1828.

WHO RIDES by night through the woodlands so wild?
It is the fond father embracing his child;
And close the boy nestles within his lov'd arm,
From the blast of the tempest to keep himself warm.
"O father, see yonder, see yonder," he says,
"My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?"
"O'tis the Erl King with his staff and his shroud,"
"No, my son, 'tis but a dark wreath of the cloud."

Schubert was born in 1797 in Lichtenthal, a suburb of Vienna.

In estimating his genius it must be remembered that he was still quite a young man when he died.

His life was limited to thirty-one years.

In that short period he wrote over six hundred songs, eight or nine symphonies, and many other compositions of various kinds.

His works, in fact, are supposed to have reached a total of nearly a thousand.

He could compose anywhere and in any surroundings, and often wrote as many as six songs in a morning.

Yet, strange to say, it was not until Schubert was seventeen that his genius asserted itself.

"The Erl King," one of the finest songs ever written, he gave to the world at eighteen, but he had to wait until he was twenty-five before any of his compositions saw the light.

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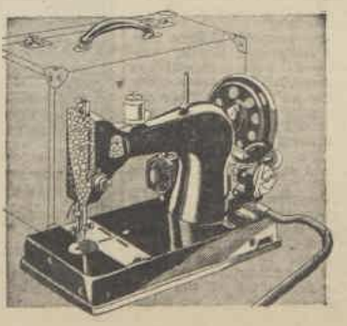

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EXQUISITELY DESIGNED AND SET IN 18ct. GOLD AND PURE PLATINUM.

£10/10/- £13/10/-
Delightful single stone rings in modern filigree design. Outstanding value.

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Artistic French design showing the glorious diamonds to greatest advantage.

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Exclusive setting with true lovers' knot on either side of magnificent centre stone.

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Dainty and artistic setting with "leaf" shoulders and two brilliant diamonds.

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Ever popular three diamond ring in French filigree setting, beautiful quality.

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Two diamond ring in smart square design, with diamond set step shoulders.

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The Vimard Salon present the "wireless" non-electric method of permanent waving.

SPECIAL FEATURES:
No wires;
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Call at the Vimard Salon and hear all about the new and "wireless" method of permanent waving and prepare to enjoy your next wave without any of the usual anxiety as to its success, the fear of overbaked hair, or the discomfort of heavy fittings and chemically heated pads.

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139 KING ST., SYDNEY . . . ESTABLISHED 32 YEARS.
SYDNEY'S LEADING BEAUTY SPECIALIST.

SCIENCE FAILS TO *Save* 'Sleeping BEAUTY'

Mother's Unfailing Devotion to Helpless Girl

By Cable from Our New York Office

After six years' sleep, beautiful Patricia Maguire, called the "sleeping beauty" of Chicago, has died of pneumonia.

Throughout her long illness, which attracted the attention of doctors and scientists all over the world, the girl retained all her youthful attractiveness.

SHE played the leading role in a modern version of the fairy tale about a sleeping princess, but tragically for her there was no "Prince Charming" or medicine to awaken her to life again.

The girl's mother is really the heroine of this fairy story with an unhappy ending.

When Mrs. Maguire realised that there would be no awakening from the dread sleeping sickness which held her daughter in a perpetual but painless twilight, she devoted her life to her.

Throughout the years a hairdresser came regularly to the house to dress the sick girl's lovely dark hair. The mother herself attended to the girl's nails and hands.

Sickness in no way detracted from the girl's looks, and for years she lay a beautiful but tragic figure, in the sunny room made gay with flowers where she slept the years away.

Over the six years the mother kept a diary—a diary of devotion—with nothing but heartbreak to record.

Now that death has written finis to its pages the mother says that this poignant human document will be kept secret. There are some things no strange eyes should read.

Unequal Struggle

WHEN the news was heard that the "sleeping beauty" was dying, the neighborhood was full of sympathy.

A policeman whose beat passed the house of the girl, and who many times had glanced at the windows behind which the girl and her heroic mother kept a long vigil with death, gave a pint of his blood for a transfusion in a vain effort to save the girl's life. But the long sleep ended in death.

The first indications of approaching sickness became apparent in the unfortunate girl's eyes. The family noticed, early in 1932, that they were becoming heavy; there was a dazed, faraway look in them.

Then came drowsiness, an inability to keep the heavy lids from falling in sleep. But with this were no signs of illness; for a time she continued her work as secretary to a Chicago business man. She continued to struggle against the insidious malady, known to doctors as encephalitis, until the morning came when her mother could not wake her up.

BLACK CREPE two-piece, worn by Mary Carlisle. It is trimmed with blue and silver for afternoon wear. Over the frock goes a jacket of blue and silver in solid fabric.

IT PAYS *to be* KIND!

By Air Mail from Our London Office

When men and women realise that their days are numbered—that they must die soon — whom do they remember?

Naturally, those who have been kind to them! This has been borne out by several wills lodged for probate recently.

TWO Englishmen on the Iraq oilfields played the role of good Samaritans to the late Duchess of Bedford when her machine was forced down nine years ago. She never forgot their kindness.

The Duchess disappeared last March on a solo flight, and in her will the two men—Mr. Robert Parkyn and Mr. N. Gass—each receive £2000.

The Duchess was making an attempt on the return England-India record, and was stranded at Bushire, Iraq, for ten days while waiting for a new engine for her plane.

There was no hotel, so she and her co-pilot were the guests of Mr. Parkyn and Mr. Gass.

Devotion Recognised

LEONARD HUGHES, of New Brighton, left £48,437 to his wife—"As a small token of my regard for her, and more especially in consideration of the trials and tribulations she shared with me in the early years of our married life."

Eighty-two-year-old William Melhuish, of Bishopston, Bristol, one-time editor of a newspaper, and later a confectioner, left £4279 to his widow.

He placed on record his "deep and grateful appreciation of the love, devotion and loyalty with which my wife ministered to me during our married life. Her sacrifices have been beyond anything I had any right to expect."

Miss Ellen Beveridge was secretary for thirty-six years to Walter George Ireland, of Southend, and of W. V. Dowson and Co., druggists' sundriesmen, Holborn. To her has been left £2000 and the goodwill of the business—"in recognition of the great help and assistance she has always given me."

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CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

INSULAR ATTITUDE

"THE less nations have to do with one another, the better." So states the leading article in an English paper.

This attitude is one which breeds insularity in a people's outlook; this must, in turn, produce suspicion and distrust between nations.

Would it not be far wiser to say instead: Let us have more to do with one another, for only thus can we hope to learn each other's manners and customs, strengths and weaknesses.

Thoughtful people know that the final clash of war will not solve problems now, because war has never solved them in the past. Only a greater understanding between nations can do this!

£1 for this letter to Mrs. G. Wells, Warooka, Y.P., S.A.

❖ ❖ ❖

ARTIFICIAL WORLD

THIS is an artificial world—and every moving, breathing person knows it. You know, and I know, that we must make dunces of ourselves a good deal of the time in order not to appear queer and unorthodox—whatever that is.

We must be "in style" and we must keep up with the other fellow at all costs, or else be "out of date." But how much of history is wasted on what a man wore or ate or where he slept?

Always in solitude a man will pull off his coat, kick off his shoes, rid himself of his neck slavery and turn off the stage lights.

Miss Corran Kewish, Norman Crescent, Norman Park SE1, Brisbane.

❖ ❖ ❖

COUNTRY WIVES

I HAVE heard it said that the city woman who enjoys the company of her husband only during the evenings and week-ends has a better chance of holding his interest and leading a contented married life herself than the country woman who has her husband with her practically all day.

Surely if the marriage contains the companionship that all marriages should, this continuous association, bringing with it a unity of interests both in the home and the daily work, should strengthen rather than weaken the tiest.

Mrs. G. S. Hill, Glenladale, via Fernbank, Vic.

❖ ❖ ❖

USE JUDGMENT

WHY is it that the actions and personal attributes of people are generally judged by a standardised code rather than on the merits of the individual case?

Without relying on their own personal judgment, the average person seems content to judge his or her fellow man by following the line of thought that has most appealed to the majority.

Miss M. A. Harding, 11 Suttie Road, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

FILM APPRECIATION

WHY cannot film appreciation be learnt in the same way as appreciation of art?

At the present time it is astonishing how people's opinions of films vary.

Allowing for individual taste, there must still be some broad principles which make a film good or bad.

We should remember that films have not only come to stay, but that in the future they will be used more and more in educational work.

Therefore, it is desirable that people's judgment should be trained. The result would be honor where honor is due.

Mrs. J. R. Crees, Campbell Street, Bowen Hills N1, Brisbane.

Has Varsity Girl Poor Chance of Matrimony?

I CANNOT agree with Miss E. Falconer (11/9/'37) when she says that "scholastic attainments by women are a barrier to marriage."

Though not a graduate myself, I have come in contact with many Varsity women, and find that, as a whole, they are just as feminine as the rest of us, in that they are equally ready to flatter a man's vanity and to "look up to him."

Moreover, their male associates, generally speaking, either will have had the same advantages as they have had, or, because of a greater knowledge of a more practical world than the University, will be quite capable of holding their ow

Again, the term "blue stocking" can no longer be applied to the average University woman; she has as many of the feminine attractions as the rest of us, and appears to have little difficulty in the matrimonial field.

Joan Russell, 152 River Terrace, Kangaroo Point, Brisbane.

Not From Evidence

I DO not agree with Miss Falconer. I attended a University, and the majority of my women contemporaries there are now happily married.

Most of them married Varsity men, met during their studies, and these men can now command the best positions in the professional and commercial worlds, and can provide their wives with good homes. They are therefore better off matrimonially than many of their less studious sisters.

Mrs. G. B. Hill, Explorer St., Toowong SW1, Brisbane.

Another Reason Why

I APPRECIATE the opening up of this subject, for, despite what modern young people say, a University education is a barrier to marriage.

And, after all, isn't marriage what every normal man and woman looks forward to?

All that you say is true, E. Falconer. Further, a University girl is inclined to neglect her appearance for her studies, and that is another barrier she erects to matrimony.

Mrs. L. W. Cannot, Queenstown, Tas.

Modern Marriage

AN ideal marriage, E. Falconer, is that which is founded on equality, and this cannot exist unless both parties are educated to the same level.

If one has to "talk down" continually or explain to the other, this lack of appreciative comprehension soon begins to irk.

W. Warner, Ard-na-chree, Thangool, via Rockhampton, Qld.

Better Chance

WHAT better foundation for married life can there be than the broadened and cultured outlook on life afforded by the higher studies?

Are there not as many men students

"VARSITY life is not devoid of romance. . ."

at universities as women? Why, then, should a woman's scholastic achievements frighten a man? He is probably glad to find a wife who can take an intelligent interest in his attainments, whose culture is equal to his own.

A clever woman will not leave a less educated man with an inferiority complex. Rather will her greater culture enable her to put him at his ease and draw him nearer her own level.

The years spent in acquiring a degree are not wasted in regard to marriage. Most women graduate in their early twenties, and the social life of a University is surely no more devoid of romance than any other.

Miss O. Adams, Mourangee, Edungalba, Q.C.R., Qld.

Health Factor Important In Marriage!

I THINK people contemplating matrimony should pay attention to the health factor, as suggested by Mrs. Halbert (18/9/'37), and ensure, by medical examination, that they are physically healthy. It is only fair to the other party. We all cannot hope for perfect health, but such examinations would make for complete honesty in the matter, and would be a valuable precaution.

Miss J. Beale, 79 Ninth Avenue, Campsie, N.S.W.

Waste of Time

I THINK compulsory health certificates would be an unwarranted infringement on personal liberty. Just because one's prospective husband or wife is in ill-health, or even suffering from a serious illness, there is no reason why one should not marry and be perfectly contented.

Such certificates would only mean extra trouble and expense to the couple, and would not accomplish any good.

If I were engaged, and my fiance were in ill-health, I would want to marry him all the more to look after him.

Catharine Parsons, Lurton Street, Devonport, Tas.

Save Unhappiness

YES, I agree that a health certificate should be produced with the marriage licence.

I have seen too much unhappiness in this world, caused by people marrying and finding their partners in a poor state of health and having to be supported for life.

Not only are certificates necessary from this point of view, but the children of such unions should be considered.

Miss Louden, Winthrop Avenue, Hollywood, W.A.

Would Help Couples

I AGREE that young couples before marrying should be overhauled by a doctor. But only for their personal satisfaction. Both should know exactly what they are taking on when they marry. Then the responsibility rests on themselves.

A clean bill of health is not necessary to a happy marriage and the State should not require it before allowing the couple to marry.

After all, affection and mutual understanding are the only bases for a happy marriage.

K. Percival, Merivale St., South Brisbane.

Impractical Idea

IN all respects healthy marriages are ideal. But would the issuing of health certificates be practical? What of the poor fellow who is suffering from an illness through no fault of his own? Should he be condemned to a lonely life because of this? I think most young people of to-day would marry, trusting that the other person's health would improve.

Mrs. Flowers, 15 Rusden St., Elsternwick, Vic.

Make Sunday Day of Rest

APART from the religious point of view, every woman, for health reasons, should endeavor to make Sunday as much a day of rest as possible.

There is no need to prepare and serve heavy and elaborate meals. I know women who serve bacon and eggs, or steak, sausages, etc., between nine and ten o'clock on Sundays, a heavy dinner at 1.30 or thereabouts, and an elaborate tea in the evening.

When the family has adequate hot meals on six days of the week, surely, on Sunday, mother should arrange lighter and more easily-prepared meals, and thus ensure a moderately restful day for herself.

J. G. Paynton, Garden St., Hawthorn E3, Vic.

Have Modern Women Pep and Personality?

IT is true, Mrs. Knight (18/9/'37), that the majority of women lack individuality and imitate those around them, but this does not mean they have no personality.

Many women are not in the position to express their personality through their clothes. To dress with individuality costs money—more than the average woman has to spend on herself.

One will find that people with personality do not always bother about clothes.

Perhaps Mrs. Knight has not met many women who are earning their living in the business world. They are full of personality, for they would not keep their positions if it were lacking.

Mrs. M. Henry, 17A Kurrajong Avenue, East St. Kilda S2, Melbourne.

Not "Standardised"

I CANNOT understand Mrs. Alisa Knight's attitude to her fellow-women; neither can I believe that my particular group of women friends is not representative of all women.

INDIVIDUALITY expressed in dress

We have many lively discussions on various subjects, and they certainly would not be so lively if our views were "standardised." Our tastes in dress vary widely, and our ideas on other subjects—religion, pleasures, home-making, world affairs, and character—are poles apart.

Mrs. Elliott, 47 Edenholme Rd., Abbotsford, N.S.W.

ILLOGICAL SPELLING

WHY, in this age of reason, do we not apply more logic to our method of spelling? It is clearly absurd to write the sound "shun" by any of the varied forms "tion," "sion," or "cian," while to pronounce "ough" in so many ways—as for instance rough, cough, dough, through and bough—is ludicrous.

The Americans have made a beginning in the work of bringing reason to bear on our manner of spelling, but let us go further. To-day we have many learned men who have spent years studying the English tongue. A committee of these men could be appointed to put the orthography of our language on the more scientific basis of spelling according to sound, and could also be utilised to settle finally grammatical questions. The past participles of many verbs could be regulated advantageously. There is no reason why we should not say teached, as we say preached.

By making these reforms, our generation will be blessed in the future for at least one thing—the removal of our present illogical method of orthography.

Miss Verlie Ross, 297 Avoca St., Randwick, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

FEW HAPPY FACES

LOOK around a crowded tram and see how few happy faces there are. You see boredom, restlessness, weariness, mask-like expressions.

After all, there is still much to be cheerful about in this troubled old world—despite the pessimists!

F. Howard, 68 Fenton St., Devonport, Tas.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHY WAIT FOR LOVE?

IS it possible for a marriage to be a success without love? Would not strong affection, respect, and a sharing of each other's interests be enough to keep the union a happy and lasting one? Some say they would rather not marry at all than marry without love.

Would it not be better for them to be contented in a happy companionship than to sit by and, perhaps, wait in vain for that elusive "Cupid"?

Miss E. Brown, Montreal Flats, 4 Springfield Avenue, Potts Point, Sydney.

EXCESS ACID CAUSES THAT PAIN

Take this Advice and Eat what you like

Read how this quick-acting Powder will give you immediate relief from your pain. And, what is even more important, it tones up and strengthens your stomach so that your indigestion eventually goes for good.

The stomach, from three to four times a day, has to deal with a variety of foods and convert them into nourishment for the body. These foods are not always the most suitable, or they may not have been properly chewed, and so reach the stomach in a form that makes digestion difficult.

So we must not be surprised that the stomach rebels at this harsh treatment. It does its best to extract nourishment from the food. But too often this results in an outpouring of excess acid. At first, flatulence and palpitation are the only symptoms, but later come inflammation of the stomach or duodenal ulcers—all caused by excess acid in the stomach.

De Witt's Antacid Powder, owing to its extreme fineness, neutralises the excess acid as soon as it reaches the stomach. There is immediate relief from the pain and the inconvenience of flatulence. But De Witt's Antacid Powder does more than this.

FIRSTLY, it protects the stomach walls from further burning by the acid. **SECONDLY,** helps to digest your food, and **THIRDLY,** tones up the whole digestive system so that excess acid is no longer given off, and you can eat what you like without any ill after-effects.

You start your happiness the day you start using

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Of all chemists and storekeepers, in handsome sky-blue canister, price 2/6

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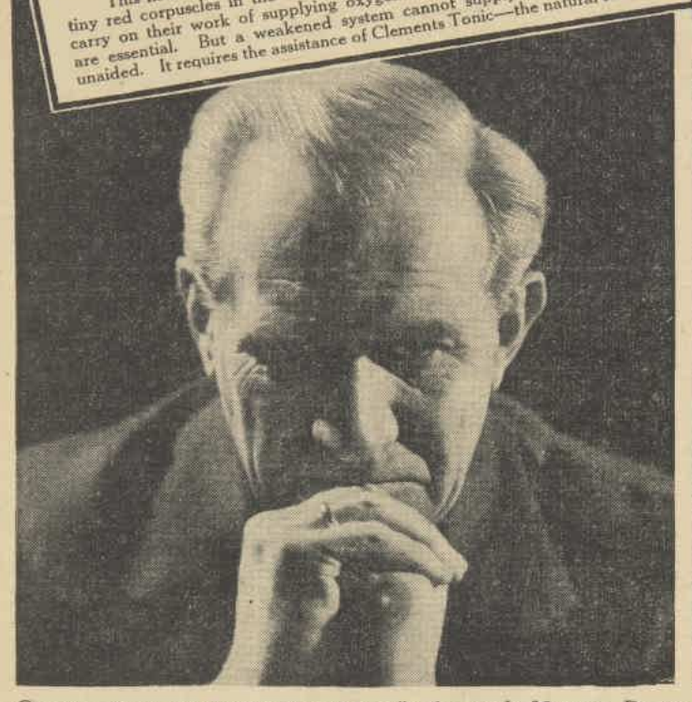
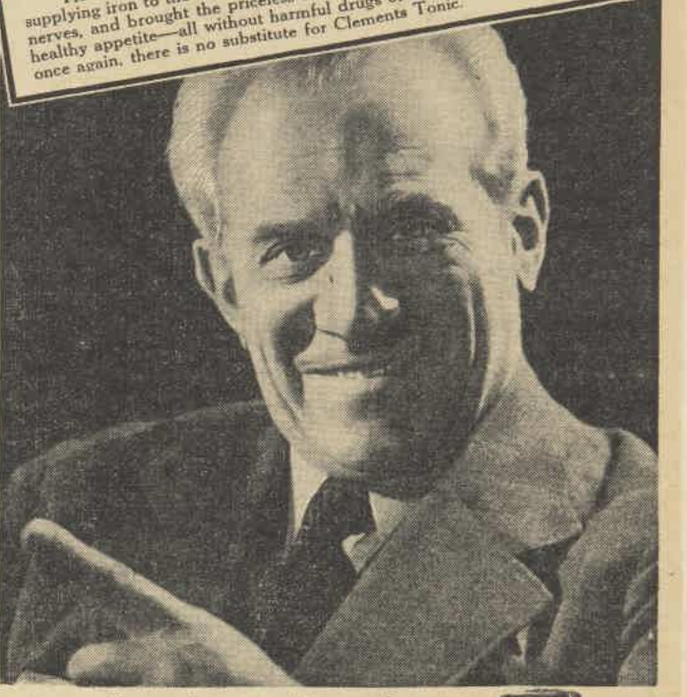
a month ago...

This man was worn-out, nervy, irritable. He did not realise that the tiny red corpuscles in the blood need a daily ration of iron, in order to carry on their work of supplying oxygen to the body. Phosphates, too, are essential. But a weakened system cannot supply these vital needs unaided. It requires the assistance of Clements Tonic—the natural remedy.



..and today !

He is a different man. Clements Tonic has enriched his blood by supplying iron to the red corpuscles, it has fed life-giving phosphates to his nerves, and brought the priceless benefit of sound, refreshing sleep and a healthy appetite—all without harmful drugs or opiates. This case proves, once again, there is no substitute for Clements Tonic.



Clements Tonic has been the family standby for nearly 50 years. During that time millions and millions of bottles of this wonderful tonic have been sold and thousands of letters received from grateful users.

Clements Tonic is made to the high standard of the British Pharmacopoeia by highly qualified chemists of a great pharmaceutical organization. Thus its quality and its goodness never vary. Clements Tonic is simply a blood and nerve food containing phosphates, iron compound, calcium and quinine in medicinal proportions. It is safe for young and old. And now you can obtain Clements Tonic either Flavoured or Plain. The flavoured is for children, for those with sensitive palates. The plain is for those millions of regular Clements Tonic users who like a tonic with a "tang".

How Clements Tonic Helps the Nervous System

Without phosphorus, a match will not light. Similarly, your body must have phosphorus (phosphates) in order to do its work and keep your nervous system healthy and vigorous.

Nerves, of which the body is one vast network, are really composed of myriads of tiny cells, which are constantly in the process of being destroyed by the effort of daily mental or physical work. Sound sleep helps to rebuild these nerve cells, but when you are run-down and out-of-sorts, and particularly with insomnia, the body finds it impossible to rebuild nerve cells in sufficient quantity. Thus it must have help. That is why Clements Tonic contains life-giving phosphates, which fortify the system and help the body to build new nerve cells at a rapid rate, and thus make you well again.

The Life Force in Your Blood

Your blood is composed of millions of red corpuscles which represent the life force. These red corpuscles absorb oxygen and transport it throughout the system. Red corpuscles can only absorb and carry oxygen if they have a certain quantity of iron.

When you burn up mental and physical energy by overwork or worry or lack of proper food, the red corpuscles get short of iron and cannot do their work properly. That's why you feel run-down and out-of-sorts.

This is when you should start taking Clements Tonic without delay, in order to avoid more serious troubles. Clements Tonic contains iron compound in medicinal quantities in order to feed those red corpuscles and get them back to work. Clements Tonic also contains phosphates which provide a food for the nerves, and this in combination with other valuable mineral ingredients soon puts new life into you.

Feeling 100% More Cheerful

Auckland, S.W.1., N.Z.
29th April, 1937.

"Being a returned soldier and suffering from shellshock and gas have been very interested in your radio advertising. I am a painter by trade and found at times I was unable to work on a ladder owing to my nerves, through the shellshock, and have had to sign on the unemployment. I have had one small and one large bottle of your tonic and can honestly say I have been free from the attacks and am feeling 100 p.c. more cheerful and better altogether."—(Mr.) J.F.

Used Clements for 20 years

Invercargill, N.Z., 26th April, 1937.

"I have used Clements Tonic for the last twenty years and have found it does all you claim for it. When run down I always have two bottles and it fixes me up and I have recommended it to all my friends and have found it a great benefit and will continue to use it."—(Mrs.) C.H.

MONEY BACK!

If you don't benefit from taking the first bottle of Clements Tonic Flavoured within 14 days of purchase, or if you don't like it—return the nearly empty bottle to Clements Tonic Pty. Ltd., 35 Bligh Street, Sydney, and your purchase money, plus postage, will be immediately refunded to you. Thus we guarantee you positive relief or money back.

Flavoured Clements Tonic has an orange, green and blue carton and label. The original plain Clements Tonic still has the familiar red, green and blue carton and label.

Prices in Capital Cities: 3/- and 5- a bottle (Flavoured or Plain) at all Chemists and Stores. 1/767

CLEMENTS TONIC

PLAIN or FLAVOURED

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THE MOVIE WORLD

October 9, 1937. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER and JUDY BAILEY

from Hollywood and London

Worries of Mae West

THE Mae West marriage case seems to have died out for the moment. All Hollywood is wondering who will make the next move in straightening out the tangle.

Last reports said Frank Wallace, the man Mae admitted marrying twenty-six years ago, intended to sue the star for half her income under the California community property law, which provides married people are entitled to half their partners' property.

The general belief is that the situation must be settled immediately, as Miss West is quickly fading in her screen popularity, and an affair like this might mean a death-blow to her career.

✦ ✦ ✦

Margaret Vyner's Progress

SONNIE HALE announces that Margaret Vyner will appear in his next film, "Sailing Along," in which Jessie Matthews will star.

Her friends are hoping that Margaret will be given a chance to do more than display pretty clothes.

Too many starlets, critics agree, are having their radiance dimmed by faulty direction in British studios.

✦ ✦ ✦

Jessie Matthews' Generous Plan

FANS will be sorry to hear that Jessie Matthews has a fixed determination to retire in five years' time.

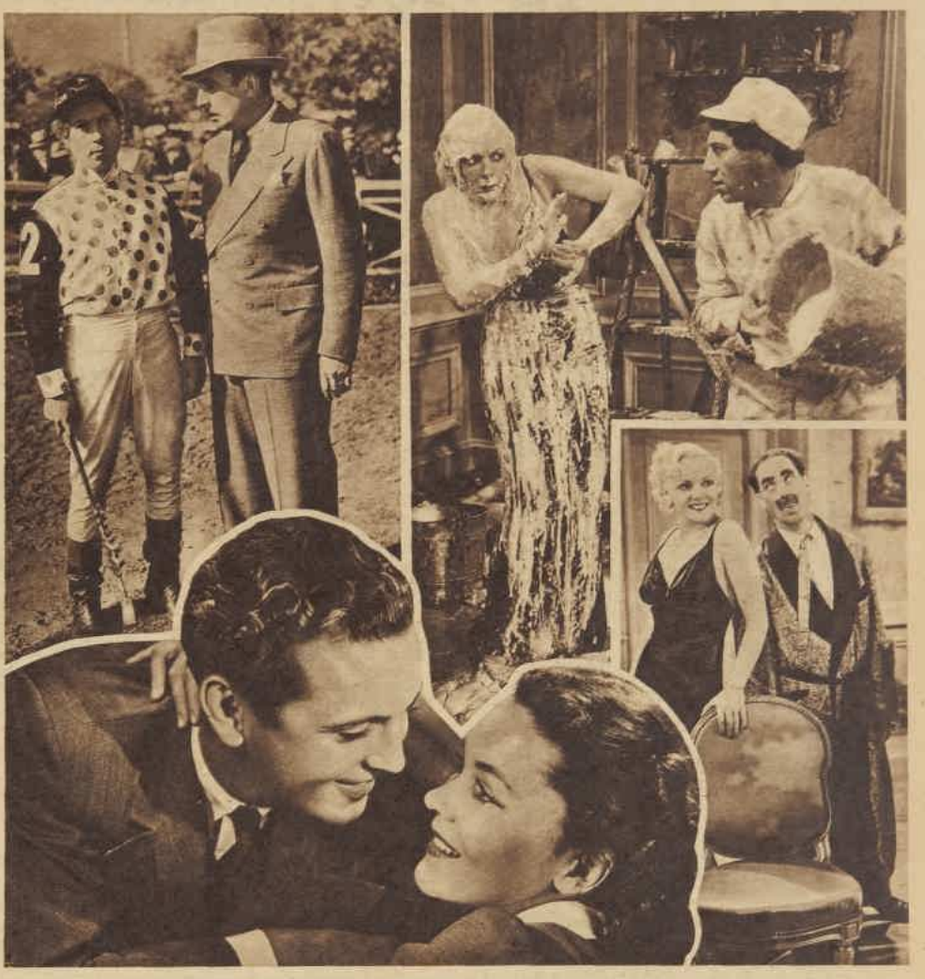
Jessie has a grand idea which retirement and leisure will enable her to convert into fact. She wants to establish a free school, to give stage training to children of poor parents. There is to be only one entrance fee, and that is talent.

Any child of sufficient promise will be given opportunities which would otherwise be impossible.

Jessie has a warm heart, and she remembers her own childhood days, when she danced in the streets of London to the music of a barrel organ, and found little help but her own ability in the fight to fame.

Errol Flynn Plans Book on Spain

● *Errol Flynn's literary brain is at work again! With one book, one screen play, and several magazine articles already to his credit, he is now contemplating a book, part fiction, based on his recent brief, but much publicised, experiences on the Spanish war front.*



HORSE-NONSENSE

● *In "A Day at the Races" (M.-G.-M.), Harpo Marx (top left) is a punter's nightmare. Esther Muir (top right) shares an idyll with his brother Chico. Allen Jones and Maureen O'Sullivan (lower left) furnish contrasting romance.*

Shirley Temple Overworked

HAVING completed the last re-takes on "Heidi," Shirley Temple and her parents are sailing for a brief vacation in Honolulu. One of the main objects of the trip is to enable Shirley to see at first hand a real volcano.

Shirley badly needs a real vacation. Afraid her dimpled charm will too soon give way to adolescent gawkiness, her studio has cast the child star in one picture after another, in an effort to cash in on her tremendous appeal before it is too late.

✦ ✦ ✦

Lord Warwick's First Part

THE Earl of Warwick, whom Hollywood has re-christened Michael Brooke, seems to have started his long-awaited movie career at last, commencing this week with a role in Paramount's "Buccaneer," the newest Cecil B. de Mille epic. This is the first break that has come Mr. Brooke's way since he signed an M.-G.-M. contract a year ago.

Ever since Mr. Brooke was in knee pants he has wanted to be a pirate. Now he has the opportunity of playing in a picture in which practically everyone is a pirate—but to his chagrin he has the role of a respectable everyday gentleman!

The setting of "Buccaneer" is New Orleans in the distant past.

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HOLLYWOOD'S KING of SHOWMEN

Sid Grauman of the Chinese Theatre

By MARY OLIVIER

A FEW nights ago I was one of a curious throng of many hundreds who watched a starry-eyed girl laughingly imprint her hands and skates in the soft concrete outside the Chinese Theatre, Hollywood's most spectacular show place.

Kneeling down, she wrote on the ground, "To Sid. Til-Lykki (Congratulations) Always, Sonja Henie," and, still laughing, was helped to her feet by her companion, a twinkling-eyed, wiry little man, whose age one would imagine to be wavering somewhere between 40 and 50.

NO need to introduce you to the centre of attraction in this pretty little scene. Sonja Henie, in one film, has endeared herself to movie-goers the world over. But the public is by no means familiar with the second party to the ceremony at which half of Hollywood was present.

He was Sid Grauman, movieland maestro, who, during many years of association with the film industry as proprietor of the famed Chinese Theatre, has met the great and near-great of the past, present and future.

In front of his palatial theatre, firmly imprinted, so that only time will efface them, are signatures and greetings from almost every big star Hollywood has ever known.

Among the foot and hand prints stamped in the forecourt of the Chinese Theatre are those of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Shearer, Norma Talmadge, Harold Lloyd, Tom Mix, Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Constance Talmadge, Janet Gaynor, Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels, Ann Harding, Jean Harlow, Diana Wynyard, Marlene Dietrich, Jackie Cooper, Jeanette MacDonald, Al Jolson, Joe E. Brown, Maurice Chevalier, the Marx Brothers, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler, Shirley Temple, Myrna Loy, William Powell, and, of course, Sonja Henie, the most recent addition.

Stars Rise and Set

THERE they are, testifying to the memory of those who enjoyed one-time greatness, even though they be displaced by movie idols of to-day and to-morrow.

The honor of being included in this unusual roll of fame is conferred only upon those who have contributed to the screen some outstanding performance.

When stars are at the dazzling zenith of their careers, they come to Sid Grauman's show place on the screen and in the flesh. He has, therefore, seen the rise and fall of Hollywood's famous over a period of many years—years that go back long before he came to grace the film city with his interesting presence.

It was in 1906, following the San Francisco earthquake, that Sid Grauman first went into show business. In fact, many a present-day headliner in films can thank Sid Grauman for his first start.

Sid's debut in the theatrical world was under canvas, and amidst the ruins of the ill-fated city. His first star was an unknown youth named Al Jolson, who performed for the princely salary of £12 a week. Nearly 30 years afterwards Jolson stepped onto Sid's concrete path, adding his footprints to those of the world's outstanding screen stars.

Joe E. Brown was another of Grauman's early performers. He was then a dancer, acrobat, bareback rider, and comedian, doing 17 shows a day. He, too, is represented in Grauman's hall of fame.

Jesse L. Lasky, one of Hollywood's biggest producers, first did an act with his sister in Grauman's Theatre at £12 a week between them.

Gracie Allen was discovered by Grauman when he was looking for an assistant for a comedian he had under contract. The man's name was George Burns. Thus began the team of Burns and Allen, teamed also in private life, as you probably know.

Having started many future Hollywood stars in their ascent, Grauman became interested in the growing film industry, the future of which he was far-sighted enough to foresee. Backed by his father, Sid designed and opened the Grauman Million Dollar Theatre, the most elaborate of its kind at the time. Nobody believed that Sid would get his money back, but he did and more.

The Million Dollar Theatre instantly drew attention to itself when Grauman initiated personal appearances, a practice which has since been copied all over the world, and which has solidified the careers of many popular favorites.

At that time screen players were not nearly so well known to the general public as they are to-day. Sid sought to make them famous by sponsoring personal appearances. He was the first man to introduce movie stars to the public in the flesh.

Discovers "The Kid"

IT was Sid who discovered "Fatty" Arbuckle when he was a singing waiter in a restaurant. Some years later Joseph Schenck was paying the corpulent comedian £1000 a week to make the world laugh. Another of Grauman's discoveries was Jackie Coogan.

Jackie was the son of Lillian Golliver, a down-and-out actress who, at that time, was desperately looking for work. Taking pity on her plight, Grauman offered to put the youngster in his show. He made such a hit that Grauman took him to the Alexandria Hotel to show him to Charlie Chaplin. The boy's antics were soon the centre of attention of a huge crowd, obviously drawn to the little fellow.

"The kid's great," said Sid to Charlie. At which Charlie almost shouted, "That's it! The title of my next picture, 'The Kid!' And I'll take the youngster, too." That's how Jackie Coogan got his first break in pictures.

Shortly after this, Grauman introduced to Hollywood the spectacular prologue fashion which swept the world about 12 years ago. The prologue was the mother of the current stage presentation idea which, too, is passing into the limbo of forgotten things.

For "The Ten Commandments" Sid startled his audiences with a colorful reproduction of The Last Supper.

Two full-sized locomotives were brought to the centre of the stage under full steam for "The Iron Horse."

But the most spectacular achievement that can be credited to Grauman was undoubtedly the prologue to "The Covered Wagon," for which Sid brought 100 Arapahoe and Shoshone Indians to Hollywood. When the redskins expressed a desire to live out in the open, he built them an Indian village on the outskirts of Hollywood—at what a cost!

Not content even with this, Sid decided to stage an Indian wedding on his stage. Borrowing Hoot Gibson's £5000 horse, he invited Marion Davies to present it to the groom on his behalf. But after the event he could not wrest the equine from the redskin.

Sid explained it was merely a publicity stunt, but the Indian, not quite up to Hollywood's modern methods, resolutely replied, "Me want horse." It cost Grauman £50 to placate the redskin.

Big Premieres

TO-DAY Grauman's Chinese Theatre is still one of the show places of Hollywood, the rendezvous of the stars, the most popular place for a big premiere. Here, on these gala occasions, the far-reaching rays of many searchlights pierce the skies, heralding to the world that another big picture is being shown for the first time, perhaps another star is in the making.

And even as this unusual little man greets his famous visitors, shaking hands with the great personalities of the film world, he is wondering who will be the next people to enjoy his Midas touch and leave their imprints on his concrete hall of fame.

●*MYRNA LOY.—She, too, has left her mark for posterity in the exclusive space reserved by Grauman for the film famous who visit his theatre.*

●*ABOVE: Sonja Henie, latest star to leave her mark outside Grauman's famous theatre.*

●*LEFT: The marks themselves. Note the imprint left by Sonja's skates.*

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HER OUTLOOK ON FILMDOM

Madeleine Carroll In Exclusive Interview

From Our London Office, by Air Mail

MADELEINE CARROLL is more than a beautiful film star with a perfect figure, a perfect profile, and acting ability.

She is an intelligent woman with a mind of her own, a good talker with the knack of giving a cleverly humorous twist to any tale she tells, the ability to take the lead out of any leading question without being blunt —and she has a natural, easy manner which makes a stranger feel at home with her at once.

SO I discovered when I sipped one of her special brand of cocktails with her in her restful flat just round the corner from the bustle of Piccadilly one evening this week.

Her fresh English type of beauty—there is nothing film star-ish about it off the set—is the first thing to strike you, though. It holds you spellbound the whole time you are with her, and is apt to distract your attention from her amusing conversation. Incidentally, she is ten times lovelier to look at in real life than she is on the screen.

The afternoon I met her she had on a severely simple black ottoman silk suit which set off her blonde hair, peaches and cream complexion, and clear blue eyes to perfection.

The only jewels she wore were a lovely diamond brooch of three circles linked together, and six eternity rings which reached from the bottom of the fourth finger of her left hand to the first knuckle. Three were set with diamonds, and these spaced ones of rubies, emeralds, and sapphires.

She arrived back in England this week after eighteen months in Hollywood, less a three weeks' break last year, and is looking forward to three months' restful holiday.

GALLERY OF STARS

Kitty Clancy

Four-year-old Paramount player, who makes her first appearance in "Midnight Madonna."

And after eighteen months in Hollywood she completely debunks it as a city of bright lights and riotous living.

"Hollywood is a Sunday-school city, and very parochial," declared Madeleine Carroll with the slightly lilting intonation to her voice and slight twist to her words which are the only Americanisms she has brought back to England with her.

"I always remember a remark Monckton Hoffe made when Philip (Philip is her husband, Captain Philip Astley) was leaving me out there to return to England last year. Somebody started telling him it wasn't safe to leave me among the dangers of Hollywood, and Monckton, in his dry way, remarked: 'Don't you worry, old man; she'll be safer here than she would be in Bromley.'"

The Hays organisation, Madeleine declares, is a menace to the picture industry.

"You can't say anything worse than 'bother' in a film now; you can't even say 'good heavens.' It bans the most ridiculous things. There were some stills taken of me standing next to a model of a classic statue a little while ago, and they were banned because the statue was a nude!

"Have you ever heard of anything so absurd?" she queried, pushing softly her waved hair back from behind her ears in a characteristic gesture.

Women's clubs are almost as much of a menace, too, she says, with their horror of smoking and the sight of a glass which might contain alcohol.

"Some of the States of America are just as much of a trial. Let them see you so much as glance longingly at a cigarette in a film, and they class you as a painted woman and ban your pictures.

Craze for Craziness

"BUT, apart from this, Hollywood, as far as its pictures go, is cultivating an enormous sense of humor, and 'crazy' pictures are all the rage. In 'It's All Yours,' the film I did after 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' I go completely crazy. It was great fun doing it. Another film I loved doing was 'On the Avenue' with Dick Powell. The shooting of that was just grand fun from beginning to end—and it was certainly a tremendous change from 'Lloyd's of London!'

"Wait till you see me in 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' though. I was completely 'deglamorised' for that, and was 'made-over' to look utterly simple and sweet. Selznick was determined that I should show no signs of being a film star—no plucked eyebrows for me, little mouth make-up, and no cheek shadows.

"He was so determined to get me un-film-star-ish that he made me send to England for a photograph of myself when I was presented at Court as the simple, un-made-up Mrs. Philip Astley, and he copied that for my appearance in the film."

But just now she would much rather talk about the "Centaurus," 60-foot-long motor-cruiser which her husband had waiting to greet her as a surprise on her return to England, than about Hollywood and the hard work of the past eighteen months.

"The Centaurus is to take the place, temporarily only, I hope, of our Castle in Spain," Madeleine explained, glancing rather wistfully as she spoke at the model of the castle which stands on the piano in her flat.

"And I think it is going to be just as much fun—although I don't know the difference between port and starboard yet.

"Oh, yes, it's going to be grand fun," said Madeleine, deep, forget-me-not blue eyes sparkling as she sat perched on her legs on the wide fender stool in her sitting room. "We slept on the boat last night, so I know just what it is like."

FLASHES FROM HOLLYWOOD

●*Claudette Colbert will make her debut as a blonde in "Tovarich." She will wear a wig, refusing to bleach her hair.*

●*Robert Taylor is ticklish.*

●*If Irene Dunne is ever in need of a job she can perform as a vaudeville pianist. She can play the Sailor's Hornpipe with the right hand and Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" with the left, and finish both at the same time.*

●*So as not to appear taller than Leslie Howard, Marla Shelton, playing with him in "Stand-In," avoids wearing shoes wherever possible.*

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SPORT-the NEW NIGHT LIFE!

Hollywood Deserts the Dance Floors

THERE'S a new "swing" in Hollywood—and it's not the swing of the dance bands at the night-clubs. On the contrary, this newest swing is a swing away from the night hot-spots. Maybe it's just the old quest for novelty, or maybe it's a new drive for health among the stars—but the fact remains (take it from cinemaland observers), that the big names of the screen are turning their evening attention away from the dancing resorts.

Instead, they are heading for the tennis courts and the badminton courts, the ice-rinks and the rollerdromes, the bowling alleys and the bridle paths. And if you want to see the movie stars at play these nights, you must keep away from swingtime spots. For their watchword is health, and not hey-hey.

● *JUNE LANG is one of Hollywood's most expert roller-skaters and keenest horse-women.*

TO be sure, that has always been the policy of a certain group of the stars. For instance, there's Warner Baxter, 20th Century-Fox's star, and the "tennis foursome" of which he's been a part for a long time — Baxter, Ronnie Colman, Dick Barthelmess and Bill Powell. There are night-lighted tennis courts at Baxter's magnificent estate; Ronnie has floodlights on his, too. And many a night you'll see this inseparable quartet of big-timers stepping off for a fast foursome across the net, instead of a fast foxtrot across the polished floor.

The point is that many of the younger crowd of movie stars—the group one would naturally associate with the night-club-and-dance idea—are following the example of these pioneers of sports-at-night. And for corroboration of this you need only pay a visit, for example, to the bowling alleys in Westwood Village, or on Wilshire Boulevard, in Beverly Hills.

It's a pretty safe bet that on almost any night you'll find one or more of the following group of 20th Century-Fox players there: Tyrone Power, Michael Whalen, Alice Faye and Tony Martin, Dixie Dunbar, Doug Fowley and Allan Lane. All of them are alley addicts; they can swing those 16-pound balls down and topple the ten-pins for strikes and spares with the ease of long practice. And (here's a superstition that's not lost on the health-consciousness of the movie players), regular bowling is said to be an almost perfect safeguard against appendicitis!

More "out-of-doors" night sports lure others of 20th Century-Fox's roster of stars and stars-to-be from the dance floors these beautiful nights. The bridle paths—particularly when the moon is anywhere from half to full—have a terrific appeal. "Moonlight rides" are the vogue among many of the players, and a lot of the Hollywood twosomes find the bridle paths a splendid prelude to the bridal path.

You can find Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck a-horseback by day or by night. Another 20th Century-Fox contractee who prefers the music of horse's hoofs to rhumba-tunes is Katherine DeMille. Tyrone Power and June Lang are two others.

McLaglen's Cavalry

AS for Victor McLaglen, that he-man star is famous for his horsemanship; hardly for his tangoing! Instead of night clubs you'll find McLaglen, more often than not, at his famous sports centre helping drill his tight horse cavalry troop of men and women—many of them motion picture bit-players and extras.

You might call skating an "in-between" class of sport for which the cinema personalities are going, now that the night club season has waned. "In-between," in the sense that it's neither outdoors nor indoors.

To be sure, the big skating rinks—that huge rollerdrome at Culver City, where Ginger Rogers and Alfred Vanderbilt recently threw a big roller party, and the Palais de Glace, where the ice-skaters skim their stuff, in downtown Hollywood—these are roofed over. But they're so huge, so ventilated that they're not truly indoors. And it's there that you'll find night in and night out many of the modern group of nocturnal athletes. If you made a list of all the Hollywood roller-skaters, it would read like a movieland directory. Loretta Young and June Lang, both 20th Century-Fox stars, are among the top flight of roller-skate experts.

At ice-skating, of course, there's no one in Hollywood to approach the championship technique of Sonja Henie, the blonde Nordic star of "Girl in a Million."

Sonja's picture debut and presence in Hollywood have made ice-skating the vogue, and Hollywood insiders predict that throughout next summer the movie great will find coolness, fun and exercise, all three, on the ice. They'll skate on it, instead of tinkling it in the glassware of the night clubs.

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There's more loveliness in your face than is reflected in your mirror! Bring it out by the use of Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-Up! Whatever your type, there's Max Factor Make-Up created especially to heighten your charm and increase your beauty. The screen stars depend on Max Factor to decide their make-up through his Color Harmony Chart—let him do the same for you!

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Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair	Blue	BLONDE: Light, Dark	Dry
Creamy	Grey		Oily
Medium	Hazel	BROWNETTE: Light, Dark	Normal
Ruddy	Brown		LIPS
Olive	Black	BRUNETTE: Light, Dark	Moist
Sun Tan	LASHES: Light, Dark	REDHEAD: Light, Dark	Dry
			AGE

96% of all make-up used by Hollywood stars is Max Factor's. Beautiful Olivia de Havilland, (above), Warner Bros. new Star, uses and endorses Max Factor's Make-Up.

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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Invades England

ROBERT TAYLOR is the first of many Hollywood stars who are to visit English studios. William Powell, Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Luise Rainer, Helen Hayes, Victor McLaglen will be on their way later.

The man behind it all is Louis B. Mayer, £60,000 a year executive of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organisation, an organisation that employs 5000 people and spends £5,000,000 a year on pictures.

"I am bringing the keymen of our various departments to London, directing, sound, lighting, scenarios, sets, and so on," said Mr. Mayer, in a recent interview.

"They will have British teams working under them. They will instruct them in our production methods, and when they are sufficiently wise we shall withdraw our men and let them get on with the job themselves.

"Eighty-five per cent. of the personnel will be British; each picture, to begin with, will have an American director, and one—or perhaps two—American stars.

"We have learned to have nothing but contempt for British quota films, and we are going to make real pictures."

Pretty, brunette Janet Johnson has joined the happy company of Australian girls in England who are making good in a very big way, but, in spite of a certain distrust of films, Janet may soon be making the Atlantic crossing, Hollywood-bound for the second time.

At the moment, she is playing Miranda in the open-air Shakespeare production at Regent's Park, and, incidentally, giving the Shakespeare critics no end of bother to find new adjectives of praise for so youthful and gifted a performer.

Janet's first experience of Hollywood wasn't so happy. She was met there with a fanfare of trumpets, but, like so many other people of talent, she just could not settle down to wait about until some executive or other happened to remember that she was there to work, and not on holiday.

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Madcap sweethearts thriving on thrills, laughing at peril . . . in a story as tense as it's sparkling with fun.

LORETTA AND DON IN WAR-TIME SPAIN live on a ration of kisses!

HERE'S *Hot* NEWS

From John B. Davies, New York; Barbara Bourchier, Hollywood; and Judy Bailey, London

Nino Martino is being haled to court by the beautiful 23-year-old blonde, Anita Hendlin, portrait artist. The singing star first met the lovely artist when she painted him in oils. After that they did New York together, and were seen at the opera, night clubs, and radio broadcasting studios.

The reason for their appointment in Court is a complete mystery. Anita's attorney will not reveal the charges against Martino, but it will all come out in the trial.

* * *

FALSE eyelashes have become almost routine in screen make-up for actresses, so Lupe Velez really shouldn't blame her cameraman for his mistake. Photographing her in "High Flyers," the cameraman said he thought the little Mexican would look better if her eyelashes were not quite so long, and suggested that they snip a little off.

"Not off these, you won't!" cried Lupe. "These ones, they grow on my eyes."

The lashes remained.

* * *

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is looking quite different these days. She has tinted her hair to a light shade of red, and in addition wears a coronet braid around her head with a knot at the back. She was thinking of bleaching her hair to a definite blonde, but lost her courage at the last moment. It's hard to imagine dark-eyed Claudette as a blonde.

* * *

SONJA HENIE is a simple, unaffected Scandinavian girl—but not quite so simple as the movie barons of Hollywood thought when they tried to get her signature on a contract.

It happened this way: Sonja estimated that her services were worth every penny of £15,000, but the barons hadn't figured on anything like that, so they turned the project down, winked at each other when she had left them, and opined that she would be signing up in a few days—on their terms.

But instead of signing Sonja organised a three-day skating show of her own. She netted £6000 profit!

That gave the barons something to think about. Sonja signed up a few days later—on her own terms, and now she nets £25,000 a picture.

Sonja declines to deny those persistent stories about a romance with Tyrone Guthrie, but laughingly changes the subject when asked for details.

MARLENE DIETRICH is her own make-up artist. She feels that she knows her own beauty better than anyone else possibly could. It is true that she has a make-up man pencil her eyebrows, but he follows her instructions. Incidentally, her eyebrows are much lower for her new picture "Angel," and perhaps that's why she is more startlingly beautiful than ever.

"Looking my best is part of my business," says Marlene, "and if I couldn't learn something about my business in seven years I'd be pretty stupid."

* * *

CESAR ROMERO is thrilled with his first role as a hero in "The Great Diamond Robbery."

"It's wonderful," he says, "to hold a beautiful girl in my arms instead of a gun."

* * *

ARE you a "brownette"? The word, as you might guess, implies a mixture of blonde and brunette. It is in daily use in British studios.

During the week I chatted with a make-up expert, and what he doesn't know about types isn't worth knowing. And for this knowledge he is paid no less than £3000 a year.

Merle Oberon, he told me, is a "brownette" type. He added that about 45 per cent. of women are "brownettes." For color harmony, they need olive face powder, carmine rouge, carmine lipstick, brown eye shadow, black eyelash and eyebrow make-up.

Blondes, he says, should avoid too much sunshine, as it tends to make their skins "leathery."

Color films have added new problems to the daily round of the make-up men and women—but they are experimenting day and night, no less than the cameramen and the lighting experts.

* * *

A REAL war against excessive sunbathing is being waged by most of Hollywood's major studios.

So many stars, imbued with the idea that the sun's rays are the cure for all ills, have been making themselves ill from over-exposure, and thereby holding up production.

In an effort to keep their stars out of the sun, studios are putting clauses in contracts, citing penalties if a player gets too burned to work, and are drawing attention to the case of the late Jean Harlow, whose long series of illnesses that finally led to her death started with an attack of sunburn poisoning a year ago.

The latest victim is Bette Davis. Bette, rundown from overwork, went to Santa Barbara for a complete rest by the sea, and spent several hours each day on the beach.

Result was she became violently ill from sunstroke and sunburn poisoning, and must remain in complete seclusion in a darkened room for at least four weeks, by her doctor's order.

* * *

WALLACE BEERY is the latest Hollywoodite to be annoyed with threats of kidnapping. A letter delivered to his home demanded a prompt payment of £2000 on threat of harm to Carol Ann, his four-year-old adopted daughter. Carol Ann and Mrs. Beery are staying at the Beery residence while Wallace is away on location.

Police regard the threat as the work of another crank. A number of mysterious telephone calls have been received in the past few days at the Beery home.

DOTS and DASHES

● Jane Withers, the demon child of the screen, is a gentle little soul in real life, but Freddie Bartholomew, the screen's little gentleman, wrecks furniture when he is annoyed. ● Robert Montgomery has backed out of Katharine Hepburn's next picture, "Bringing Up Baby," so she is still seeking a leading man. ● Set furniture is built extra high for Kay Francis' films in order to make the star appear shorter. ● Mary Boland, always absent-minded, discovered that she bought enough furniture for her new home to fill three houses, so she is building a ten-roomed guest house on the next lot. ● Anne Shirley's beautiful performance in "Stella Dallas" is attributed to inspiration. Her boy friend, John Payne, sat on the set and watched her act for six consecutive weeks. ● Fred MacMurray has applied for a pistol permit because he's having a rifle-range set up on the property of his new home in Bel Air. ● Carole Lombard has had three white shark-skin riding-habits made for use during the warm weather.

A SKIN SPECIALIST EXPLAINS

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Remove old polish with Cutex Oily Polish Remover. Its lubricating action benefits the nail and cuticle. Then apply the new Cutex Polish that flows on more smoothly... wears longer...and is usable to the last drop.

You'll want to choose one of the Cutex "smoky" shades that are so soft and glowing—so flattering to your hands—

Old Rose Mauve
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There are thousands of other men and women of my age, who live in the same conditions as I do, yet they do not have to put up with this awful agony.

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LOOK TO YOUR KIDNEYS

The kidneys are wonderful filters of the waste matter which is being constantly formed in the body. But if the kidneys get run-down through a chill, weakness, or as the result of some illness or over-indulgence, you soon become aware of something wrong. First, occasional pains shoot through the limbs, the back will ache, the urine will look muddy or otherwise discoloured. Later come pains in the joints and muscles.

So it is obvious that no real relief can come, until the cause of the impurities in the blood—improperly working of weak kidneys—is remedied.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are specially compounded to restore sick kidneys to health. Working gently but efficiently, they bring the kidneys back to health, reduce the inflammation, and so tone them up that they are able once again to do their work—remove the waste matter from the system—and your Rheumatism goes with it.

Not only do you lose those agonising and crippling pains, but you feel stronger, younger and more vigorous, because the poisons in your blood which were hampering your health, have been removed.

You owe it to yourself to take a course of—

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PRIVATE VIEWS

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . no good.

★★★ EASY LIVING

Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold. (Paramount.)

EVER since the New Deal began, American films have tended to make fun of big business, and it has never been done better than in this dazzling farce.

Burly Edward Arnold is a preposterous banker who is always tangled up in the telephones on his desk and is bewildered by simple arithmetic.

When he throws a very expensive fur coat off the roof of his house during a row with his wife, it lands on Jean Arthur's head as she sits on the top of a bus.

This coat leads to a belief that she is the great man's girl friend. She is given a free suite by the proprietor of a luxury hotel that needs advertisement, and she is deluged with gifts from the shops.

Jean is much luckier than most young ladies who live at the expense of elderly bankers, because instead of being loved by the banker she is loved by his charming son (Ray Milland). In this wild fantasia she has a very easy life indeed.

The satire on the business world reaches a climax when a casual remark from Jean causes steel to collapse on the stock market.

It is hard to say whether the acting or the direction or the script has most to do with the consummate success of the film.

Luis Alberni, as the hysterical hotel proprietor, grimaces through an agonisingly funny performance, and Franklin Pangborn is an excruciating hat-salesman.

The action is full of original comic business—at the moment, for example, when Jean is fired from the staff of "The Boy's Constant Companion" and smashes over the editor's head a portrait of the Ideal American Boy.

Fine direction, with perfect timing and management, went to the making of many scenes, such as the riot in the cafeteria.

Even the decorations are witty—Jean's hotel suite is a delicious parody of Hollywood luxury.

You must not miss this; it is far the best of its sophisticated kind since "My Man Godfrey."—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ THE TOAST OF NEW YORK

Edward Arnold, Cary Grant, Frances Farmer, Jack Oakie. (R.K.O.)

IF you intend to make your little boy a financier, keep him away from this gay costume picture, because the tone of it is unmoral.

It is about the career of Jim Fisk, a criminal operator on the New York Stock Exchange in the days just after the American Civil War, when the "Wall Street wolves" fought at their fiercest for the control of the new railroads.

But as played by Edward Arnold this crooked financier is a delightful "Champagne Charlie," and his illegal activities with his partner Daniel Drew (Donald Meek) are presented as a series of merry escapades.

Jack Oakie, as one of his lieutenants, is another lovable scoundrel, and is pleasantly absurd in his efforts to drill Fisk's private army of gangsters.

But the sentimental side of the film is very inferior. Fisk's love for the actress Josie Mansfield (Frances Farmer), on whom he spends a fortune, has not the slightest reality. Edward Arnold, otherwise a fine character player, behaves hc.: more like a boisterous uncle than a lover. Frances Farmer is equally wooden whether she is being adored by Arnold or by Cary Grant, his friend. And Cary Grant fails completely to make anything dramatic out of the conflict between loyalty to a friend and love of his friend's girl.

Week's Best Release

"EASY LIVING."

The best sophisticated farce of the year.

You will never believe in these fancy-dress magnates for a moment. Still, their intrigues furnish riotous comedy and lively action, which reaches its height when Jim Fisk's attempt to corner the gold market causes panic on the Stock Exchange and his own assassination.—Plaza; showing.

★★ LOVE UNDER FIRE

Loretta Young, Don Ameche. (Fox.)

THE background of this picture is the Spanish war, but if you expect to feel the grim excitement of that tragic struggle you will be disappointed.

The war is handled in a very half-hearted way—because, of course, producer Darryl Zanuck is frightened of offending the millions of people who sympathise passionately with one side or the other.

So he has resorted to an old Hollywood trick for dealing with ticklish subjects—he has passed it all off as a joke.

The joke seems to be aimed at the rebel side. The Spanish officers in the film (of whom John Carradine is the most prominent) are a set of musical comedy desperadoes who execute anybody, including one another, on the slightest pretext.

In their efforts to escape from these homicidal clowns, the adventures of Don Ameche and Loretta Young are fairly exciting.

Ameche is a Scotland Yard man who has to escort Loretta Young, a jewel thief, back to England, and falls in love with her on the way.

Neither of the stars has much personality, but they are efficient. And a busy plot with some unusual comedy raises the picture a little above the average.

Apart from the Spanish officers the person who contributes the most laughs is E. E. Clive, as the British sea-captain who helps the lovers to escape. This nice old eccentric performs a wedding ceremony of his own composition, full of deep-sea language.

Borrah Minevitch and his mouth-organists come in at intervals with spectacular syncopation. — State; showing.

★ HOT WATER

The Jones Family. (Fox.)

PICTURES featuring the Jones Family have a warm and homely atmosphere which suffuses their commonplace stories so pleasantly that they must be classed among the more attractive supporting comedies.

In this one Jones, sen. (Jed Prouty) stands for Mayor, and fights a campaign against a roadhouse where young people are led astray.

The only one of the family whom it is hard to take to your heart is Roger (George Ernest), the boy who knows everything and fixes everything.

He is supernaturally clever, while his relations are delightfully natural and often foolish.

The best part of the film is a dream by Poppa Jones, in which he sees his family in prison uniform, tramping past to the accompaniment of very amusing sound effects, all doing time for a slander which has been published by little Roger in his toy newspaper.

The cast know each other so well that they manage to create a real family sentiment without any maudlin exaggeration. The continuity of the series of pictures is also partly due to their being produced regularly in the same house.—State; showing.

★ WINE, WOMEN AND HORSES

Barton MacLane, Ann Sheridan. (Warner Bros.)

THE old story of the racing addict whose wife tries to keep him away from the horses is revived here in a mediocre production.

Nobody will feel any surprise when Barton MacLane's wife (Peggy Bates) goes home to mother, or when her husband turns up destitute, makes good resolutions, but finally goes back to his horsy friends for ever.

Chief of these is charming Ann Sheridan, and we cannot blame punter MacLane for choosing her in preference to his good, but very dreary, little helpmate.

It all works out satisfactorily in the end, because MacLane acquires not only Ann Sheridan, but also a horse that wins him plenty of money, while his anti-gambling wife is comforted by an old sweetheart.

With very little humor and no real emotion, the picture has nevertheless a sufficient quota of turf thrills to keep you awake.—Capitol; showing.

★ SAINTS IN EXILE

George Bancroft. (Columbia.)

ANOTHER melodrama to wash America's dirty linen—this time the "religion racket."

George Bancroft gives a vigorous portrait of a gangster who pretends to reform, and opens business in his small home town as an evangelist called "The Voice of Your Conscience."

His tabernacle, radio station, and blackmail connection are running well when he hears the voice of his own conscience, and decides to go straight.

Evelyn Venable is the good influence who prevails, and Wynne Gibson the wisecracking lady who tries to keep him a bad man.

Returning after a considerable absence from pictures, Wynne teams well with tough Bancroft, and adds a needed comic flavor to this conventional tale of gunmen.—Lyric; showing.

★ MIDNIGHT MADONNA

Warren William, Kitty Clancy. (Paramount.)

HERE is further evidence, if any is needed, that mother-love is not a good subject for films.

The grief of Mady Correll as she struggles for custody of her little daughter (Kitty Clancy) would not move the most soft-hearted audience.

The film's chief interest is the debut of Kitty Clancy, the little four-year-old blonde whom Paramount hope to groom into importance.

Kitty is a sweet child, but has no individuality as yet.

The film comes to life when Warren William, a professional gambler, kidnaps the judge who has handed Kitty into her father's custody, and proves to him that perjury was committed in the custody case.

It is hard luck for Mady Correll that her first screen part (she acts on the New York stage) should be the kind in which nearly every actress fails.—Prince Edward; showing.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

Chronic Skin Diseases

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Hundreds of readers throughout Australia write praising in the highest terms the skill of Mr. R. Richard Diamond, the well-known chemist of Bondi, whose successful treatment of long-standing skin diseases is a high tribute to his knowledge of Dermatology.

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Monkey Brand gets rid of all the dirt yet leaves surfaces unscratched, fresh and glossy. The fine particles of Monkey Brand make sure of *smooth*-cleaning—and its rich soap content makes rinsing quick and easy.

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SOCIETY BEAUTIES' DISCOVERY....

For smart women wintering in the South of France, Coty of Paris created special summer shades of lipstick. Australian society women, travelling abroad, heard about them in the exclusive beauty salons of Cannes, Mentone and Nice, and realised that these were the perfect lipsticks for Australian summers too. So now, back home, they are asking for them and Coty have sent out special supplies.

These are now available everywhere in the new stylish platinum-tone container — the "Continentale" . . . seven shades altogether. Price complete, 6/9 . . . ask to see them —to-day. Also available, "Rubens," 3/-, and "Gitane," 5/-.

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HOW lovely and fresh you feel after a bath with Wright's Coal Tar Soap! Its more costly materials and rich antiseptic lather cleanse pores thoroughly, removing every trace of dirt and danger. Wright's leaves your skin *really* clean; gives you day-long freshness.

Wright's is the *only* toilet soap that's gained the Blue Seal of Merit, highest award of the Institute of Hygiene. It is the toilet soap that doctors themselves use more than any other.

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WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

No More Piles

Thousands Bless Dr. Leonhardt, the Specialist Who Discovered This Commonsense Remedy.

If you think that the surgeon's knife is the only method of escape from the misery of piles, it's because you haven't heard of the new treatment known as Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid.

This doctor's treatment is internal. By experimenting for years he discovered the exact cause of piles, and then went further and compounded a remedy that would remove the cause.

Dr. Leonhardt wants every sufferer to benefit by his discovery, and so that there will be no doubting or delay, all chemists are authorised to sell Vaculoid with guarantee that it will do as stated or money back.

On that honourable basis every sufferer should secure a package of Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid to-day.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Happiness Ahead for Librans

If there is one thing more than another that Libra people need, it is encouragement and a promise of success and happiness.

In the main, these people are too easily influenced by existing conditions and by fears and doubts, and unless their affairs seem favorable and desirable they are inclined to give up the fight before it has really begun.

Give them hope and a chance of happiness, however, and there is hardly a goal in life which they cannot attain.

LIBRA people are those whose birthdays fall between September 23 and October 24; also, to a slightly lesser degree, those during whose birth hour this sign of the zodiac was rising over the eastern horizon.

Love and romance always loom large in the Libran life. Companionship and affection are really necessary to their complete happiness and success. Venus, the planet of love and beauty, is their planetary ruler and automatically endows a great desire to both give and receive affection and goodwill.

Kind and Affectionate

LIBRANS always find someone or something upon which to bestow a wealth of love. In fact, they are inclined to be almost too loving and too anxious to please and help others. It encourages imposition and selfishness on the part of their associates, and often leads to much unhappiness.

Another thing that those of this sign should realise is that the idealising of loved ones is generally a mistake. It makes unfair demands upon the private lives of other people.

Librans are rather inclined to place people on pedestals and to be annoyed if they topple off again.

Truth to tell, the best thing Librans can do to give vent to their inherent kindliness and affection is to devote much of their time to humane work of some kind—whether as a hobby or an avocation matters little. It will enable them to express their sympathy and desire to help others.

It is these attributes which help Librans to become some of the finest physicians, nurses, preachers, judges, lawyers, teachers and advisers in the world.

Many unhappy or unmarried Librans will find that 1937 has or will produce additional happiness, new friendships and attractions, and a greater peace of mind than has existed for some time past. Many engagements and weddings should eventuate for these people before the year ends.

For others of this sign there will be attractive business partnerships or promotions and much activity through new enterprises and interests.

Librans already wedded should try to improve existing conditions, however desirable, by planning still better marital conditions for the partner. Such efforts will be boomerangs bringing additional happiness to themselves.

Harmony Necessary

WHEN considering marriage or business partnerships, the people of this sign should be more cautious than most. Partnership of some kind is essential to their full happiness, but harmony is also necessary—and not always as easy of accomplishment.

Librans will usually find that their most congenial companions were born between May 22 and June 22 under the sign Gemini; or between January 20 and February 19, under the sign Aquarius. They should also find harmony with Leonians (July 23 to August 24); Sagittarians (November 23 to December 22), and those of their own sign, Libra (September 23 to October 24). There is also a strong attraction to Arians (March 21 to April 21), but estrangements are possible unless arguments are avoided.

Librans have it within themselves to be happier than those of most other signs. They should see to it that they utilise this gift.

Wife as Back Seat Driver is an Asset

By Air Mail from Our New York Office

THE wife in her capacity as a back seat driver has at last come into her own.

"Every man should have a back seat driver," says Dr. Harry R. DeSilva, of the Bureau of Street Traffic Research at Harvard University. "They make for safer driving."

Men are better drivers when they have their wives in the back seat directing traffic, according to Dr. DeSilva.

He went further than that. H. said that of the two sexes, women were the safer drivers, but he emphasised that men are more skilful drivers. There is a distinction between the two.

The Daily Diary

TRY to use this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Live quietly and try to avoid partings, losses, disappointments and arguments. Make no changes. Be particularly cautious on October 5, 6 (early), 11, and 12.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Use October 11 and 12 to complete matters already started, but live quietly on October 6, 7, and 8.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Work hard on October 5 and 6 (very early). Put important plans into operation then. Make changes, seek promotion. Be energetic and confident, but live quietly on October 9, 10 and 11 (early).

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Continue to live very cautiously, especially on October 5, 6 (early), 11 and 12. Difficulties and delays may beset you then. Routine work best.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Quite fair on October 9 and 10.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Just fair on October 11 and 12. Routine best on October 9 and 10.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Be sure to turn October 5 and 6 (very early) to good account. Work hard, make changes, seek advancement. Opportunities and benefits are possible.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Fair on October 6, 7, and 8.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Fair on October 9 and 10.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Caution will pay you well on October 5 and 6 (morning). Take no risks, for difficulties and losses may follow over-confidence. Let important matters wait.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Do not waste October 5. Opportunities can produce results then. Go after the things you want. Ask favors, make changes or important decisions. Be enterprising then, but be cautious on October 6, 7 and 8.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Routine work best this week, though October 6, 7, and 8 can be fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

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HELP FIGHT DENTAL DECAY SCOURGE!

"Dental Decay Scourge—Graver than Cancer or T.B."

(Extract from "Sun"—August 16)

7 VITAL RULES FOR THE CARE OF YOUR TEETH

The most prominent speakers at the Australian Dental Congress agreed that one of the main causes of this dental decay scourge is the lack of CALCIUM in the Australian diet. AUSTRALIANS MUST LEARN HOW TO INCLUDE MORE CALCIUM-BEARING FOODS IN THEIR DIET. This was the general verdict. The following 7 rules have been scientifically planned to help you do this.

7 Vital Rules Which Will Help You Save Your Teeth

1. Prenatal diet shou. include wholemeal bread, milk (particularly rich in calcium), butter, eggs, salads, green vegetables, fresh fruits. (Teeth begin to form seven months before a child is born.)
2. Teeth-strengthening foods for children: Milk, butter, eggs, salads, vegetables and fruits.
3. Teeth-strengthening foods for adults: Milk, fish, eggs, salads, fruits, cheese, greens and vegetables. All are rich in calcium and phosphorus.
4. Exercise for teeth and jaws is essential. Choose foods which provoke much chewing.
5. Obtain Vitamin D from Cod Liver Oil, Halivol, milk, egg yolk, and greens; also by sun-bathing. (Vitamin D enables the body to deliver lime and phosphorus to your bones.)
6. Visit your dentist every six months for dental inspection. This is essential.
7. Clean your teeth at least twice a day with Euthymol—the GERMICIDAL Tooth Paste.

Be Sure You Use a Germicidal Paste. Euthymol Destroys Dental Decay Germs Within Thirty Seconds.

It is most important that you select a *germicidal* dentifrice rather than a dentifrice which is simply and solely a polishing agent or detergent.

Euthymol Tooth Paste is standardised to a definite bacteriological power. And every batch of Euthymol is given a strict bacteriological test.

The countless tiny crevices between your teeth and gums, and the moisture and warmth of your mouth, provide an ideal breeding place for bacteria. In following the 7 rules for the care of your teeth, remember to brush them frequently. Use Euthymol, and you will make that brushing doubly effective. Euthymol foams through into the most inaccessible crevices between the teeth. It causes a germicidal action to take place that destroys germs within less than thirty seconds' contact.

The Rideal-Walker Test Proves Greater Value of Euthymol.

This is no idle claim. The Rideal-Walker Test is a standard method used in the evaluation of germicides and antiseptics. In this method the antiseptic properties of Euthymol Tooth Paste against the Bacillus typhosus are compared with those of pure phenol. The minimum standard required is a phenol co-efficient of 0.14, which implies that the tooth paste has a germicidal action equivalent to that of a theoretical 14 per cent. solution of phenol.

Free New Booklet—"How To Save Your Teeth"

250,000 copies of the new authoritative booklet, "How to Save Your Teeth," have been released to all chemists. Go to your chemist and ask him for a tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste, price 1/3 at all chemists. Ask your chemist to give you a *free* copy of this new booklet, "How to Save Your Teeth." This booklet was published in the interests of the general public, and should be read by everyone in your family.***

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No. 4 of Our Great Medical Series . . . . By a Specialist

YOUR NERVES—
Why they GO WRONG

When Love and Business Upset Mental Equilibriums

"Nerves" are said to be the logical outcome of modern civilisation — a payment exacted by Nature for the increased pace at which the present generation lives.

This is not strictly true; previous generations were faced by the same social and domestic problems as we face to-day.

How these latter factors underlie most cases of "nervous breakdown," and the modern view of the treatment of such cases, is outlined in the plainspoken article below—another of the special series prepared for The Australian Women's Weekly in collaboration with leading specialists.

THE BUSINESS MAN finds he cannot think clearly or concentrate . . .

THE SPOILT CHILD COMPLEX . . a sure subject for "nerves."

No. 4—Nerves and Nervous Diseases

By A Specialist

BEFORE going into details a few words should be said about nerves themselves.

Nerves are simply a network by which impulses are conveyed from various parts of the body to the brain, and vice versa. There is also an automatic network which controls certain bodily processes, such as the heart-beat and breathing.

Should anything go wrong with the working of either of these systems, grave results will follow. There are a number of well-known conditions which cause such interference, and the usual sequel is loss of sensation, or of the use of certain muscles, or both.

A "stroke" (the result of a blood-vessel bursting in the brain), or the failure of the mental faculties due to senile decay, may be quoted as examples of an actual breakdown of the nervous system.

But the popular use of the term "nervous breakdown" is to describe conditions which are not primarily caused by nerve trouble at all, but which are actually derangements of the personality or mentality.

Here again two broad distinctions can be drawn. There are cases due to physical causes, and those due to mental causes. But these two classes insensibly shade into and involve each other.

Some modern specialists even insist that all cases of "nerves" are primarily mental, and that their origin dates back to an early period of the patient's life—possibly to childhood.

This is an extreme view. Cases actually occur in which there are nervous breakdowns directly due to bodily exhaustion, following a long period of stress. To explain the matter more clearly, let us consider three typical cases.

A woman marries, in her early twenties, a man with whom she is not in love. The marriage, as a matter of fact, provides an escape from a life at home which was unhappy because of poverty. The man she marries is a skilled worker, who, when conditions are good, earns comparatively large amounts of money.

The pair settle down to a contented existence based on mutual affection and tolerance, the basis of most successful unions.

Two children are born. Then a depression sets in, and the husband loses his job. The couple are forced to sell their home and take rooms in a slum suburb. Their savings slowly vanish. The husband eventually goes on relief work. The family just exists and no more.

The wife's nerves "rapidly go to pieces." She grows restless and irritable. She "nags" constantly at her husband and children. She loses her appetite. She cannot sleep. She becomes permanently tired, suffers from headaches, and on the least provocation breaks into gusts of anger or weeping.

Finally she "breaks down"—collapses in a hysterical fit, becomes temporarily delirious, and a doctor is summoned.

The second case is in a way the reverse picture. A business man, of average ability, but lacking in strength of character, is continually being spurred on by an ambitious wife and pleasure-loving daughters to improve his finances.

TOO MANY PARTIES . . . that's another way to develop "nerves."

All his life he has been in secondary positions and has worked well in them under the direction of others. At last, due to his wife's urging, he starts in business for himself. He is soon in difficulties. His reserve of capital vanishes. He falls into debt.

He worries day and night over his position. He cannot sleep. He loses his appetite. He forces himself to do extra work at night, flogging his brains with black coffee. His hands tremble. He finds he cannot think clearly or concentrate. He antagonises his staff and clients with outbursts of irritable temper. His memory begins to fail. He has spells of dizziness and weakness.

Finally he collapses one morning at his office, and another case of "nervous breakdown" goes on record.

The third case is simpler, or, rather, looks so at first sight. A young woman reared in a well-to-do family, given practically a "free hand" by her parents, lives a life of pleasure, cramming her existence with social engagements and dances, "turning night into day." She becomes a chain-smoker of cigarettes, swallows cocktails and mixed drinks at all-night parties without "turning a hair," and is ready for the next revel on the morrow.

Soon her friends and relatives notice a change in her manner. She is alternately excited and depressed, loses weight, and becomes liable to emotional outbursts in which she makes unjustified accusations against her friends.

She is implored to live a quieter life for a spell, and tries to do so.

Please turn to Page 52

Choose a cool . . . crease-resisting **CHESRO** *frock*

If you love well-styled, well-cut summer frocks you really should see these Chesro models. They're so smart, so exquisitely fresh looking. Better still, they stay fresh because they are made of Tootal fabrics and are treated by a patent crease-resisting process. Wash after wash, Chesro frocks come up like new, their colours as bright as ever. There are no fabrics like Tootal's for service! Ask your shop for Chesro Frocks.

B21—A very beautiful tailoring linen—The model shown is one of many attractive designs obtainable in Tootal Linen.

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B3—A beautiful tailoring linen in a very attractive belted style, with laced pockets. This model in Tootal Linen has crease resisting power.

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Continuing THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 11

DENNY shrugged his shoulders. "He's afraid to ask the council for anything in case they dock his wretched salary to pay for it."

There was a silence. Andrew had a warm desire that the conversation might continue. Despite his hostility towards Denny, he found a strange stimulus in the other's pessimism, in his scepticism, his cold and measured cynicism. Yet now he had no pretext on which to prolong his stay. He got up from his seat at the table and moved towards the door, concealing his feelings, striving to express a formal gratitude, to give some indication of his relief.

"I'm much obliged for the information. You've let me see how I stand. I was worried about the origin, thought I might be dealing with a carrier, but since you've localised it to the well it's a lot simpler. From now on every drop of water in Glydar Place is going to be boiled."

On the tenth day of November, Denny unexpectedly rang him up.

"Manson! I'd like to see you.

LARGE HATS are being worn this season as shown by Alice Faye, a 20th Century-Fox player. This is of navy ballibuntal with a cut-out brim and a satin swathing. A frock to tone completes the ensemble.

Can you come to my place at three o'clock ? It's important."

"Very well. I'll be there."

Andrew went into lunch thoughtfully. As he ate the cottage pie that was his portion he felt Blodwen Page's eye fastened on him in a bright and overbearing stare.

"Who was that on the phone? So it was Denny, eh? You don't have to go around with that feller. He's no use at all."

He faced her coldly. "On the contrary, I've found him a great deal of use."

"Go on with you, doctor!" As usual, when opposed, Blodwen sparked out spitefully. "He's reg-lar quee-ar. Mostly he don't give medicine at all. Why, when Megan Rhys Morgan, what's had to have medicine all her life, went to him he told her to walk two mile up the mountain every day and stop bogging herself with hogswash. These was his very words. She came to us after. I can tell you, and has had bottles and bottles of splendid medicine from Jenkins ever since. Oh! he's a low insultin' devil. 'E's got a wife somewhere by all accounts. Not livin' with him. See! Mostly he's drunk also. You leave him alone, doctor, and remember you're working for Doctor Page."

As she flung the familiar injunction at his head Andrew felt a quick rush of anger sweep over him. He was doing his utmost to please her, yet there seemed no limit to her demands. Her attitude, whether alternating between suspicion or jollity, seemed always designed to get the last ounce out of him and to give as little as possible in return.

His first month's pay was already three days overdue, perhaps an oversight upon her part, yet one which had worried and annoyed him considerably. At the sight of her there, greasily buxom, tight with good living, sitting in judgment upon Denny, his feelings got the better of him. He said with sudden heat: "I'd be more likely to remember that I'm working for Doctor Page if I had my month's salary, Mrs. Page."

She reddened so quickly that he was sure the matter lay in the forefront of her mind. Then she tossed her head defiantly. "You shall have it. The idea!"

For the rest of the meal she sat in a huff, not looking at him, as though he had insulted her.

He walked slowly up the street towards Denny's lodgings.

When he entered Denny's room, he saw immediately that the occasion was not one for academic discussion. Philip received him in morose silence with a gloomy eye and a darkened forehead. Then, after a moment, he said:

"Young Jones died this morning at seven o'clock. Perforation." He spoke quietly, with a still, cold fury. "And I have two new enterics in Yatradrow."

Andrew dropped his eyes, sympathising, yet hardly knowing what to say.

"Don't look so smug about it," Denny went on bitterly. "It's sweet for you to see my cases go wrong and yours recover. But it won't be so pretty when that cursed sewer leaks your way."

"No, no! Honestly, I'm sorry," Andrew said impulsively. "We'll have to do something about it. We must write to the Ministry of Health."

"We could write a dozen letters," Philip answered, with grim restraint, "and all we'd get would be a doddering commissioner down here in six months' time. No! I've thought it all out. There's only one way to make them build a new sewer."

"How?"

"Blow up the old one!"

For a second Andrew wondered if Denny had taken leave of his senses. Then he perceived something of the other's hard intention. He stared at him in consternation. Try as he might to reconstruct his changing ideas, Denny seemed fated to demolish them. He muttered: "There'll be a heap of trouble—if it's found out."

Denny glanced up arrogantly. "You needn't come in with me, if you don't want to."

"Oh, I'm coming in with you," Andrew answered slowly. "But Heaven only knows why!"

All that afternoon Manson went about his work fretfully regretting the promise he had given. He was a madman, this Denny, who would, sooner or later, involve him in serious trouble. It was a dreadful thing that he now proposed, a breach of the law which, if discovered, would bring them into the police court and might even cause them to be scored off the medical register.

A TREMOR of sheer horror passed over Andrew at the thought of his beautiful career, stretching so shiningly before him, suddenly cut short, ruined. He cursed Philip violently, swore inwardly a dozen times that he would not go.

Yet, for some strange and complex reason, he would not, could not, draw back.

At eleven o'clock that night Denny and he started out in company with the mongrel Hawkins for the end of Chapel Street. It was very dark, with a gusty wind and a fine spatter of rain which blew into their faces at the street corners. Denny had made his plan and timed it carefully. The late shift at the mine had gone in an hour ago. A few lads hung about old Thomas' fish shop at the top end but otherwise the street was deserted.

The two men and the dog moved quietly. In the pocket of his heavy overcoat, Denny had six sticks of dynamite especially stolen for him that afternoon from the powder shed at the quarry by Tom Seager, his landlady's son.

Andrew carried six cocoa tins each with a hole bored in the lid, an electric torch, and a length of fuse. Slouching along, coat-collar turned up, one eye directed apprehensively across his shoulder, his mind a whirl of conflicting emotions, he gave only the curtest answers to Denny's brief remarks.

Immediately above Glydar Place they reached the main manhole of the sewer, a rusty iron cover set in rotten concrete, and there they set to work. The gangrenous cover had not been disturbed for years, but, after a struggle, they prised it up. Then Andrew shone the torch discreetly into the odorous depths, where on the crumbled stonework a dirty stream flowed slimily.

"Pretty, isn't it?" Denny rasped. "Take a look at the cracks in that pointing. Take a last look, Manson."

No more was said. Inexplicably, Andrew's mood had changed, and he was conscious now of a wild upswing of elation, a determination equal to Denny's own. People were dying of this festering abomination, and petty officialdom had done nothing. It was not the moment for the bedside manner and a niggling bottle of physic!

They began to deal swiftly with the cocoa tins, slipping a stick of dynamite in each. Fuses of graduated lengths were cut and attached. A match flared in the darkness, startling in its harsh illumination of Denny's pale, hard face, his own shaking hands. Then the first fuse spluttered. One by one the live cocoa tins were floating down the sluggish current, those with the longest fuses going first.

Andrew could not see clearly. His heart was thudding with excitement. It might not be orthodox medicine, but it was the best moment he had ever known. As the last tin went in with its short fuse fizzing, Hawkins took it into his head to hunt a rat.

There was a breathless interlude, filled with the yapping of the dog and the fearful possibilities of an explosion beneath their feet, while they chased and captured him. Then the manhole cover was flung back, and they raced frantically thirty yards up the street.

They had barely reached the corner of Radnor Place and stopped to look round when bang! the first can went off.

"We've done it, Denny!" Andrew gasped exultantly.

He had a sense of comradeship with the other man; he wanted to grip him by the hand, to shout aloud.

Then swiftly, beautifully, the muffled explosions followed—two, three, four, five, and the last a glorious detonation that must have been at least a quarter of a mile down the valley.

"There!" said Denny in a suppressed voice, as though all the secret bitterness of his life escaped into that single word. "That's the end of one bit of rottenness!"

HE had barely spoken before the commotion broke. Doors and windows were flung open, shedding light upon the darkened roadway. People ran out of their houses. In a minute the street was thronged.

At first the cry went up that it was an explosion at the mine. But this was quickly contradicted—the sounds had come from down the valley. Arguments arose and shouted speculations. A party of men set out with lanterns to explore. The hubbub and confusion made the night ring.

Under cover of the darkness and the noise Denny and Manson started to dodge home by the back ways. There was a singing triumph in Andrew's blood.

Before eight o'clock next morning Doctor Griffiths arrived upon the scene by car, fat, veal-faced and verging upon panic, summoned from his warm bed with much blasphemy by Councillor Glyn Morgan. Griffiths might refuse to answer the calls of the local doctors, but there was no denying the angry command of Glyn Morgan.

And, indeed, Glyn Morgan had cause for anger. The councillor's new villa half a mile down the valley had, over-night, become surrounded by a moat of more than medieval squalor. For half an hour the councillor, supported by his adherents, Hamar Davies and Deawn Roberts, told their medical officer, in voices audible to many, exactly what they thought of him.

At the end of it, wiping his forehead, Griffiths tottered over to Denny, who, with Manson, stood among the interested and edified crowd. Andrew had a sudden qualm at the approach of the health officer. A troubled night had left him less elated. In the cold light of morning abashed by the havoc of the torn-up road, he was again uncomfortable, nervously perturbed. But Griffiths was in no condition to be suspicious.

Please turn to Next Page

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THE CITADEL

Continued from Previous Page

"MAN, man," he quavered to Philip, "we'll have to get that new sewer for you straight off now."

Denny's face remained expressionless. "I warned you about that months ago," he said frigidly. "Don't you remember?"

"Yes, yes, indeed! But how was I to guess the wretched thing would blow up this way? It's a mystery to me how it all happened."

Denny looked at him coolly. "Where's your knowledge of public health, doctor? Don't you know these sewer gases are highly inflammable?"

The construction of the new sewer was begun on the following Monday.

It was three months later and a fine March afternoon. The promise of spring scented the soft breeze blowing across the mountains where vague streaks of green defied the dominating heaped and quarried ugliness. Under the crisp blue sky even Blaenelly was beautiful.

Andrew Manson arrived at Riskin Street and entered No. 3. Here he found the patient to be a small boy of nine years of age, named Joey Howells, who was exhibiting a mild, seasonal attack of measles. The case was of little consequence, yet because of the circumstances of the household, which was a poor one, it promised inconvenience to Joey's mother.

Howells himself, a day laborer at the quarries, had been laid up three months with pleurisy, for which no compensation was payable, and now Mrs. Howells, a delicate woman, already run off her feet attending to one invalid, in addition to her work of cleaning Bethesda Chapel, was called upon to make provision for another.

At the end of his visit as Andrew stood talking to her at the door of her house, he remarked with regret: "You have your hands full. It's a pity you must keep Idris home from school." Idris was Joey's younger brother.

Mrs. Howells raised her head quickly, a resigned little woman with shiny red hands and work-swollen finger knuckles.

"But Miss Barlow said I needn't have him back."

In spite of his sympathy Andrew felt a throb of annoyance. "Oh?" he inquired, "And who is Miss Barlow?"

"She's the teacher at Bank Street School," said the unsuspecting Mrs. Howells. "She come round to see me this morning. And seein' how hard put I was, she's let little Idris stop on in her class. Goodness only knows what I'd have done if I'd had him fallin' over me as well!"

Andrew had a sharp impulse to tell her that she must obey his instructions and not those of a meddling schoolmistress. However, he saw well enough that Mrs. Howells was not to blame. For the moment he made no comment, but as he took his leave and came down Riskin Street his face wore a resentful frown.

He hated interference, especially with his work, and beyond everything he hated interfering women. The more he thought of it the angrier he became. It was a distinct contravention of the regulations to keep Idris at school when Joey, his brother, was suffering from measles.

He decided suddenly to call upon this officious Miss Barlow and have the matter out with her.

Five minutes later he ascended the incline of Bank Street, walked into the school and, having inquired his way of the janitor, he found himself outside the classroom of Standard I. He knocked at the door, entered.

It was a large detached room, well ventilated, with a fire burning at one end. All the children were under seven.

HIS eyes fell upon the mistress at once. She was busy writing out sums upon the blackboard, her back towards him, and she did not immediately observe him. But suddenly she turned round.

She was so different from the intrusive female of his indignant fancy that he hesitated. Or perhaps it was the surprise in her fine eyes which made him immediately ill at ease. He flushed and said: "Are you Miss Barlow?"

"Yes." She looked smart and pretty in a gay blouse. His own age, he guessed, no, younger—about twenty-two. She inspected him, a little doubtful, faintly smiling, as though, weary of infantile arithmetic, she welcomed distraction on this fine spring day. "Aren't you Doctor Page's new assistant?"

"That's hardly the point," he answered stiffly, "though, as a matter of fact, I am Doctor Manson. I believe you have a contact here, Idris Howells. You know his brother has measles."

There was a pause. Her eyes, though questioning now, were persistently friendly. Brushing back her hair, she answered: "Yes, I know."

Her failure to take his visit seriously was sending his temper up again.

"Don't you realise it's quite against the rules to have him here?"

At his tone her color rose and she lost her air of comradeship. He could not help thinking how clear and fresh her skin, how clear and bright-eyed she was. She was very fragile in her mauve blouse, and ridiculously young. Now she was breathing rather quickly, yet she spoke slowly:

"Mrs. Howells was at her wits' end. Most of the children here have had measles. Those that haven't are sure to get it sooner or later. If Idris had stopped off he'd have missed his milk, which is doing him such a lot of good."

"It isn't a question of his milk," he snapped. "He ought to be isolated."

She answered stubbornly, "I have got him isolated—in a kind of way. If you don't believe me look for yourself."

He followed her glance. Idris, aged five, at a little desk all by himself near the fire, was looking extraordinarily pleased with life. His pale blue eyes goggled contentedly over the rim of his milk mug.

The sight infuriated Andrew. He laughed contemptuously, offensively. "That may be your idea of isolation. I'm afraid it isn't mine. You must send that child home at once."

Tiny points of light glinted in her eyes.

"Doesn't it occur to you that I'm the mistress of this class? You may be able to order people about in more exalted spheres. But here it's my word that counts."

He glared at her, with raging dignity. "You're breaking the law! You can't keep him here. If you do I'll have to report you."

She said disdainfully: "Then you had better report me. Or have me arrested. I've no doubt it will give you immense satisfaction."

For an instant they faced each other, so close he could see the soft beating in her neck, the gleam of her teeth between her parted lips. Then she said: "There's nothing more, is there?" She swung round tensely to the class. "Stand up, children, and say: 'Good-morning, Doctor Manson. Thank you for coming.'"

Please turn to Next Page

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Continuing THE CITADEL

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A CLATTER of chairs as the infanta rose and chanted her ironic bidding. His ears were burning as she escorted him to the door. He had an exasperating sense of discomfiture and added to it the wretched suspicion that he had behaved badly in losing his temper while she had so admirably controlled hers. He sought for a crushing phrase, some final intimidating repartee. But before that came the door closed quietly in his face.

Manson, after a furious evening during which he composed and tore up three vitriolic letters to the medical officer of health, tried to forget about the episode.

Yet, though he made the attempt, he could not so easily dismiss Christine Barlow from his mind.

It was absurd that a juvenile school mistress should so insistently occupy his thoughts or that he should be concerned by what she might think of him. He told himself it was a stupid case of injured pride.

He knew that he was shy and awkward with women.

He still saw her, crushing the chalk, her brown eyes warm with indignation. There were three small pearly buttons on the front of her blouse. Her figure was thin and agile, with a firm economy of line which spoke to him of much hard running and tauntless skipping in her childhood.

He did not ask himself if she were pretty. It was enough that she stood, spare and living, before the screen of his sight. And his heart would turn unwillingly, with a kind of sweet oppression which he had never known before.

A fortnight later he was walking down Chapel Street in a fit of abstraction when he almost bumped into Mrs. Bramwell at the corner of Station Road. He would have gone on without recognising her. She, however, stopped at once, and hailed him, dazzling him with her smile.

"Why, Doctor Manson! The very man I'm looking for. I'm giving one of my little social evenings to-night. You'll come, won't you?"

Gladys Bramwell was a corn-haired lady of thirty-five, showily dressed, with a full figure, baby blue eyes and girlish ways. Gladys described herself romantically as a man's woman. Doctor Bramwell doted upon her, and it was rumored that only his blind fondness prevented him from observing her more than skittish preoccupation with Doctor Gabell, from Tonigian.

As Andrew scanned her he sought hurriedly for an evasion. "I'm afraid, Mrs. Bramwell, I can't possibly get away to-night."

"But you must, silly. I've got such nice people coming. Mr. and Mrs. Watkins from the mine and," a conscious smile escaped her, "Doctor Gabell from Tonigian—oh, and I almost forgot, the little school-teacher, Christine Barlow."

A shiver passed over Manson. He smiled foolishly. "Why, of course I'll come, Mrs. Bramwell. Thank you very much for asking me." He managed to sustain her conversation for a few moments until she departed. But for the remainder of the day he could think of nothing but the fact that he was going to see Christine Barlow again.

Mrs. Bramwell's "evening" began at nine o'clock, the late hour being chosen out of consideration for the medical gentlemen who might be detained at their surgeries. It was, in fact, a quarter past nine when Andrew finished his last consultation. Hurriedly, he splashed himself in the surgery sink, tugged back his hair with the broken comb, and hastened to The Retreat.

He reached the house which, belying its idyllic name, was a small brick dwelling in the middle of the town, to find that he was the last arrival. Mrs. Bramwell, chiding him brightly, led the way, followed by her five guests and her husband, into supper.

It was a cold meal, spread out on paper d'oyleys on the fumed oak table. Mrs. Bramwell prided herself upon being a hostess, something of a leader in style in Blaenelly.

She always inferred that her background, prior to her marriage to Doctor Bramwell, had been one of excessive luxury. To-night, as they sat down, she glittered: "Now! Has everybody got what they want?"

Andrew, breathless from his haste, was at first deeply embarrassed. For a full ten minutes he dared not look at Christine.

At last, driven by a laughing allusion from Watkins: "Are ye still my Yorkshire lass, Miss Christine?" he lifted his head jealously, looked at her, found her so intimately there, in a soft grey dress with white at the neck and cuffs, that he was stricken and withdrew his eyes lest she should read them.

Defensively, scarcely knowing what he said, he began to devote himself to his neighbor, Mrs. Watkins, a little wisp of a woman who had brought her knitting.

FOR the remainder of the meal he endured the anguish of talking to one person when he longed to talk to another.

The arrival of the claret-cup created a diversion. By this time it was eleven o'clock, and Andrew reflected miserably that he had not exchanged a word with Christine all night.

Outside, he stood at the gate. He felt that he must speak to her. The thought of the long wasted evening, in which he had meant so easily, so pleasantly to put things right between them, weighed on him like lead.

Though she had not seemed to look at him, she had been there, near him, in the same room and he had kept his eyes doltishly upon his boots. He thought wretchedly: I'm worse than the fallen star. I'd better get home and go to bed.

But he did not. He remained there, his pulse racing suddenly as she came down the steps and walked towards him, alone. He gathered all his strength and stammered: "Miss Barlow, may I see you home?"

"I'm afraid," she paused, "I've promised to wait for Mr. and Mrs. Watkins."

His heart sank. He felt like turning away, a beaten dog. Yet something still held him. His face was pale, but his chin had a firm line. The words came tumbling one upon another with a rush.

"I only want to say that I'm sorry about the Howells affair. I came round to give a cheap exhibition of authority. I ought to be kicked—hard. What you did about the kid was splendid. I admire you for it. After all, it's better to observe the spirit than the letter of the law. Sorry to bother you with all this, but I had to say it. Good night!"

He could not see her face. Nor did he wait for her answer. He swung round and walked down the road. For the first time in many days he felt happy.

Andrew had never before thought seriously of love. At the university he had been too poor, too badly-dressed and far too intent on getting through his examinations to come much in contact with the other sex.

At St. Andrew's, one had to be a blood like his friend and classmate Freddie Hamson to move in that circle which danced and held parties and exhibited the social graces. All this had been denied him. He had really belonged—his friendship with Hamson apart—to that crowd of outsiders who turned up their coat collars, swotted, smoked and took their occasional recreation not at the Union but in a down-town billiard saloon.

It is true that the inevitable romantic images had presented themselves to him. Because of his poverty these were usually projected against a lavishly wealthy background. But now, in Blaenelly, he stared through the window of the ramshackle surgery, his clouded eyes fastened upon the dirty slag heap of the ore works, longing with all his heart for the skimpy junior mistress of a council school. The bathos of it made him want to laugh.

HE had always prided himself on being practical, upon his strong infusion of native caution, and he attempted, violently and with determined self-interest, to argue himself out of his emotion.

He tried, coldly and logically, to examine her defects. She was not beautiful, her figure was too small and thin. She had that mole upon her cheek and a slight crinkling visible when she smiled, in her upper lip. In addition, she probably detested him.

He told himself angrily that he was utterly ill advised to give way to his feelings in this weak fashion. He had dedicated himself to his work. He was still only an assistant. What kind of doctor was he, to form, at the very outset of his career, an attachment which must hamper his future and was even now seriously interfering with his work?

In the effort to take himself in hand, he created loopholes of distraction. Deluding himself that he was missing the old associations of St. Andrew's, he wrote a long letter to Freddie Hamson, who had lately gone to a hospital appointment in London.

He fell back a great deal upon Denny. But Philip, though sometimes friendly, was more often cold, suspicious, with the bitterness of a man whom life has hurt.

Try as he would, Andrew could not get Christine out of his mind, nor that tormenting yearning for her from his heart. He had not seen her since his outburst at the front gate of The Retreat. What did she think of him? Did she ever think of him? It was so long since he had seen her, despite an eager scanning of Bank Street when he passed it, that he despaired of seeing her at all.

Then, on the afternoon of Saturday, the 25th of May, when he had almost given up hope, he received a note which ran as follows:—

Dear Doctor Manson,

Mr. and Mrs. Watkins are coming to supper with me to-morrow, Sunday evening. If you have nothing better to do would you care to come too? Half-past seven. Sincerely,

Christine Barlow.

He gave a cry which brought Annie hurrying from the scullery. "Eh, doctor, bach," reprovingly "Sometimes you do act silly."

"I have, Annie," he answered, still overcome. "But I—I seem to have got off with it. Listen, Annie, dear. Will you press my trousers for me before to-morrow? I'll sling them outside my door to-night when I go to bed."

On the following evening, which being Sunday, left Manson free of the evening surgery, he presented himself in tremulous expectation at the house of Mrs. Herbert, with whom Christine lodged, near the Institute.

It was Christine herself who opened the door for him, her face welcoming, smiling towards him.

Yes, she was smiling, actually smiling. And he had felt that she disliked him!

"It's been a lovely day, hasn't it?" he mumbled as he followed her into her sitting-room.

"Lovely," she agreed. "And I had such a grand walk this afternoon. Right out beyond Pandy. I actually found some celandines."

THEY sat down. It was on his tongue to inquire nervously if she enjoyed walking, but he nipped the gauche futility in time.

"Mrs. Watkins has just sent word," she remarked. "She and her husband will be a little late. He's had to go down to the office. You don't mind waiting for a few minutes for them?"

Mind! A few minutes! He could have laughed out of sheer happiness.

Surreptitiously he looked about him. Her sitting-room, furnished with her own things, was different from any room he had entered in Blaenelly.

The floor-boards were stained and polished, with a plain brown rug before the open fireplace. The furniture was so unobtrusive he scarcely noticed it. In the centre of the table, set for supper, was a plain white dish in which floated, like masses of tiny water-lilies, the celandines she had gathered. The effect was simple and beautiful.

On the window-sill stood a wooden confectionery box, now filled with earth, from which thin green seedlings were sprouting. Above the mantelpiece was a most peculiar picture, which showed nothing more than a child's small wooden chair, painted red, and, he thought, extremely badly drawn.

She must have noticed the surprise with which he viewed it. She smiled with infectious amusement. "I hope you don't think it's the original."

Embarrassed, he did not know what to say. The expression of her personality through the room, the conviction that she knew things which were beyond him, confounded him. Yet his interest was so awakened he forgot his awkwardness, escaped from the stupid banalities of remarks about the weather. He began to ask her about herself.

She answered him simply. She was from Yorkshire. Her mother had died when she was fifteen. Her father had then been under-manager at one of the big Bramwell Main Collieries. Her only brother John had been trained in the same colliery as a mining engineer.

To Be Continued

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STAGE STAR SHY OF RADIO

But Over She Goes

"Oh, no! I'd be terrified that the people listening wouldn't like me," was the reply of Valerie Hay, charming English actress, when asked to give a microphone interview to Dorothy Vautier of 2GB.

HOWEVER, on being assured that listeners would welcome the opportunity of hearing her, the charming leading lady of the new J. C. Williamson show, "Over She Goes," consented to broadcast.

Her interview at the microphone by Dorothea Vautier will take place at 11.45 a.m. this Thursday.

Strangely enough, television holds none of the fears that broadcasting has for this young lady. As a matter of fact, she nearly missed the boat at Marseilles on account of a television session she had to do with the B.B.C. But she made a wild dash across France and caught the steamer.

Miss Hay decided to become an actress at the age of six, when she saw her first pantomime.

It was not until she was 15, however, that she realised her ambition.

MISS VALERIE HAY, charming English actress, now playing in "Over She Goes," who will be interviewed by Dorothea Vautier during The Australian Women's Weekly session at 2GB at 11.45 a.m. this Thursday.

Like so many of our successful musical comedy actresses, Valerie started her career in the chorus—the front line!

Then followed a tour in which she was associated with George Gee in "The Girl Friend." At the conclusion of that season she was engaged to play the role of Nanette in "No, No, Nanette," and "Hold Everything," in the provinces.

Her big chance came when the leading lady in "Five O'Clock Girl" dropped out owing to illness, and Valerie Hay had to master the role in two days before the opening night. She was a great success, and since that time has never looked back.

Leading parts in "Viktoria and Her Hussar," "Jill, Darling!" "Yes, Madam?" and "Wild Violets" (which ran for 11 months at the Drury Lane Theatre, London), and "Beggars' Opera" have occupied her time lately.

Miss Hay loves Australia, and is intrigued by our unusual flowers and fruits. On arriving in Perth she was met by a friend and taken to lunch. For dessert she ordered fruit salad. However, when the fruit salad arrived she thought the management had been very lax in not removing the "grape pips." She carefully put them to one side of her plate, to discover later that they were passionfruit seeds. Now she is wondering what the management of a certain hotel in Perth thought of the collection of passionfruit seeds left on her plate!

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BAKING POWDER

Millions of tins sold annually

Aunt Mary's Cookery Book is recognised as the authentic guide to good cooking. It contains 212 pages of more than 400 recipes and useful hints. Lavishly illustrated in colours.

Send one shilling and two pence to Tillock & Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney, for your copy.

RETAIL SELLING *As Career* FOR GIRLS

"Better than the Overcrowded Professions"

With Christmas and the finish of the school year only a few months away, thousands of children will come to the end of their schooling.

How will industry absorb them is the question which faces parents. Will their children go into "dead-end" jobs, or will they have planned careers?

EDUCATIONISTS and counsellors of the Retail Traders' Association consider the matter so important that expert advice and opinion have been obtained on the question of these children's place in industry.

Educationists point out that 4500 girls leave school annually at the age of 14. Of these 2000 stay at home (but usually only for a year or so), 570 work in factories, 380 go to business colleges, 479 enter stores.

Thus at least 1500 girls, of 14 years of age, are going each year straight into industry from school.

Two distinct groups of girls leave school at 14 years. One consists of bright girls who have obtained their Intermediate Certificate, the other of girls whose parents insist that they go to work as soon as possible.

Referring to these children Miss Bocking, principal of Kogarah Domestic Science School, says that in each case there is a great danger to be considered.

For the bright girls there was small opportunity for further educational development. The others would be constantly oppressed by a feeling of inefficiency and failure.

It was ironic that those children who were compelled by financial circumstances or through the indifference of their parents to leave school early were precisely those who usually received least help in adjusting themselves to a different way of life.

MISS WINIFRED TAYLOR, principal of the Retail Traders' Training Institute, which educates shop hands in the various aspects of the retail trade.

The problem looked at from the viewpoint of the leaders of industry also has an important aspect.

"In my opinion," said Mr. Wright, managing director of Farmers Ltd., "fathers and mothers make a great mistake in encouraging their children to enter already overcrowded professions when splendid opportunities for successful careers are offered by the retail trade.

"It is not unusual for the management of a store to have difficulty in finding people of sufficient ability to take over positions of responsibility. I would point out that it is not only to boys but to girls also that opportunities offer."

Planned Career

THERE are 50,000 people directly employed by retail stores in N.S.W. alone, and in order that juniors should get the proper training the Retail Traders' Training Institute, under the direction of Miss Winifred Taylor, is coaching them in their jobs.

The institute teaches the juniors salesmanship and store duties generally. Psychology also figures in the course in order to adjust the child just left school to the sterner outlook of the world of business.

The youngster who is accustomed to a great deal of consideration both at home and at school often has a lost feeling when first entering a store. Hitherto everything has been planned for her. Without realising it, she has, all her life, depended for help and advice on her parents and her teachers.

Now she is in a world unfamiliar to her parents, and there is no one in quite the same capacity as a teacher. Without preparation for the conditions that she will encounter she is likely to lose initiative and to develop grouches.

As soon as a junior begins to sell she is expected to be able to look after the needs of many different types of customers, and is often called on to advise them of their selection of goods or to listen to their complaints.

How to cope with these circumstances is considered a very important part of the training and one where simple psychology will help the child.

Advanced studies follow later which enable the girl to broaden her knowledge of her calling and prepare the way for promotion.

Cultural interests are also encouraged in the completion of this course for a planned career in retail selling.

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, October 6.—11.45 a.m.: London Calling. 2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, October 7.—11.45 a.m.: Interview with Valerie Hay from "Over She Goes." 2.45 p.m.: The Movie World.

FRIDAY, October 8.—11.45 a.m.: So They Say. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, October 9.—6.15 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: Sydney Torch with Antony Martin (Vocalist).

SUNDAY, October 10.—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital. 6.10 p.m.: London Palladium Orchestra and Light Opera Co.

MONDAY, October 11.—11.45 a.m.: People in the Limelight. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, October 12.—11.45 a.m.: Overseas News. 2.45 p.m.: Things that Happen.

ARCH SUPPORTS MADE TO ORDER

Read what a doctor stated recently in the Women's Weekly:—

Any haphazardly chosen arch support in the shoe will not do. The best plan, of course, is to have a plaster cast made of the foot and then to have the arch support fashioned after that. No two weak arches are alike.

"CORRECTA" ARCH SUPPORTS CONFORM TO YOUR FEET, BEING MADE FROM PLASTER CASTS AND GIVE IMMEDIATE COMFORT AND RELIEF FROM TIRED, ACHING FEET, PAINFUL, SWOLLEN ANKLES, AND ELIMINATE CALLOUS AND PAIN FROM BALL OF THE FEET.

STREAT & CO.
Sole Manufacturers,
175 Pitt St., Sydney (3 doors from Prouds)
CHIROPODY TREATMENT.
2/6 1 foot, 4/6 2 feet (including massage)

Cornwell's Malt Extract gives a child a sure start on the road to health. It builds strong bone and muscle, and enriches the blood; it lays the foundation of perfect robust health, so essential in the years ahead. Doctors and Nurses recommend Cornwell's Malt Extract. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

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Famous for over a Quarter of a Century

2GB PRESENTS . . .

THE WORLD'S GREATEST TENORS

Half an hour's glorious singing by such favourite artists as Tauber, Caruso, Groh, McCormack, Schipa, Schmidt, and Gigli presented for your delight every Sunday night at 8.45.

DETECTIVE DALT AND ZUMBA

Here's a new radio detective with the most amazing assistant you have ever heard of—Zumba, the son of a Zulu Chief. Their adventures will delight the young folk every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.0 p.m.

GEMS OF MUSICAL COMEDY

Memories of gay theatrical nights of yesteryear, brought to listeners through the imperishable melodies of favourite musical comedies, ranging from "The Quaker Girl" to "Rose Marie." A Wide Range musical presentation every Wednesday and Sunday at 8.0 p.m.

FAVOURITE SONG STARS

Quarter-hour recitals by the world's favourite singers, each one featured in those gems of song which his or her voice has added to the cherished memories of music. Hear them every Monday and Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.

2GB
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"Teething without Tears"

AS soon as the first tiny tooth is due, give your baby "Ovaltine" Rusks to bite and crunch. They will ensure his happiness and contentment throughout teething time.

"Ovaltine" Rusks are just firm enough to give the biting exercise which helps so much to bring the teeth easily and comfortably through the gums and ensures correct formation of the mouth.

"Ovaltine" Rusks are made from pure, unbleached wheaten flour in which all the nutritive elements are retained. The addition of a proportion of "Ovaltine"—renowned for its health-giving properties—makes them even more nourishing and delicious.

"OVALTINE" RUSKS

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NERVES—*Why They* GO WRONG

Continued from Page 46

BUT now the familiar symptoms put in an appearance—insomnia, loss of appetite, headaches, restlessness, intense fatigue, depression, tremors, dizziness, inability to think clearly.

She returns to her former life, forces the pace, and the end comes with a hysterical scene in a cafe, after which she faints and is taken home in a state of collapse.

THE older nerve-specialists had a simple explanation of all these three cases. The whole trouble, they argued, was due to a greater strain being imposed on the body than it was capable of bearing.

The first patient worked too hard on insufficient food. The man in the second case similarly overworked, took too little rest, and neglected his meals. And the girl was obviously a case of imposing physical strain on a body beyond its power of recuperation.

In each case Nature took its revenge by gradually putting on the brake with various warning symptoms and, when these were not heeded, brought the rebel to a full stop with a dramatic collapse.

Consequently, the treatment prescribed was one for "building up" the body by tonics, good wholesome food, rest in bed, isolation from worry and if possible a complete holiday and change of scene.

The Weir Mitchell treatment for "nerves" became popular. The patient was put to bed in a private hospital, completely isolated from friends and relatives, and literally stuffed with food at all hours of the day.

Now such treatments are effective enough in cases of people with wealth and leisure, who can afford the time and money to carry them out. But in the first two cases quoted private hospital treatment would be impossible for financial reasons.

The physician might prescribe rest and a change of environment, with little prospect of this advice being followed. In the end he could order sedatives and drugs to induce sleep, followed by tonics and vitamin preparations, and so tide the patient over the crisis.

But if the conditions inducing the patient's worry persisted, all that the treatment would accomplish would be to "patch the sufferer up" so to speak—make him or her able to carry on till the next break-down.

PHYSICIANS reared in the modern school of psychology look at these cases in another light.

They consider them as originating in the mind rather than the body, and as dating back to a period previous to the present environment.

In the first case, for instance, they would argue that an unhappy childhood blighted by poverty had left a "mental scar" on the woman's subconscious mind.

She escaped poverty by marriage; but later, when poverty again enveloped her, her subconscious mind developed the attack of "nerves" as an "escape"—a flight from conditions dreaded and hated because of former experiences in childhood.

In the second case a similar "flight" can be traced. Here the business man was forced into a situation with which his personality was unable to cope.

He was a good servant, but a poor master. He strove to adapt himself to the situation, but could not. His mind became a battleground, where his consciousness, anxious to succeed, fought his subconsciousness, which felt that this was impossible.

The subconsciousness solved the situation by means of a nervous breakdown—actually a flight from reality.

In the third case we seem to have to do merely with an illness brought on by selfish indulgence in pleasure. Even here the psychologist, while admitting this, would suspect some hidden factor in the girl's mental life, which had a share in determining her conduct in the first place.

All this may sound fanciful to the layman, and he or she is apt to exclaim: "Even if it's true, what help is it to the patient?"

As a matter of fact, recognition of such hidden factors may be of great value to both physician and patient in the course of treatment.

Many cases of "nerves" have some long-forgotten mental shock or thwarted hope as their original basis; and if the physician can get the patient to recall this and to describe in detail the original trouble, very often the "nerves" vanish and the patient is cured for life.

Heredity Factor

ONE way of achieving this result is by psycho-analysis. The complete method (according to the system of Freud), is, however, too lengthy and complicated for the average physician to employ in the big run of cases, and it is also too expensive a matter for the ordinary citizen.

It may be said, nevertheless, that all modern nerve-specialists use similar methods in a minor degree.

So far nothing has been said about heredity. Do "nerves" run in families, and are individuals endowed from birth with a mentality which is liable to break down when faced by the major stresses of life?

This is a point which is disputed to-day by the advanced Freudian school, who wish to relate all mental ills (including several types of insanity) to some maladjustment of the personality during early childhood.

But unbiased specialists consider that parental example is at least as often potent in its effect upon a young child.

Also it seems difficult to escape the conclusion (based on statistics) that instability of character is handed down in certain families.

Members of such families live a serene life if circumstances remain favorable. But faced with any stress, such as grief at death of a relative, loss of money, thwarted ambition, or an unhappy love affair, their "nerves give way" (in the popular phrase) and a breakdown occurs.

Then again there is the social and economic viewpoint. It is said of men that if they were engaged in the avocations for which they were truly fitted and which they desired (these two conditions are not necessarily the same) there would be no masculine "nerves" or breakdown.

Similarly, if women married the ideal partners, and lived the life most suited to their own temperament, there would be no corresponding feminine nerve-cases. Unfortunately, as society is at present constituted, there seems no likelihood of these ideals being realised.

Psychology has made a start, in the case of males, with "vocational tests" for boys, to find out aptitude for certain jobs, but so far most parents do not appear to worry over the matter, and their sons are just plumped into jobs or professions because an opportunity offers, or to please a parent's whim or ambition. And the economic factor plays a big part also.

As for marriages, most young people marry blindly. As a philosopher once said, "Every man or woman buys his marriage-partner in a sack."

Falling in love is an ecstatic affair and has been the poets' theme throughout the ages; but a love-affair frequently mates incompatibles, and after the brief romance is over a lifelong battle of temperaments begins.

Divorce severs many such bonds, of course; but these are the extreme cases.

Too often a woman tries to make the best of such a union, and gradually develops into a sufferer from "nerves" for life.

Unless, of course, she can "lose herself" in the pursuit of some hobby or congenial avocation, under which circumstances she may be able to adjust her outlook, so that the union becomes bearable.

What To Do

IF there were such an institution as an ideal State or Utopia, the investigation of these cases on lines of scientific knowledge plus common sense would be the function of a huge organisation, overshadowing the Courts of Justice and the medical profession and hospitals.

Several nations have already made a start in a small way with such institutions. For instance, in Australia there are psychiatric clinics, attached to the leading public hospitals, which investigate and endeavor to clear up the nervous disorders, troubles and anxieties of the average working citizen. The doctors attached to these clinics are the leading nerve-specialists of the capital cities. Unfortunately the public has the impression that these clinics deal only with "mental" cases (the popular term for insanity or incipient insanity). As a matter of fact, these form less than 5 per cent. of those treated. This should be more widely known, as such clinics aim at scientific solution of the nerve troubles of the ordinary citizen's life.

There remains the matter of facing "things as they are." If an individual finds herself or himself developing into a case of "nerves," what should be done?

First, one should visit a reputable physician and get a complete physical overhaul. Perhaps in this article the mental side of nerve-troubles has been stressed to the neglect of the physical factor.

It should be clearly recognised, however, that many cases of "nerves" are only secondary symptoms of incipient disease, ranging from an infected sinus or chronic appendix to high blood-pressure, kidney trouble, or some form of anaemia.

If no physical source of the trouble can be found, the obvious course is to consult a specialist, and make a "clean breast" of everything in one's life, quite apart from the physical symptoms which are merely the "surface" of the trouble.

As was stated above, the mere fact of recognising the true source of the trouble often works a cure. But the specialist is not a magician. He cannot order a new husband for this patient, a new job for that, or a new set of parents for a nervy child—which for many cases is the only prescription worth while.

Women's Weekly Medical Service

As young as the younqest!

THAT'S Grandpa—secretly envied by many a man 20 years his junior! The children adore him. He's the best playmate they have. No game is too fast or too furious for Grandpa Kruschen.

How does he do it? What is the secret of his unflagging energy? If you ask Grandpa, he will gladly tell you. "If you want to keep young," he will say, "do as I do—*take Kruschen every morning!*"

Mineral Salts that Keep You Young

Kruschen keeps you young, because every dose you take contains those vital mineral salts—proportionately balanced—which Nature decrees as essential to good health. The "little daily dose" of Kruschen gives your system a chance to maintain itself in good working order. It helps liver, kidneys and bowels to eliminate regularly and thoroughly the poisons and waste products which can cause so much harm if they are allowed to accumulate.

When your system is doing its work properly, your bloodstream is cleansed of all impurities, and clean, healthy blood goes coursing through your veins, filling you with a feeling of youthfulness and energy—"that Kruschen feeling!" You say good-bye to headaches, constipation, rheumatism and other ailments which rob you of health and vigour.

Read this tribute to Kruschen from a man who has regained his youth and lost his rheumatism:

Rheumatism Conquered—Youth Renewed

"Every winter I used to have pains in my shoulders and could hardly use my arms. Five years ago, I tried Kruschen Salts, and after a week I felt great relief. At the end of a month, the pains disappeared completely. Moreover, I experienced a feeling of renewed youth and health within me. And this renewal was lasting, instead of being merely temporary, as one might have been tempted to think.

"I have now been taking Kruschen regularly for five years, and in this way I keep free from rheumatic pains. In winter and summer I go daily to my work by motor-cycle, in all weathers, wet or fine, and never have the slightest cold."—E.R.

Kruschen Salts

Kruschen Salts is taken by millions of people throughout the world. Why shouldn't you join that happy band? Get a bottle of Kruschen to-day, and start to-morrow morning.

Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.

NEW—

THE Sweet FLAVOURED GUM

A.R.27 A

FOR INDIGESTION AND ACID STOMACH

Buy a packet of pure TWIN SODA. Take a small teaspoonful in a little water or milk. Relief will be almost instantaneous. TWIN SODA also gives wonderful relief in treating Wind, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, and other stomach ailments. All chemists, 1/6 or extra large packet, 2/9.*

DEANNA DURBIN, of "Three Smart Girls" fame, has the honor this season of having fashions marketed all over the world in her name that are just what every girl wants. Overalls for garden or country hikes; playsuits are included—and not just for schoolgirls.

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THEY CALLED HER CHARMING—BUT . . . .

No amount of personal charm can make up for the failure to keep fresh and dainty. Tom had found her attractive until this occasion when he was repelled by her carelessness. Yet ODORONO could have saved her heartaches.

Make sure you are free from the taint of perspiration! Don't expect friends to tell you...don't count on detecting it yourself. Use Odorono regularly to check perspiration...prevent odour ...save your dresses.

Prices: 1/-, 2/- and 3/6

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THE TOUCH OF GENIUS

A lipstick that will last through busy days—glamorous evenings. Cocktail-proof — gloriously flattering. Seven shades to make you lovely, including the new Brick Red, No. 6.

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FACE POWDER - EAU-DE-COLOGNE

LENTHÉRIC

PERFUMES - ROUGES

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TRY THIS FOR INDIGESTION

Go to your chemist for a packet of TWIN SODA and take a small teaspoonful in a little water or milk. Relief will be almost instantaneous. TWIN SODA also gives wonderful relief in treating Acidity, Wind, Heartburn, Catarrh of the Stomach, and similar ailments. Large packets of TWIN SODA cost only 1/6.

Real Life Stories

As Told By Women—

Here are a batch of everyday Real Life stories told by women. Men tell their stories in the next column. Read them all—then write your story. Cash prizes of £1/1/- and 5/- are waiting to be won each week.

Mother's Anxiety

MY early married life was spent among the mountainous country near Dorrigo, in northern N.S.W. It was a busy, peaceful life we led on a dairy farm—enlivened by an occasional visit from a neighbor, our nearest two miles away.

One day, when my little son was four years old, I was exceptionally busy tending a sick calf in an adjoining paddock. Sonny boy was sleepingly soundly, as was his custom each afternoon.

On my return I was not at first seriously alarmed on finding his bed empty, and concluded he was playing near the house. But when a search failed to find him, I became thoroughly anxious and called my husband.

We searched till dusk, my heart sick with terror. Then in desperation we rang our neighbors on the party-line telephone.

In no time a party of twenty men and women, riding and driving, came to our place.

A search was organised, different parties going in each direction, with the agreement that a rifle shot would be the signal for any news, good or bad.

How my heart ached through the long winter's night! I kept a big fire going and made hot coffee for the searchers as they returned weary and dispirited.

At daybreak, feeling further inaction would drive me mad, I joined the searchers.

Suddenly about noon, when hope had almost left me, we heard a rifle shot. We hastened to the house, my heart thumping madly. I had just time to put warm blankets on the bed when the searchers returned, the leading one carrying my child in his arms.

My feet hardly touched the ground as I sped to meet them. The darling opened his eyes and smiled a weary smile at me.

His little feet were torn and bleeding. He had been found five miles from the house and within fifty yards of a steep gorge. Providence had indeed guarded my child that night.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Ryan, 19 The Avenue, Ashfield, N.S.W.

Crash in Mine

I HAD always wanted to go down an old copper mine that my husband and his father were working, but was told that it was not safe to do so until it had been re-timbered, as it was an old underlaying shaft and very dangerous.

I felt quite thrilled when the work was completed, and my husband came to take me down. As a matter of fact, they had just struck a rich seam of copper and I was anxious to see it.

I was lowered down in a bucket on what they call "skids." We stayed down the mine and worked until lunch-time, and were just coming out of the drive at the bottom of the shaft when we heard a terrific noise like thunder.

The old timber split like matchwood, and bits flew everywhere. The dust was awful.

My better-half called out to run back to the end of the drive. It seemed we would surely be shut in by the fall of earth; but "hubby" said it was our only chance.

We waited in the corner for about an hour. Then, when the earth and storm had settled down on to the new timber, we managed to crawl out to the bottom of the shaft again. If the mine had not been re-timbered the day it was, we would have been buried alive.

I was never so pleased as when I put my feet on the surface of that shaft, and, needless to say, I never wanted to go down a mine again.

5/- to Elsie A. V. Price, c/o. Mr. M. E. Cope, Peterborough, S.A.

Unusual Thrill

MANY years ago, when travelling on the South African coast was different to what it is now, my sister and myself had a terrifying experience.

We were on a trip from the Cape to Durban, and at East London decided to go ashore. The steamer was anchored right out in the open bay, and passengers were transferred to a small tender in baskets.

It was very rough, and we were shut in the basket with four or five other passengers, and lowered over the top of the tug.

Suddenly a huge wave raised the tug which caught the basket and tilted us sideways.

Fortunately the crew got the basket and hauled us back to the steamer's deck, and beyond being somewhat shaken, no one was hurt.

For a few moments it was a most awful feeling as we expected to be tossed into the sea.

5/- to Mrs. A. G. C. Cliff, East Kempsey.

Harvest Drama

IT was a lovely spring day; all Nature seemed to be rejoicing. The horses were fresh and fat, especially a young one which my brother had included in the team to start hay cutting in a tall crop of oats.

With a woman and her little son, who were from the city, spending a holiday at our home, we had all watched the team start and then gone about our own work.

Hearing the machine coming toward the house again I looked out and, to my horror, saw the little boy just entering the paddock in front of the oncoming horses and machine.

I was paralysed for a few seconds, then fortunately was able to scream. My other brother, hearing me, noticed the danger, and was able to signal the brother on the binder, who stopped the horses in time.

It is impossible for the driver on a binder to see a child in a standing crop, and I knew of two little boys who had had their feet cut off under similar circumstances. You can imagine my relief at this child's escape.

5/- to E. Armstrong, 25 Cambridge St., Paddington.

Cash Prizes Every Week

EVERY week cash prizes are awarded for the best Real Life stories submitted by readers.

There is no restriction as to the type of story that may be submitted. It may concern the dramas, tragedies, or adventures of your childhood, romance, or work.

Incidents should not exceed 500 words, should be plainly written or typed, and should include all details necessary to make a simply-told, nicely-rounded-off story.

Letters should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, endorsed "Real Life Stories." Full postal address appears on page 3.

As Told by MEN—

Sea Rescue

IN September, 1917, I was one of a crew that left Sydney on a cargo steamer for Lismore.

At Newcastle we struck a gale. So strong was the storm that our mooring broke away in the harbor. Waves were coming mountains high, and orders were given to bank our fires as it was the intention to remain at Newcastle all night.

Just as this was done, word came that the company's boats in the harbor were to go out at once in search of a small steamer that had foundered off the coast.

Steam was raised again, and away we went into the gale, our steamer creaking as though it would break in two with the force of the waves.

It seemed impossible that anyone could live in such a sea, but suddenly we heard cries of distress, and presently we discerned a small open boat with nine men in it.

About two hours previously they had seen the lights of our boat, but in the noise of the storm had been unable to attract our attention.

A rope was lowered from our boat. Down this went the first mate, and with difficulty he passed the poor chaps up one at a time.

The last man to be sent up was nearly done. When the rope was put into his hand he gripped it tenaciously and did not let go till some hours later. He was placed over the grating of the stokehold to get the warmth, and a man was told off to watch him until he revived.

The captain and another man off the wrecked ship were lost.

This was my first experience at sea, and the cries of those poor men will never leave my memory.

5/- to D. F. Stewart, Koah, via Cairns, Qld.

Life in India

DURING my soldiering in India, I was ordered into the Himalaya Mountains for the summer. There were about 100 men in the company.

On our first march, the officer took us by compass bearing, but somehow we lost our way—and our water carriers.

The men found an old disused well and drank this water with tragic results, for eight men died from enteric fever. This happened on the first stage.

During our last march, we were caught in a terrific thunderstorm—the worst I have ever experienced.

It became so dark that we could not see our hands in front of us. The road was about ten feet wide, with a drop of thousands of feet on one side and a steep mountain on the other. We had just to sit there with the rain dropping on us. We lost our camels and baggage which fell down the mountain side.

The next morning, we made for the camp. Parties were sent out to recover the baggage and bury the camels. In returning, we lost two men from drowning.

This was the most terrifying experience I have had.

5/- to Hubert G. Webb, 208 Constance St., Valley, Brisbane.

His lips said "Darling" but his breath said

"STALE DRINK"

THAT glass of beer has ruined your night. How can you carry on a conversation when you are worrying about your breath? Don't worry, slip a May Breath into your mouth and clear your breath in a minute.

May Breath non-scented tablets are good for you, they're antiseptic. Carry a tin with you always—they take up very little space—and avoid offensive breath.

MAY BREATH

CLEARS YOUR BREATH

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Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress,—whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles,—gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Orlex Compound and ½ ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

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GRANDMA LOOKS ON

"FOR heaven's sake!" exclaimed Grandma Tyson. "What's the idea of sitting up and smoking at this hour of night? Have you completely lost your head?"

Peggy, not at all perturbed, regarded Grandma with a slow smile.

"I'm afraid I have," she confessed.

Grandma Tyson firmly shut the door. Leaning on her cane, she crossed the room to frown at her granddaughter sternly.

"So," she said, "he did propose."

"How do you know?"

The old lady emitted one of her periodic snorts. She nodded jerkily toward the moon.

"On a night like this he'd have been a fool not to," she declared. "Besides, if he hadn't, you wouldn't be sitting up like this. What did you tell him?"

Peggy stared at the glowing tip of her cigarette. "I—I didn't tell him anything at all. I asked him to wait."

"What an absurd thing to do! If you'd only answered him with finality then and there you'd be asleep now. You wouldn't be wondering what to say to him in the morning."

At that Peggy lifted her head and fixed a curiously introspective look on the old woman. "You still think it would be a mistake for me to marry Clark Winthrop?"

"Decidedly!"

"But I love him."

"Nonsense."

Peggy nodded.

"I do. For an hour I've been sitting here trying to tell myself you're right. I've been trying to believe it would be a calamity to marry a man who'd eventually bore me because I—I could beat him at everything we tried. But it's no good, Grandma. I can't make myself believe it. Not about Clark."

The old woman declared: "You're nineteen and I'm sixty-seven. In the half-century that lies between us I've learned—from experience and observation—that the only way for a couple to achieve happiness is for the man to be the superior one. It's almost a law. If you ignore it you're headed for the rocks. That's all the advice I can give you . . .

Continued from Page 14

Now, for goodness' sake, stop mooning and go to sleep."

When her grandmother had gone, Peggy gazed out of the window. After a time she flicked the stub of her cigarette into the darkness. She swung off the sill and faced the moon with a wry smile.

"The trouble is we're not talking the same language," she mused. "Her words grow out of logic and reason. Mine grow out of emotion. Suppose I can beat him at tennis every time we play? What of it?"

The query brought a new glow into her eyes.

"I do love him!" she told herself positively. "You can't wipe that out with logic. I never felt about anybody the way I feel about Clark. I don't know why I didn't tell him so out there in the car, when he asked me. Just kidding myself, cheating myself—just——"

She stopped. Of a sudden, as she stared up at the moon, something new and throbbing welled up in her. Something inexorable in its insistence. Something wild, reckless, heedless, that choked her. Why continue cheating herself?

She snatched up her negligee and drew it insufficiently about herself. It billowed behind her as she raced to the door, pulled it open. Flushed, Peggy Tyson ran along the dark hall. At the farthest room she knocked.

"Clark!" she whispered breathlessly. "Are you awake?"

From within the room his deep voice answered after a pause. "What on earth——"

"I've just come to tell you," said Peggy—and as she spoke she looked back triumphantly at her grandmother's door—"I've just come to tell you the answer is yes!"

"Peg!"

"For heaven's sake open the door and kiss me good-night, so I can go back and get some sleep!"

When Dick arrived in the morning Grandma Tyson, in one of her most dangerous moods, cornered him in his own room.

"Dick," she snapped accusingly. "Peg's gone and done it! She's become engaged to your friend Winthrop!"

He widened his eyes, then threw back his head and laughed. "Good!" he said. "I had an idea it would happen."

"But——"

"They'll be grand for each other. Clark's a good fellow."

"Look here," icily from Grandma Tyson, when she could quell her recentment. "In your letter you told me very little about this chap. It seems to me that if a man is coming into our family I ought to know more about him than I do. What about this Clark?"

"Do you mean to say," demanded Dick, "that he's told you nothing about himself?"

"Not a word!"

There was a pause. Then Dick Tyson shook his fair head and chuckled appreciatively. "That's like him. You've got to dig things out of that man."

"All I know," stiffly declared Grandma Tyson, her voice cold and hostile, "is that he's a perfect rabbit at everything he does with Peggy. She beats him at tennis. She makes him look a fool at golf. She——"

DICK'S renewed burst of laughter silenced her. She waited impatiently until he finished. Then, in the voice of a termagant, she demanded: "What's so funny? To me the situation is—to put it frankly—exasperating."

"The joke is this," said Dick. "Clark Winthrop held the Eastern Counties tennis championship for three years running."

"What?"

"Also, he can consistently beat me at golf—and if you recall, Grandma, I've won a few cups here and there."

The white-haired old lady, rigid and erect in her chair, let her cane clatter to the floor. She stared unbellevingly. Twice she swallowed and made a terrific effort to steady her voice before she demanded:

"Are you serious, Dick?"

"Of course." He picked up the cane.

"Then why is he such—such a rabbit here?"

Dick Tyson's manner became more sober.

"Fact is this," he explained. "A couple of weeks ago Clark ran home to see his folks. While he was there, he rode one of his father's horses in a steeplechase. He was thrown at a jump and wrenched his back pretty badly. It's been cramped and paining him ever since he returned to town. That's why he was told to take a week's holiday. Nothing serious, of course. The doctor says he'll be shipshape again within a month."

"Why didn't he tell us?" gasped Grandma Tyson.

"Because," said Dick, "he doesn't happen to be the sort of chap who'll prattle about his medals. Or offer alibis for being beaten by Peg . . . I'll go down and congratulate them."

He ran out of the room.

Slowly, shakily Grandma Tyson leaned back in her chair. Somewhere downstairs she could hear Peggy and Clark Winthrop gaily laughing. She lifted her eyes to encounter her shocked reflection in a mirror. For a full minute she stared incredulously at the pinched face under the mass of white hair. Then she drew a deep, long breath and whispered:

"Gertrude Tyson, can it be that at your age you still don't know how to pick men?"

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Allan Roy Dafoe

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER
October 9, 1937. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

ABOUT YOUR HAIR *in* SUMMER!

NEW VERSION of the modern sculptured coiffure worn by Rita La Roy, Columbia featured player. Notice the neat arrangement of the curls.

. . . How to condition it and restore any loss of lustre and vitality . . . A few words about coiffures, too!

By EVELYN

ABOUT this time of year it is likely to occur to you, as you try on hats or face your contours in a mirror, that something is wrong with your hair. It seems to have developed a will of its own.

FRONT VIEW of the same coiffure showing how the curls are placed on either side of the head.

HAIR is kept healthy, smooth, glossy and tractable by a natural cosmetic oil which flows from the glands in the scalp. But scalp is only skin. If you neglect your hair or let it get dry from careless treatment, the glands shrivel and give up.

The same thing applies in the summer when you sunburn or tan it for days on end: it gets dry and scaly.

What hair like that needs is rich lubrication. Exercise—patient wiggling, stretching, and loosening of the scalp itself, to encourage the oil-glands to get to work again—will do much good over a period of time.

But immediately, to make your hair look better and feel better, give it rich, oily pomades or lotions to make up for the oil that is missing.

Oil shampoos and scalp ointments will make your hair sleek and manageable and better-looking almost right away.

Once when I was camping far away from hairdressers and toilet-goods counters, I found my hair growing dry and harsh. Having no hair preparations handy, I used my richest face cream for a scalp ointment. Since most "skin food" creams contain some lanoline, it seemed logical to expect such a cream to help dry scalp and hair. And it did, exceedingly well.

Sometimes all that ails your hair at this season is the months of sitting over a fire or radiator in the winter.

So concentrate on a conditioning regime with plenty of olive oil massage and shampoos and nourishing ointments. And don't forget to to brush and brush!

Talking of waves and coiffures, what are the new fashions for heads? They vary from the closest and simplest of sleek bobs to studied rolls of hair after the manner of Gibson girls or Japanese women.

The fashion is definitely for short hair, shorter than for the past several seasons. A long, bushy bob, sweeping your shoulders, isn't a bit smart any more.

Even if your hair is cut long, it shouldn't be allowed to hang. It should be brushed back and up onto the top of the head. Thus it is all turned back, in curls or rolls or sleek flat waves, to lie inside the hair line. Off the face. Off the neck. Even off the ears, in many cases.

You must have from two to four inches of length to make the long, rolling curl that looks like a Gibson-girl pompadour. You must have at least as much to make the burnished rolls that suggest the Oriental coiffure. But those pompadours and burnished rolls are all worn high, above the hair line. No fluffs or fuzz around your ears or touching your collar.

Without being severe or hard in outline, there is yet a precise sculptured quality that permits no question as to whether a curl is intended to lie here or there, whether a strand is designed to lie east or west of a part.

For all the elaborateness that many of them have, in short, the new coiffures are neat.

BACK VIEW of the coiffure illustrated on this page. Notice how the sculptured curls are arranged to form a halo around the head.

Kraft Cheddar makes *delicious* sandwiches

People who have always sworn by Kraft Cheddar are now saying: "Why, it's even better than ever!" New secrets of manufacturing and curing have improved this delicious, fine-flavoured cheese—so smooth and mellow.

Kraft Cheddar is the perfect cheese for sandwiches and salads—regular family diet—and to serve cooked in taste-tempting recipes. Keep a packet always handy. And remember—if it's a picnic, there's nothing like Kraft Cheddar sandwiches! Buy some to-day!

A FINE MELLOW CHEDDAR

Have you tried these other Kraft Cheeses lately?

Old English: Like a really tasty cheese . . . with a 'snap' and 'bite' to it! Then here's the very cheese for you — Kraft Old English!

Kraft Pimento: A creamy Cheddar flecked and flavoured with Spanish Pimento. Gives an intriguing Creole dash to cooked cheese dishes.

Welsh Rarebit: Here's the miracle meal of a moment — that tastes as though it took hours to prepare! Melt on toast and serve up hot.

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YOUR MAKE-UP *in a* NEW LIGHT

It Should Be More Vivid for Evening than for the Daytime

MAKING-UP for the evening by daylight is a tricky business, especially in summer, when you sometimes start off in daylight with a cocktail party or early dinner and go to a dance or show later on.

The choice seems to be between looking like a Dutch doll in the afternoon or first part of the evening, and—having made-up for an afternoon party by daylight—appearing on the dance floor later on looking like a ghost.

Here are a few tips that may help to solve the problem.

For the afternoon or first part of the evening while it is still light, use no rouge, but try one of those deep-toned foundations in cream or lotion form that give a glow to the skin. They make it possible to do without additional cheek coloring.

Powder first with a lightish shade; dust off, and finish with a darker tone, but be sure to fill your compact with the lighter of the two tints for use during the evening.

Too dark a powder is unbecoming by artificial light, and often leaves streaks round the nose and mouth.

The eyes can be made up by daylight for the whole evening. Without rouge on the cheeks they will not look too startling during the afternoon.

Lipstick trouble can be overcome by using your everyday lipstick, or a coral or gay light red, early in the evening, and taking along a dark lipstick for use later on.

This should be really dark and should have a bluish tinge instead of an orange cast, for artificial light "kills" orange, and if this shade of lipstick is used the lips will appear bloodless.

The darker shade can safely be put over the light color when the lights go up.

Take a rouge compact or some powder rouge in a bluish tone with you, and when night falls dust a little on your cheeks. The fact that your face is already powdered will be an advantage; but never try to touch up with cream rouge. It won't work.

THE EYES can be made up in daylight for the whole evening. Here Mary Maguire, the Australian film star now in Hollywood with Warner Bros., applies a little eye-shadow to make her eyes more luminous.

Delma Byron
20th Century-Fox player

Just like a Flower...
So lovely..... so fragrant

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Write to Colgate-Palmolive Pty. Ltd., Box 2701C, G.P.O., Sydney, for the new FREE Cashmere Bouquet Booklet on Home Beauty Treatment. Post Free.

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Other Cashmere Bouquet Products that will appeal to you are: Toilet Soap, Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Foundation Cream, Lipstick, Rouge (Creme or Compact), Perfume, Talcum Powder, Dusting Powder, Brilliantine (Liquid or Solid).

FOR *Young* WIVES *and* MOTHERS

Building Sound Teeth

By MARY TRUBY KING

Nowadays we hear a great deal about "preventive medicine," but not so much about "preventive dentistry," or thinking of baby's teeth before baby is born, which is equally important.

IT used to be thought that decay of the first teeth was of no importance. Mothers just let them go, consoling themselves with the knowledge that a second set would soon be coming along.

Little did these mothers realise that the quick decaying of their children's second teeth and their overcrowding in the gums was the direct result of neglect of the first set.

Nor does the train of evil consequences end there. Indigestion and many serious ills are brought about by neglect of the teeth. Mothers are now being taught by dentists and doctors that neglect of either the first or second set of teeth is a mark of very bad motherhood.

Mothers tend to rely too much upon the tooth-brush.

I suppose there is a tooth-brush for each individual in practically every home, yet between 80 and 90 per cent. of our population have dental disorders to a greater or lesser degree. Why is this?

We must look beyond the tooth-brush for our answer. We must go right back to the expectant mother. If the expectant mother does not have the right foods while she is carrying her child, combined with plenty of daily sunshine, a daily all-over warm wash, and a sufficiency of outdoor exercise and fresh air, the teeth of her coming baby will not be made of A1 quality blood.

Essential Foods

THE foods which the expectant mother needs in order that her child shall have good teeth are as follows:—

Calcium, as found in milk, cheese, cereals, vegetables, eggs and fruit.

Phosphorus, as found in milk, cheese, eggs, prunes, meat, beans and wholemeal bread. Vitamin D, as found in halibut and cod liver oil. This vitamin enables the body to absorb the calcium and phosphorus from other foods which it cannot absorb in the absence of this very necessary vitamin.

Vitamin A, as found in milk and its products, spinach, and cod liver oil.

Vitamin C, found in oranges, lemons, grape-fruit, and tomatoes.

The foods listed above are just as essential for the nursing mother as for the expectant mother, because the quality of baby's second teeth depends very largely on the quality of his mother's breast-milk—the enamel crowns of the second teeth being built in the gums from the time baby is born till the third or fourth year. The most energetic building goes on during the first year, while baby is at the breast.

Not only is breast milk best for this purpose, but the active exercise of tongue, lips, mouth and jaws while suckling is the best possible preparation for sound, well-spaced sets of teeth.

When baby is weaned, during the toddler stage and childhood—in fact, all through life—it is important for the growth and maintenance of healthy, sound teeth that he should have a diet which is not deficient in any of the foods previously listed.

Should his diet be deficient, and should he lack sunshine and fresh air, all the tooth-brushes in the world will not prevent decay.

WHAT MY *Patients* ASK ME

By A DOCTOR

PATIENT: What is the cause of high blood pressure?

FOR years high blood pressure was believed to be the result of kidney disease, faulty diet, excessive use of foods rich in protein, obesity, diabetes and hardening of the blood vessels. Within recent years a new theory has been advanced which undoubtedly will play an important part in solving this problem.

I refer to the possible relationship between the "endocrine glands" and blood pressure. There is no doubt that many cases of high blood pressure occur because of some disturbance in these, the ductless glands, or glands of internal secretion.

Until these factors are better understood, it is well for all sufferers to resort to accepted methods of treatment. They should follow the precautions commonly advised for the prevention of hypertension (blood pressure) and its complications. This is best accomplished by proper diet, adequate hours of rest and relaxation and the avoidance of all known factors that help to increase blood pressure.

The constant rush and everlasting work routine, with little attention to relaxation and health, are short cuts to high blood pressure and disease. Overtension is a danger that is too often overlooked. Periodic visits to the doctor will minimise the danger and serious complications of high blood pressure.

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Junket is so easy to make. Simply add the flavouring to lukewarm milk, using the tablets as directed, and in a few minutes you have smooth, velvety Junket, ready to eat. Serve in individual dishes, decorate with whipped cream and fruit. Order Hansen's Junket Tablets from your grocer to-day and give your family this treat to-night.

HANSEN'S FRUIT JUNKET ESSENCE. Hansen's also make a Fruit Junket Essence, already flavoured and coloured — Raspberry, Orange, Lemon or Vanilla.

HANSEN'S Junket Tablets

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Easy now to make delicious Ice Cream in your automatic refrigerator.

Make temptingly delicious ice cream right at home in your automatic refrigerator . . . ice cream so smooth and creamy it wins compliments every time. Just mix Hansen's Ice Cream Mix with milk and cream, and freeze in your automatic refrigerator. Your favourite flavours—Vanilla, Strawberry, Chocolate. Especially good for children because it is *always fresh, pure, wholesome* and *easy to digest*—you know just what goes into it. Make ice cream to-day.

HANSEN'S ICE CREAM MIX

STRAWBERRY
CHOCOLATE
VANILLA

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Let's Have.... BRIGHTER BREAKFASTS

Here are menus and recipes for nourishing, healthful and appetising morning meals for the family

By... Ruth Furst

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

BREAKFAST is the one meal of the day that can become very monotonous because of the same dishes being served eternally—bacon and eggs to-day—bacon and eggs to-morrow.

Breakfast should be an interesting meal. It need not be a heavy one, but it should be sufficiently nourishing, satisfying and appetising to make a good start for the day, especially for children going to school and grown-ups going off to business.

Here are some suggestions that will help you to make interesting changes in the week's breakfasts, and at the same time supply satisfying meals:

ABOVE: Orange juice included in the breakfast menu not only adds zest to the meal, but supplies a valuable quota of essential vitamins. Right: Grapefruit also makes a healthful adjunct to a breakfast, especially as it is a splendid internal cleanser.

A DAINTY BREAKFAST that appeals to the eye as well as the palate, including crisp cereal, fresh milk and stewed pears.

BREAKFAST MENU

1. Pineapple Juice. Scrambled Egg on Fried Bread. Toast. Coffee. Marmalade.
2. Rolled Oats with Brown Sugar. Devilled Kidney. Toast. Tea. Honey.
3. Rice and Stewed Prunes. Crumbed Sausages. Toast. Coffee. Marmalade.
4. Orange Juice. Grilled Steak with Green Butter. Puftaloons. Honey. Coffee.
5. Granuma with Sugar and Hot Milk. Fried Fish in Batter with Lemon. Toast. Tea. Marmalade.
6. Cornflakes with Hot Milk. Potato Cakes and Bacon. Toast. Coffee. Honey.
7. Fresh Fruit. Grilled Tomatoes on Toast. Toast. Coffee. Marmalade.

LIVER AND BACON

One lamb's fry, flour, salt and pepper, ½ pint water, ½lb. bacon, chopped parsley, 2oz. clarified fat.

Wash liver and soak in salted water for ½ hour. Dry liver and cut into thin slices. Mix flour, salt and pepper on a plate, dip each slice into the flour, coating well. Make fat hot, fry liver slowly about 6 minutes on each side. Lift out liver, drain on paper, pour fat away, leaving 1 tablespoon in pan to which add remainder of flour, pepper and salt. Stir till well browned, add water and stir till it boils and thickens. Strain gravy, return to pan or a saucepan and add liver, and allow to cook gently for 1 hour or longer if necessary. Serve on a hot dish with rolls of grilled bacon and sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley.

POTATO CAKES AND BACON

Half pound cold boiled potatoes, ½lb. plain flour, 2oz. butter, salt, cayenne, little milk, thin slices of bacon.

Rub butter into flour, add mashed potatoes, salt and cayenne. Moisten with sufficient milk to hold together. Roll out on floured board. Cut into rounds, fry in hot fat till brown on both sides. Drain on paper. Cut bacon into rounds the same size as potato cakes. Lay in cold dry frying pan and fry till the fat is clear. Place a round of bacon on each potato cake. Serve at once very hot.

COFFEE-MAKING

Remember, first of all, that roasted coffee loses its flavor, especially after it is ground, so be sure to keep it in a damp-proof tin, and as airtight as possible.

The quantity of coffee used depends on how strong you like it. Never guess—always measure amounts of coffee and water carefully every time.

Don't let the water and coffee boil after they have been mixed; in other words, boil the water, but not the coffee. Coffee should always be served very hot; it is ruined when cool.

Here is a very simple recipe for coffee: To one pint of boiling water add 2 tablespoons coffee. Add pinch salt and mustard. Stir well and allow to stand for 5 minutes to allow the coffee to settle. Then strain through a very fine strainer or muslin. Reheat, but do not boil. Serve with equal quantity of boiling milk.

BREAKFAST DISH

One egg, slice buttered toast, anchovy paste, 2 tablespoons milk, chopped parsley, salt and cayenne.

Spread toast while hot with anchovy paste. Beat egg, add milk, salt and cayenne. Melt a little butter in a small saucepan. Add egg and stir over heat till thick. Spread over the toast. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve at once.

MINCE CROUTES

One pound underdone roast beef, 1 tablespoon cheese, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, salt, cayenne, gravy, little flour, rounds of fried bread, chopped parsley.

Chop meat finely, add cheese, curry powder, salt, cayenne, flour. Mix well, add gravy, cook for 15 minutes. Put a spoonful of the mixture on each round of fried bread. Reheat in the oven. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve very hot.

LIVER FRITTERS

Half-pound calf's liver, 2 slices bacon, 1 tablespoon onion, 1 teacup breadcrumbs, 1 egg, cayenne, 1 tablespoon flour, lemon, parsley.

Chop liver, bacon, and onion very finely, and mix well together. Add crumbs, cayenne and bind with beaten egg. Form into cork shapes or small round cakes and roll in flour. Leave till required. Then fry in hot fat, cooking them slowly. Drain. Serve hot with gravy and garnish with lemon and parsley.

DRY TOAST

Cut bread into slices ¼-inch thick. Toast gently till light brown on both sides. Remove crusts. Cut in halves. Serve in toast-rack.

BUTTERED TOAST

Cut bread into slices ¼-inch thick. Toast quickly till pale brown on both sides. Remove crusts, and butter thickly. Cut into finger lengths. Serve on hot plate.

GRAPEFRUIT

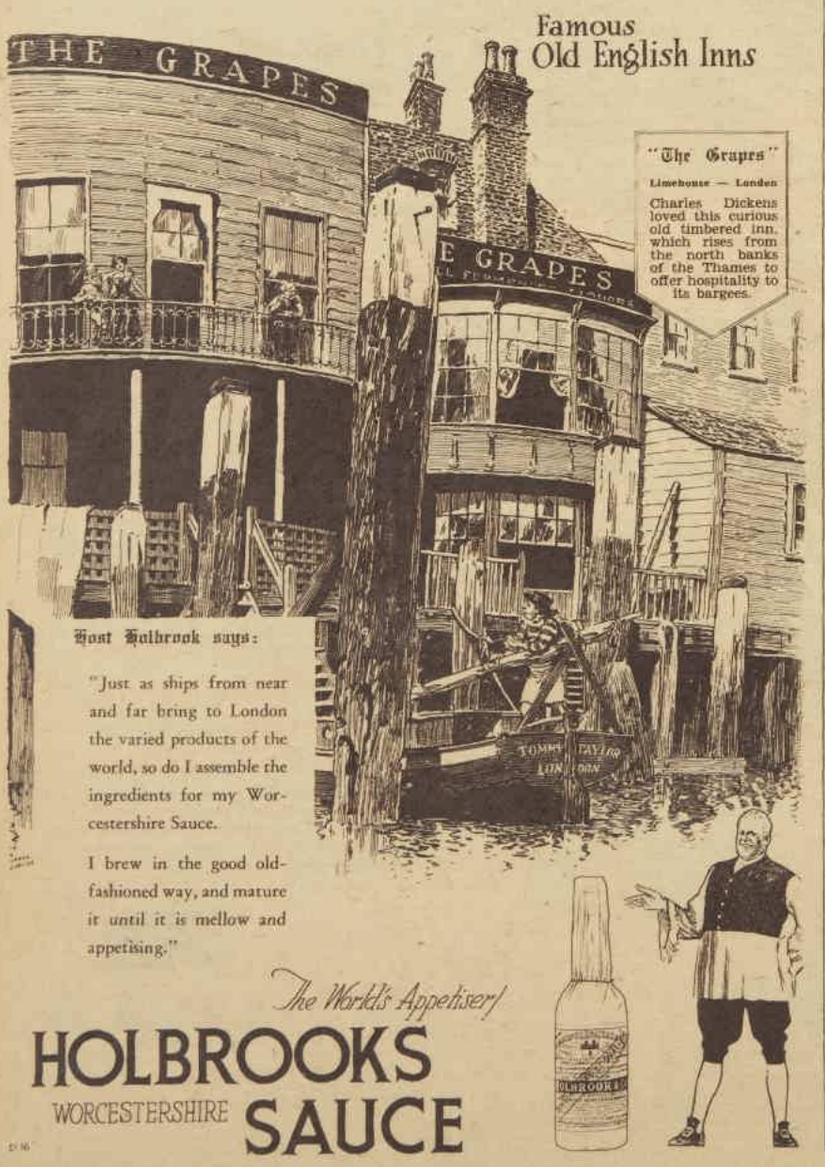
When grapefruit is served for breakfast, half will be sufficient.

Take out the core and loosen the membrane and segments. The juice can then be easily squeezed into the hollow left by the core. Serve as cold as possible in a glass dish.

DEVILLED KIDNEY

One ox kidney, salt, cayenne, butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 onion, rolls of bacon, chopped parsley, rounds of fried bread, 1 gill water.

Wash kidney, soak for ½ hour, remove skin and fat and cut up very finely or put through a mincing machine. Melt butter in a frying pan, fry chopped onion and kidney, and when kidney has changed color sprinkle in 1 tablespoon flour. Cook for 2 minutes, then add ½ pint water and simmer very gently for ½ hour. The mixture should be thick; add salt and cayenne to taste. Cut bread into rounds and fry till a golden brown, drain well. Place rounds on a hot dish, then a spoonful of the meat mixture on each round, sprinkle with chopped parsley, and garnish with rolls of bacon.



FURTHER SELECTIONS *from* OUR £500 *Recipe* CONTEST

This Week's Prizewinning Recipes For Unusual Dishes

First List of Prizewinners in Our Big £500 Recipe Competition Appears On Page 33 of This Issue

BELOW is a selection of recipes which have been awarded our usual weekly prizes.

With next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly prizes will continue to be awarded as usual every week for the best recipes received from readers—£1 for first prize and 2/6 for every other recipe published.

Send in your recipes now!

Cake Section

AUSTRALIA CAKE

One small packet Australian preserved fruit, ½ cup butter, one and one-third cups brown sugar, 2 eggs, 2-3rds cup strawberry jam, 2-3rds cup chopped nuts, 2-3rds cup Australian seedless raisins, 2 and 2-3rds cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 2-3rds cup milk.

First cut a double piece of heavy brown paper and also a piece of greaseproof paper the size of the bottom of cake pan. Butter greaseproof paper; this is best done with melted butter and a brush kept for the purpose. Lay the paper in the pan, the buttered piece uppermost. Cut and arrange the preserved fruit in the shapes of Australian bush-flowers, giving a massed effect, to suit the shape of the pan. (Use preserved pineapple for wattle-blossom, cherries to make waratah, cherries with a strip of orange peel for Christmas bells, white angelica for flannel flowers, and green angelica for stems and leaves).

Then in your mixing bowl cream butter, sugar and eggs in one stirring. Add jam, nuts and raisins. In a separate bowl mix flour, salt and baking powder, and sift. Have ready the milk in your measuring cup. Add a little of the sifted flour, salt and baking powder to the mixture in the mixing bowl, and mix. Then add a little of the milk, and mix. Repeat until all the milk and all the sifted flour, salt and baking powder are used. Make sure that the pieces of preserved fruit are firmly pressed on to the buttered paper, and pour in the cake mixture. Bake for one hour in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.).

Remove from the oven and place face downwards (on a wire stand for the purpose, preferably). Place damp cloths on the bottom of the tin, now uppermost, leave for a few minutes, and then remove cloths, tin and paper, and the bush flowers will appear embedded in the surface of the cake. Dust with castor sugar.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Phyllis Sands, 120 Raglan St., Mosman, N.S.W.

Puddings & Sweets Section

TOFFEE COFFEE PUDDING

Two cups flour, 2 tablespoons strong coffee, ½lb. butter, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 egg, 4oz. golden syrup, 4oz. sultanas, a few chopped almonds.

Grease a basin, decorate with whole almonds. Put butter, golden syrup, and coffee into a pan and melt. When heated, allow to cool a little, add beaten eggs, and whisk. Pour into centre of flour. Mix well, adding sultanas and almonds. Lastly, add soda dissolved in the milk. Put mixture into basin and steam 2 hours. Serve with sauce as follows:

TOFFEE COFFEE SAUCE

One dessertspoon cornflour, 1oz. butter, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon coffee, 1 tablespoon golden syrup.

Mix cornflour to a smooth paste, melt butter in a pan, pour in milk. Stir cornflour in carefully. Bring to the boil. Cook 5 minutes, adding golden syrup and coffee. Pour over pudding, and serve.

2/6 to Mrs. L. Henry, 4 Sydney St., Armadale, Melbourne.

Jams, Jellies and Preserved Fruits Section

ROSELLA SYRUP

To every cup of rosellas add 1 cup of water; boil half an hour. Strain, then add ½ cup of sugar to every cup of liquid. Boil for 20 minutes. Strain and bottle when cold. If made air-tight it will keep for 12 months. Use as follows:—

1. Mix ¼ cup of the rosella syrup with ½ cup of water; let it come to the boil; thicken with arrowroot. It makes a lovely sauce for boiled or steamed puddings.

2. A cup of rosella syrup and 1 cup of water and 1 tablespoon of gelatine boiled together, then strained, makes a nice jelly to serve with cold puddings.

3. A tablespoon of the rosella syrup added to sponge cake fillings gives a rich flavor and lovely color.

4. Place some pieces of stale sponge cake in a dish, pour some rosella syrup over, add a few sliced bananas, cover with boiled custard, sprinkle with coconut. A nice trifle.

2/6 to Miss A. Jarvis, 34 Herston Rd., Kelvin Grove, Brisbane.

MELON TART

Take sufficient short-crust for top and bottom of a large pie plate, 2 or 3 lbs. of melon (weighed after being peeled and seeded), 1 teaspoon each of ginger, cream of tartar, sugar, and lemon juice. Line pie plate with pastry, and, having set another light plate of the same size lightly on top, cook the shell till lightly done. Take the melon (which has been simmered in a little water till tender but not broken), strain it well, and fill the tart shell with it. Sprinkle generously with sugar, add a good squeeze of lemon juice, the ground ginger and cream of tartar. Cover with the rest of the pastry and bake till well browned. Serve with custard or cream.

2/6 to Mrs. M. Inglish, 7 Brown St., Subiaco, W.A.

Economical Dinner Section

MENU FOR FOUR PERSONS

Cream of carrot soup; Spanish rissoles; vegetable balls; steamed ginger pudding.

CREAM OF CARROT SOUP

Two medium-sized carrots, ½pt. milk, ½pt. water, finely-chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste.

Mince carrots and put them on fire with ½ pint of water; allow to simmer for an hour. Then add milk and thicken mixture with 1 tablespoon of flour; add pepper and salt, and simmer for a further 15 minutes; then add parsley, and serve.

SPANISH RISSOLES

Half pound chuck steak (or minced meat), 1 onion, 1 cup of stale breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon dried herbs, salt, paprika, garlic to taste.

Mince meat and onion together through a mincing machine. Add breadcrumbs and seasoning and knead well. Mould into small balls and roll in flour first, and then fry in boiling fat for 10 minutes or until browned on both sides. Serve with tomato ketchup.

VEGETABLE BALLS

Two potatoes, 1lb. pumpkin, 1lb. peas.

Prepare vegetables, then boil potatoes and pumpkin together. When cooked, mash well with a little butter, salt, and pepper. Cook peas, then add to the mashed potatoes and pumpkin. Shape into balls and fry in the same way as the rissoles. Serve with the above.

STEAMED GINGER PUDDING

Two cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons beef dripping (or 1 dripping and 1 butter), 1 cup hot water, 1 cup cold water, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 tablespoon ground ginger.

Mix all dry ingredients with exception of carbonate of soda. Put dripping into the cup of hot water to melt it, then add to the dry ingredients. Mix carbonate of soda with cold water then add, also. Have prepared well-greased dish into which pour the mixture and put into saucepan of boiling water and steam for 2 hours. Make a sweet sauce or ginger sauce to serve with the pudding.

SAUCE

One cup of milk to ½ cup of water, 1 tablespoon of flour for thickening, 1 teaspoon of butter.

2/6 to Miss Opal Parish, Shrublands, Sutton Forest, N.S.W.

THIS WEEK

Butterscotch Dishes

The flavor of butterscotch is especially delicious. When it is added to plain, everyday dishes it makes them unusually appetising.

HERE are some interesting recipes for butterscotch dishes that you will find worth trying.

They have been selected as the week's popular subject from recipes sent in by readers.

Every week in this section our cookery expert selects a subject from readers' recipes, and a prize of 2/6 is awarded for every recipe published.

BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING

One cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 cup milk, 2 teaspoons plain flour, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Mix sugar and flour, add beaten egg-yolks, milk and butter. Bring to boil and cook 2 or 3 minutes, stirring all the time. Add vanilla. Make meringue with egg whites and brown in oven or under griller.

2/6 to Mrs. L. G. Searles, 9 Claughton Rd., Largs Bay, S.A.

BUTTERSCOTCH SPONGE

One cup brown sugar, 1-3 cup butter, 2 cups milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon gelatine.

Make a caramel of sugar and butter by melting them together, then pour on milk (which has been heated). Stir well and pour mixture on to the yolks of eggs (well-beaten). Stir thoroughly. Allow to cool. Dissolve gelatine in a little hot water, and add to the mixture when cool. When almost set, add stiffly-beaten whites of eggs. Set in mould. Serve with whipped cream.

2/6 to Mrs. A. C. Wilkins, 23 Edward St., Bondi, N.S.W.

RICE BUTTERSCOTCH

Line a pudish with good pastry, pricking well, and bake in the oven till a delicate brown.

Cook one-third cup rice with 3 cups milk. Meanwhile, cook together until syrupy 1 cup brown sugar, ¾ teaspoon salt, and 3 tablespoons butter, stirring constantly. When rice is nearly tender, stir in the butterscotch mixture and continue cooking till rice is done.

Place in pastry shell, spread top with apricot jam, and cover with meringue made from whites of two eggs, beaten till stiff with three tablespoons sugar. Place in oven till meringue is nicely browned.

2/6 to Mrs. H. R. Stamm, Cumbermere St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

BUTTERSCOTCH BLANC MANGE

Three tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 breakfast cups milk, 5 teaspoons cornflour.

Cook butter and sugar to a soft toffee. Pour on the milk and stir on the stove until toffee is dissolved. Add eggs well-beaten and cornflour (previously mixed to paste with a little more butter). Stir constantly until it boils.

Powdered skim milk can be used without detection if butter is doubled.

2/6 to Z. C. M. Stables, Holland Rd., Holland Park, Brisbane.

BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

Make a pie shell out of any short crust recipe, and bake. Then fill with following mixture: 3 eggs (separated from whites), 1 cup brown sugar, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 tablespoons white sugar for top-dressing.

Beat egg yolks, brown sugar, salt, flour, butter and milk together, and cook in double boiler, or over boiling water, till it thickens and cook 15 minutes. When cool, fill the pie shell, and decorate with meringue, out of the beaten egg-whites, and 4 tablespoons white sugar, beaten till stiff. Pile in peaks and return to oven till light brown color.

2/6 to Mrs. F. J. Ellem, Armagh, Kyogle, N.S.W.

Dentists say the apple is . . nature's tooth brush

Cleanse your teeth the natural way . . . keep them sparkling white . . .

Eat

APPLES

AFTER EVERY MEAL

Protect the gleaming whiteness of your teeth . . . remove ugly stains and blemishes...eat a raw apple after every meal. Sun-ripened apples are rich in vitamins and natural mineral salts which are vitally necessary to "feed" and protect sound teeth. By eating an apple after meals you will also help to eliminate the cause of decay by clearing away the debris of ordinary starchy foods. This debris, if left undisturbed, ferments in your mouth and forms harmful acids which injure the delicate enamel.

Dentists throughout the world have recognised the value of apples in cleansing sound teeth. The apple is the best toothbrush of all, they say, because it cleans the tiny crevices the ordinary toothbrush never reaches.

Remember...pears are delicious too!

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FREE! Send a self addressed envelope bearing a 2d. stamp to the Australian Apple and Pear Council, Box 1712P, P.O., Melbourne, and a Recipe Book containing dozens of apple and pear recipes together with important information on diet will be posted absolutely FREE OF CHARGE.

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Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Snappy, Modern Designs for the Home Dressmaker

PLEASE NOTE:

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in Block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 3d. stamp.

SMART SHIRTMAKER

WW1879. — Charming shirtmaker mode in simple design for sheer. Buttons are a snappy touch. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and ¼ yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

STRIKING

WW1878. — Debonair bolero suit, with dashing contrast lapels. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 5-8 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BOY'S OVERALLS

WW1877.—For the warm days, the little chap will be very comfortable in these efficient overalls. Sizes, 1 to 6 years. Material required: 7-8 yard, 36 inches wide, for blouse, and 1¼ yards for overalls. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

GRACEFUL GOWN

WW1876. — Becoming evening gown with fitting bodice and full-flared skirt, cut in Parisian style. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

MATRON'S BRIDGE COAT

WW1875.—An alluring bridge or evening coat for the matron. Sizes, 38 to 44-inch bust. Looks very graceful in lace. Material required for 38-inch bust: 2 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR FLORAL

WW1880.—Make this in floral. Note popular extended shoulder line and novel bodice treatment. Design is very simple and easy to make. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide, and ¾ yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR AFTERNOONS

WW1881.—Square neckline, short puff sleeves and pockets add to the smartness of this afternoon frock. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide, and 3 yards frilling. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BEACH SHORTS

WW1882.—This chic beach outfit embraces suntop, skirt and shorts underneath. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 1¼ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1¼ yards for under-shorts. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ALLURING LITTLE JACKETS FOR DAY AND EVENING WEAR

Patterns Cost 3d.

OUR three-in-one concession pattern this week provides for three chic little jackets with skirts, as illustrated at left, for evening and day wear.

Pattern is cut in three sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust, and each pattern in each one size costs 3d. To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices.

Material required for Nos. 1 and 2: Jacket and skirt, 1¾ yards for jacket, and 2 3-8 yards for skirt.

No. 3: 1 7-8 yards for jacket, and 2 3-8 yards for skirt.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left and above, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 400F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 182, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 401G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4309TY, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.
TASMANIA.—Write to Melbourne Office, address above.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....

SIZE .....

Pattern Coupon, 9/10/37.

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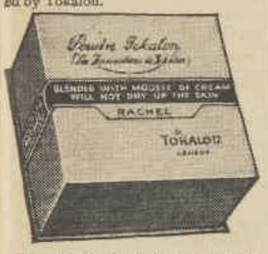
New Air-Floated Face Powder

Amazing Discovery of Paris Beauty Chemist

Face powder ten times finer and lighter than ever before thought possible! Only powder that floats on air is collected for use. This is the amazing new process of a Paris Chemist—now adopted by Tokalon.



That is why Poudre Tokalon spreads so smoothly and evenly covering the skin with a thin almost invisible film of beauty. The result is a perfectly *natural looking* loveliness. So different from the old-fashioned heavy powders which only give a "made-up" look. And Poudre Tokalon still contains Mousse of Cream, which makes it cling to the skin for 8 hours. In the hottest restaurant your face will never need "touching-up" if you use Poudre Tokalon. At the end of a long evening's dancing your complexion will still be fresh and free from shine. Try a box to-day. 1/- and 2/-.

BLISTERS

Soothe that throbbing pain at once! Cool the tender, inflamed skin! One application of Rexona Ointment is all you need. There's nothing better for *easing* burning, blistered feet.

Rexona *heals* a blister quickly and safely—in a few days the skin is clear and smooth again. It prevents the danger of infection too, because it seals out the germ-laden air until healing is complete.

TREATMENT. Prick the blister gently with a sterilized needle (boil needle in water for 10 minutes). Absorb the fluid with a swab of cotton wool. Then smear Rexona Ointment thickly on a piece of clean old linen, place over the blister. Fix in position with sticking plaster.

Rexona

The Rapid Healer

OINTMENT, 1/6 tin. SOAP, 9d. per tablet. (City and Suburbs)

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Freckles

Don't Try to Hide these Ugly Spots: Kintho Will Remove Them Quickly and Safely.

This preparation is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by all chemists with a guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't try to hide your freckles or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Kintho and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for Kintho—double strength; it is this that is sold on money-back guarantee.

SUMMER *Vegetable* GARDENS

What a delight and convenience it is to be able to go into your own garden and select fresh, succulent vegetables for your table! Yet this is the precious reward for just a little work and patience.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER

ONE of the most interesting and valuable parts of the complete home garden is the section devoted to vegetable growing. Here the housewife can choose just what she requires for the table—peas, beans, cabbage, tomatoes, lettuce, cucumbers, pumpkins, marrows, squash, peppers, spinach and many other varieties of vegetables.

You may perhaps wonder why there is often such a great difference in the flavor of the homegrown and bought vegetables.

Consider how many times vegetables are handled before they actually reach the home. Take, for instance, the market gardener. He gathers his vegetables and carries them to the packing shed, where they are packed into carts, lorries and railway trucks.

To Markets

THEY are then carted many miles to the markets in the various cities. From there they are sold mostly to shopkeepers and often direct to the public. By the time the vegetables arrive in the home they have travelled many miles and, in that time, much of their pure natural goodness has been lost.

To produce the best vegetables, in the home garden, a little hard work is required. The vegetable garden requires deep digging, manuring, and the necessary fertilisers to bring success.

In many parts of Australia, especially in the north, the vegetable garden will probably be well advanced. But those amateurs who live in the colder and later climes of Australian soil, and also love their vegetable gardens, will be glad of a little advice.

French beans, young and tender, are a favorite vegetable in the dinner menu.

First mark out the vegetable plot, and dig deep, for thorough cultivation is the road to success. Give plenty of manure and do not forget the water.

Weed and hill up the bean beds, and the potato beds. All other vegetables need the hoe. You must understand that by hilling the soil well up around the plants the moisture is retained, the plants are protected from dry and hot winds, will grow more robust, and give better results.

Before you begin the hilling process, sprinkle a little superphosphate along the rows, a generous handful to every twelve feet. Hill up, then water well, and you will be surprised at the success you will have with your plants. Mulch well also this month.

Fill the trenches between the rows with any suitable material on hand, such as old bush scrapings, grass, dead weeds, old manure, seaweed, etc. Those who find it expensive to purchase manure for mulching purposes should turn their attention to all waste material from the garden. This is the time the compost heap is really useful. No refuse from the garden should ever be wasted. Return it to the soil.

THE old-fashioned favorite, the geranium, is coming into vogue again. For coloring the garden all the year round the geranium is excellent, and will supply the house with cut flowers when others are scarce. In next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly the Old Gardener will tell you how to grow geraniums successfully and the varieties to plant for all-year-round blooms.

A competent gardener is one who can turn a sandhill into fertile soil without the assistance of manure, and this can be done by utilising everything possible around the home which will form humus and build up the soil. All refuse from the kitchen should be made use of.

The trench is dug and this material added. Sandy soil especially will take all you can give of this class of material.

All vegetables must be grown quickly, so keep them on the move. Thorough cultivation and systematic watering and a little fertiliser from time to time will bring success.

Salad vegetables, especially when grown quickly, are crisp and tender. Lettuce can be ready for the table in one month after transplanting if grown under proper conditions. Just water them once each week with one dessertspoon of sulphate of ammonia in each gallon of water. Pour this between the rows, but be sure to keep it off the foliage.

Celery is not only useful as a salad vegetable, but is excellent for flavoring soups and stews.

All vegetables grown for the leaves or hearts, such as spinach, cabbage, and lettuce, respond magically to sulphate of ammonia.

Attend to the potato patch, and if necessary spray with lime sulphur, or Bordeaux mixture. Either of these two sprays will prevent all fungus diseases.

Spray Tomatoes

THE tomato plants will need the same attention as potatoes in the matter of spraying. Prune these plants also. Nip out all laterals which appear between the branches and main stem. These are useless, never carry any suitable fruit blossoms, and only rob the plant of useful sap. Keep the tomato bush to one stem, then the fruit will appear all along this stem. Systematic pruning will give ripe tomatoes at least two weeks earlier than from the unattended vine.

Sow more beans. Plant the runner beans also. Make a herb bed. Attend to the rhubarb. Keep the asparagus on the move, and attend to the whole of the vegetable garden generally.

Needs only a whisk with a damp cloth to be kept immaculate. Its sparkling colours reflect joy and happiness—and it is so easy to use!

"QUICK" ENAMEL DRIES IN FOUR HOURS!

Manufactured at Rhodes, N.S.W., by

Lewis Berger & Sons (Aust.) Pty., Limited
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"Constipation is his trouble, or I'm much mistaken.

A healthy boy should be full of fun, skylarking with the others; but when I see a child moping alone I know that what is wanted is 'California Syrup of Figs' to put the stomach right and cleanse the system.

Give children a weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Caliig'—and you'll never have this trouble with them. It keeps them regular and healthy, and then they're bound to be happy.

Safe? You're wise to ask that. Some mothers are too ready to experiment with cheap and drastic preparations, not realising the danger. Take my advice and give the children 'California Syrup of Figs.' Doctors recommend it and give it to their own children. We Nurses swear by it.

Send to the chemist and get a bottle. Give Bobby a dose to-night and he'll be fit as a fiddle in the morning. Wait till you taste 'California Syrup of Figs,' Bobby. It's simply delicious."

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say '*California*' and look for '*Caliig*' on the package.

'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'

'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

★ **IN CONVALESCENCE TAKE WINCARNIS**

★ The marvellously quick restorative powers of Wincarnis make it invaluable after illness. From the very first glass its beneficial effects are felt—it builds up the vital red corpuscles in the blood stream and sends new vigour through the whole system. Within an amazingly short space of time it restores health and strength, brings back the joy of living and enables you to face work and play with keen enjoyment again. From all chemists 4/3 small bottle or 7/3 the large size.

20,000 RECOMMENDATIONS FROM MEDICAL MEN

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Are men to be trusted?

Not with Peck's! You can't leave sandwiches lying around of Peck's Anchovette or Salmon and Shrimp and expect to find them still there in five minutes. There's something altogether too tempting about Peck's flavours!

Peck's ANCHOVETTE FISH PASTE

Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts killing Asthma Germs in 3 minutes, refreshes the blood and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely stop your Asthma in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.*** 2380.

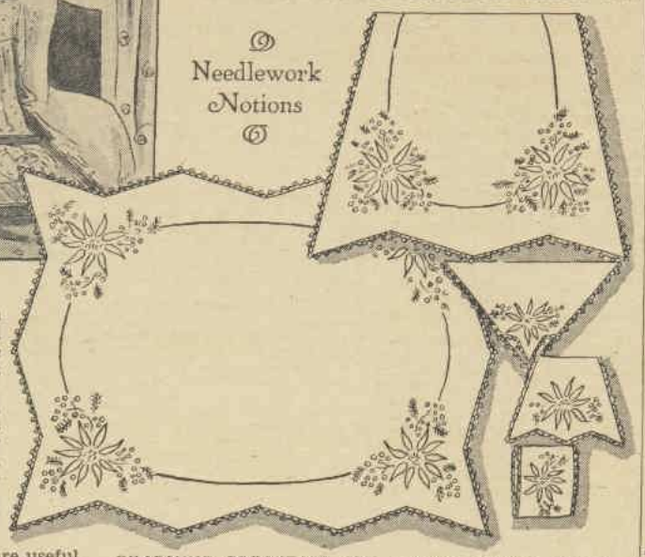
SECRET DRINK REMEDY

"Since taking DRINKO in his tea my husband has stopped drinking," writes a grateful wife. Your husband, too, can be successfully treated with this great treatment. Write or call for free advice—gives all details. Established 30 years. Dept. "E." HOME WELFARE PTY., 233 George Street, Sydney, and London Stores Bldg., Elizabeth St., Melbourne.

Breakfast with WATTLE BLOSSOM . . . .

And flannel flowers, too, embroidered on a breakfast-tray set in white or colored linen . . .

Needlework Notions



CHARMING BREAKFAST SET, including traycloth, tea-cosy, serviette, egg-cosy, and serviette-ring stamped for working in a wattle blossom and flannel flower design.

EVERY linen chest should include at least one or two breakfast sets.

Such useful and charming linens they are for serving early morning meals either to nvalids or guests or to those who like taking breakfast in bed.

Sets of this kind are useful, too, for serving light meals on trays on verandahs or porches.

The attractive set illustrated here, which includes a traycloth, egg-cosy, tea-cosy, serviette and serviette-ring, can be obtained from our Needlework Department stamped with the delightful flannel-flower and wattle-blossom design ready for working.

The price of the set stamped with design on white, cream, blue, pink, yellow, or green linen is 5/9, postage free.

Purchased separately, the various pieces are:—

Traycloth, 18 by 12 inches, 2/6.
Tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, 2/-.
Serviette, 11 by 11 inches, 1/-.
Egg-cosy, 6d.
Serviette-ring, 6d.

The bush-flower design is very simple to work and may be carried out in white and yellow, which makes a most attractive combination.

Three Show D'oyleys in Cutwork

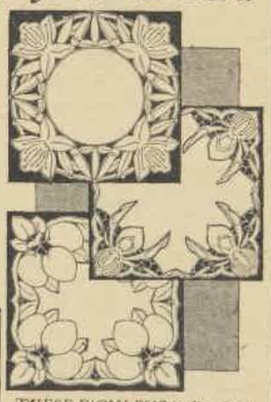
SPECIALLY designed for needlework lovers and for those who like exhibiting their work in shows these d'oyleys are particularly attractive and suitable.

There are three fascinating designs, "Slipper Orchid," "Azalea," and "Plum," all created to be done in lovely cutwork.

You can obtain the show d'oyleys stamped with designs on white, cream, blue, pink, green, or yellow linen, from our Needlework Department.

The price is 1/- each, and postage is free.

The designs, although effective, are not difficult to do. Just be sure you have completed all the embroidery before cutting away the material. Press finally with a hot iron and mount for show purposes on black or brown paper.



THESE D'OYLEYS in floral cutwork designs would be most attractive worked in all white or cream.

Order now from our Needlework Department, Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Interstate postal addresses on pattern page.

Needles & Thread For Embroidery

IF you want to excel at needlework, you must equip yourself with the necessary embroidery tools.

This is just as important as it is for any other craftsman, whether he be artist or carpenter to have the proper implements.

You should have a variety of crewel needles—these are needles with a long eye. Numbers 11 and 12 are generally used for fine work, but naturally you should regulate the size of the needle with the thickness of the thread.

Actually the needle and thread should be the same thickness. A needle too thick used with a fine thread will make holes in the work, while a fine needle with thick thread will tear the thread.

To keep needles from rusting while not in use sprinkle talcum powder in the case. And don't forget a thimble. Use one on each hand if you work with a frame.

And finally, have a pair of good embroidery scissors with two equally pointed ends for snipping cottons.

Loses 29 lbs. of FAT in 6 weeks

Reduces Hips 9 inches

New Safe, Pleasant Reducing Treatment

"My Doctor Was Amazed at Results"

"I had been under a doctor's care for bad heart and liver. He advised me to reduce. I tried all sorts of remedies without results. Then a friend said she had taken BonKora and lost 20 pounds in 5 weeks. I decided to try it.

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"My doctor was amazed. I don't go to him any more since I lost the fat that was crowding my heart. My liver troubles, headaches and tired feeling have gone too. I feel full of pep."—Mrs. M. A. Prateau.

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Mrs. M. A. Prateau

BEFORE — *Mrs. Prateau, before taking BonKora, the new quick, safe Reducing Treatment.*

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By taking 2 teaspoonsful of BonKora in a glass of ORANGE JUICE 3 times daily you will not only lose excess weight safely and quickly, but you will regain your ability to SLEEP RESTFULLY. You will be freed from the pains of rheumatism and the penalties of constipation. The essential vitamins of the orange aid and expedite the amazing beneficial effects of BonKora. Mail coupon for FREE SAMPLE.

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Painful Boils and Pimples

WORRIED THIS GIRL ILL.

"A few months ago I had an outbreak of peculiar pimples and abscesses on my face, neck and head," states Miss K.E.J., of Paddington, Brisbane. "They were similar to boils and very painful, but although discharge came away there was no core. I used to poultice them, but no sooner than one went away, another would break out in another place. I was very worried as I had never suffered from any skin trouble. I was naturally falling away physically and at night used to suffer intense pains. I tried various remedies which did me no good, and were proving rather expensive. One day I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised as a blood enricher and my mother advised me to try them. After taking these pills for a few days, the pimples grew less painful and were easily broken and dispersed, and as I continued with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the whole rash cleared away and I have had no blemish of any kind since. All my friends remark how well I look, and I feel now it is good to be alive. My food is a pleasure and I am more energetic and cheerful. I certainly obtained wonderful results from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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By OUR HOME DECORATOR

BLUE IS *Popular for* INTERIORS

Some suggestions for using this lovely color for decorating bedrooms and living-rooms.

BLUE is riding high on the crest of the wave. It has achieved sudden popularity as an effective color for interior decorating. Subtly used in its various tonings and often combined with closely-related colors, some really entrancing results can be achieved.

FOR furnishing sea and country homes especially, blue is the accepted color, and some exquisite ideas can be worked out for both bedrooms and living-rooms.

Some of the lovely harmonies range from the palest love-in-the-mist-blue to the deeper cornflower tints with a note of purple.

With the lighter tones the introduction of a warmer color is often desirable.

Sometimes pink is combined with blue—you will see it in fabrics and accessories against silvery grey or pale gold.

You may not like the sound of this, but the alliance is attractive when the colors are used in the modern greyed hues that hold their clarity without being harsh.

Entrancing Colors

WHEN the richer colors are selected, tulips and purples, aubergine or plum shades can be most entrancing with sycamore, beige and pearly-grey settings in carpets, wall coverings and furniture.

Sometimes a two-toned setting is effective. A plain pile carpet may blend in with lighter wall coverings of paint or wallpaper.

In a recently-furnished home, the bride based the color scheme for her lounge-room on the delicate colors of a pair of lovebirds that have their cage in this room.

The general tone is a pale blue-green, and is delightfully refreshing and cool looking. Curtains of matt-surfaced satin in this shade are patterned in white. The lounges and chairs are covered, some in grey and off-white brocade, and some in lovebird blue and white.

In the bedroom a bright petunia pink with a good deal of mauve in it has been allied with dusky-blue. Walls, ceiling and bedspread, which is of satin veiled by embroidered muslin, are all in petunia-pink. The carpet is in the dusky-blue tone.

The dressing-table has frilled drapes around it of petunia-pink taffeta shot with gold, and the curtains of old gold brocade have embroidered sprigs of flowers on them in tones of petunia and blue.

Throughout the house, wooden pelmets and other woodwork have been painted to match the walls, while the wall lights in the living-rooms are hidden behind plaster shells painted to match the walls. This gives an effect of spaciousness throughout the house.

In another lounge-room just furnished, a blue and plum color scheme has been used with almost devastatingly beautiful effect.

Walls are covered with pale blue paper featuring a large, leaf-like motif picked out in a slightly deeper tone. The curtains are plum-colored satin, while the pelmets match the paler blue in the wallpaper.

The carpet is also deep plum, while the furniture is upholstered in plum-colored satin with pale blue pipings. Cushion and hearth-rug are pale blue.

Tones of blue and yellow can be combined effectively for bedrooms and living rooms. Imagine a bedroom with ice-blue walls, powder-blue carpet and bright yellow cretonne curtains featuring a large flower design in various tones of blue! I've seen it, and it was most attractive!

Cornflower is a rich tone of blue and is suitable in a lounge-room. The carpet could be in this tone with upholstery in string or natural tones, walls should be off-white, while touches of scarlet in a vase or cushion would introduce an unexpected note.

For a home with a view of the ocean, and especially for a beach shack, a nautical color scheme in navy-blue and white can be very effective.

You could have curtains of navy-blue linen finished on the edges with white ric-rac braid. The ceiling and walls and woodwork could be painted ivory or off-white.

Have the covers of the seats in natural or pale string color crash or linen, with cushions, some in off-white or cream with navy trimmings, and others in navy linen with white ric-rac braid trimmings to match the curtains.

Natural-toned matting would look well on the floor, or, if you can get them, rope mats in natural colors. Use accessories in shades of blue and off-white with touches of red or cyclamen-pink for highlights.—J.K.

PALE BLUE WALLS, wine-colored carpet, wine chairs bound with blue, and pale blue curtains featuring harmonising design should be attractive in this room which is in the home of Ricardo Cortez, Warner Bros.

IN THIS ROOM, which is in the home of Chester Morris, Columbia player, cornflower curtains finished with beige fringe and a beige carpet would combine happily.

You call her DELICATE — but the Doctor says . .

FAULTY ELIMINATION

It's a dangerous mistake to imagine that faulty elimination is mere constipation. Constipation is easy to recognise and remedy, but faulty elimination is far more insidious. It means that unsuspected poisons are absorbed instead of being removed from the blood stream by those vital cleansing organs—the kidneys, liver and bowels. A child who is partly poisoned becomes pale and delicate—health, happiness and character are seriously affected. The poisons left in the blood stream cause sluggishness, loss of appetite crankiness, etc. These are warnings that genuine Laxettes—the cleansers which promote complete bowel action and relieve the over-worked liver and kidneys too—are needed. The only treatment that will gently, completely rectify faulty elimination is a course of Laxettes. They are just as good for adults. And kiddies are eager for their delicious taste. All chemists and storekeepers stock genuine Laxettes—6d. for the sample tin and 1/6 for the large tin. Warning: unless they're in a tin they are not genuine Laxettes.

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Rectify Faulty Elimination

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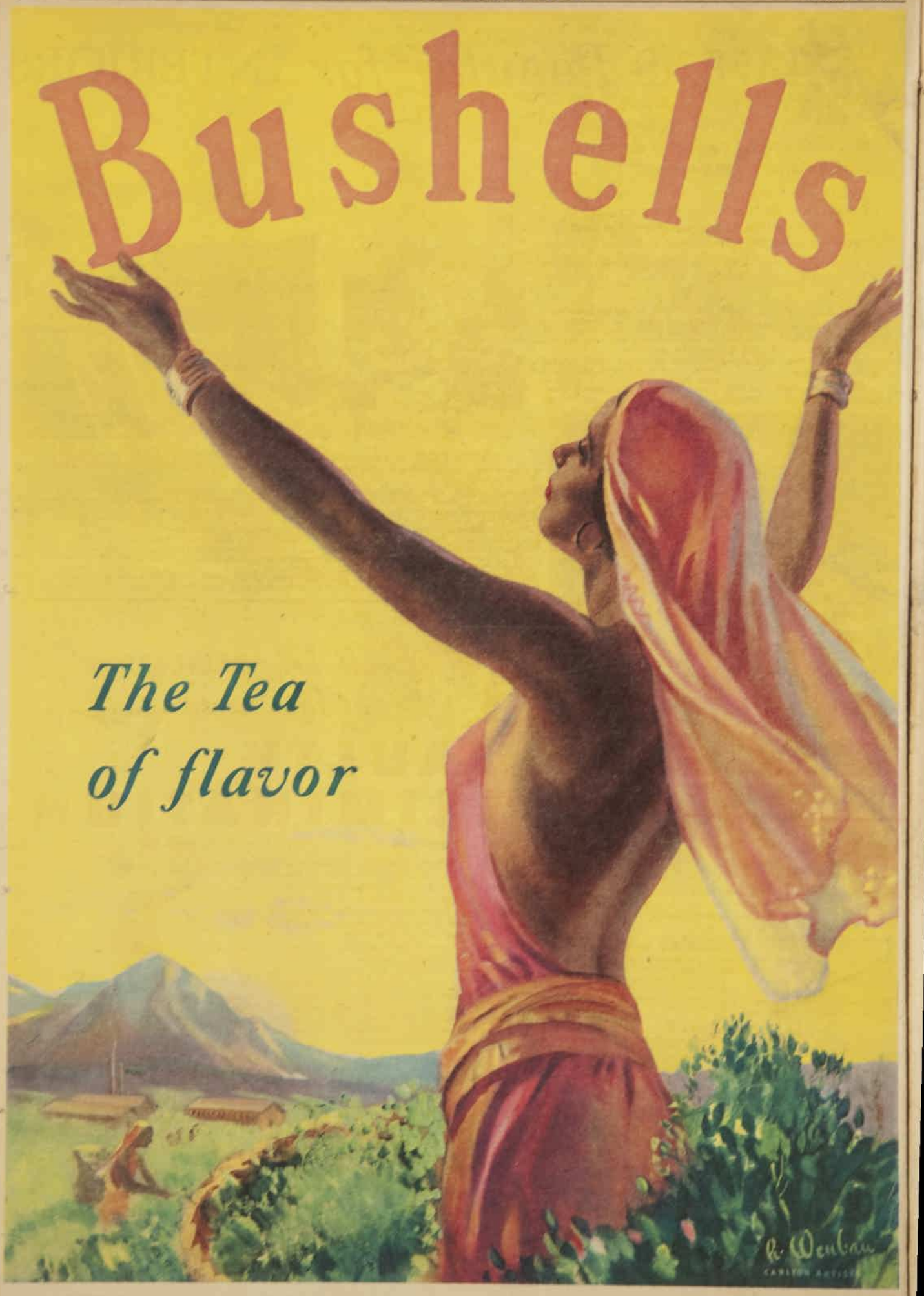

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PLAIN *and* DECORATIVE CAKES

CAKES are over-whelmingly popular in every Australian household, and every housewife likes to get a new cake recipe.

Here you have a splendid selection from the thousands of entries sent in to The Australian Women's Weekly £500 Recipe Competition—the majority of them being prize-winners in this great contest.

THIS book is one outcome of The Australian Women's Weekly recipe competition—the most spectacular competition ever conducted in Australia by any newspaper.

Over 97,000 entries were received in this competition.

The two hundred recipes presented in this book were selected with the greatest care by a committee of cooking experts from these 97,000 entries.

Each recipe was the treasured possession of an Australian housewife, constantly used by her and bearing her personal assurance of its reliability and popularity in her home.

Some of the recipes have been handed down from generation to generation for nearly a century. Some were claimed as original. Some were garnered from friends.

The whole selection makes a cooking treasury of inestimable value. TREASURE this book—it is unique.

SILVER LAKE HOUSE CREAM CAKE WITH ARABIAN FROSTING

Beat 4 eggs until very light, add, gradually, 2 cups sugar. When well blended, add 6 tablespoons melted butter. Sift 2½ cups of flour with 4 teaspoons of baking powder and a little salt. Add to the mixture, alternately, with 1¼ cups of milk. Flavor with lemon. Bake in 3 large sandwich tins in moderate oven for about 20 minutes.

Cream Filling: Take 1/3rd cup flour and mix with 1 cup sugar and a little salt. Beat 2 eggs well, add 2 cups of scalded cream. Beat this slowly into dry ingredients and cook in a double boiler, stirring all the while until thick and smooth. Cool and flavor with orange or lemon.

Arabian Frosting: Cream together ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind and 2 tablespoons butter. Add gradually 1½ cups of sifted icing sugar, alternately, with 1½ tablespoons of lemon juice, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add ½ cup finely-chopped figs or dates, and pinch of salt. When spread on the cake, dust finely with cinnamon.

GOLDEN TREASURE CAKE

Six ounces butter, 1 cup sugar, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon caramel, 1 teaspoon each of lemon and vanilla essence, 1 cup dried apricots, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup shaved almonds, ½ cup crystallised cherries, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt.

Pour boiling water over apricots and let stand few minutes, then slice thinly. Cream together butter and sugar, add egg-yolks, and beat until light. Stir in caramel and essences, then fruit and almonds. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add to mixture alternately with stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Pour mixture into a lined round tin and bake in brisk oven for first ½ hour, gradually decreasing heat for a further 1¼-1½ hours.

SURPRISE ROLL

Three eggs and pinch of salt, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. flour, 1 large teaspoon baking powder, 2 tablespoons hot water, pink and green confectionery, coloring.

Beat eggs and pinch of salt for 5 minutes, add sugar and beat for 10 minutes; then well-sifted flour and baking powder. Mix. Add hot water. Divide into three parts; leave one, and color one pale pink and the other pale green. Butter a roll tin, put the "yellow" in the bottom, next the pink, and then green. Bake in a moderate oven from 15 to 20 minutes. Turn out on a floured board, let the steam escape. Spread with chocolate icing made as follows: ½lb. icing sugar, 2 teaspoons butter, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 teaspoons cocoa dissolved in a little water. Mix all together until thick as cream. Roll up and dust with icing sugar. Make the icing before the cake is cooked. When cut, the roll shows four distinct colors.

PINEAPPLE BLOSSOM CAKE

Eight ounces plain flour, 2oz. cornflour, 6oz. sugar, 6oz. butter, 1oz. powdered milk, 2 eggs, heaped teaspoonful baking powder (½oz.), 1 small tin pineapple (sliced).

Sift all the dry ingredients (not sugar), cream butter and sugar, add the well-beaten eggs, have ready a lined cake tin. Add the butter and sugar to the dry ingredients, also as much of the pineapple juice as required to make a very stiff batter. Put half the mixture into tin.

Cut two or three slices of pineapple into strips from centre to outside, lay these on the cake mixture, from the tin towards the centre (so that the ends can be seen when the cake is cooked). Pour in the rest of the mixture and bake in a moderate oven about an hour. Put three-quarters cup of juice on to boil, thicken with a dessertspoonful arrowroot (cornflour will do, but if the cake is to be kept more than a week arrowroot keeps better), beat in ½oz. of butter and as much finely-powdered icing sugar as the mixture will take to make a firm icing (1 to 2oz.).

When cake is cool, spread this over with a broad knife, cut a few strips of pineapple, and lay them on top, like a sunflower, arranging the pieces on top of those which are in the cake, to facilitate cutting. Dust the icing with a little coconut, especially the sides of the cake, and lay a large round chocolate in centre. This makes a delicious children's party cake.

ANGEL-SKIN CAKE

Quarter pound butter, ¾ cup sugar, ½ cup cold water, ½lb. self-raising flour, 2 eggs, flavoring.

Cream butter and sugar, then add water gradually, mixing thoroughly. Sift in flour, and, lastly, well-beaten eggs and any preferred flavoring. Bake in moderate oven. When cold, cover with icing and decorate with cherries.

Jelly, Baby's thighs

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PLAIN *and Decorative* CAKES

(Continued)

HOLIDAY CAKE

One pound flour, ½lb. butter, ½lb. currants, ½lb. mixed peel, ½lb. sultanas, ½lb. sugar, 2 teaspoons mixed spice, ½ pint of ale, rind of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 4 eggs.

First prepare the fruit carefully and mix it with a little of the flour. Then put the rest of the flour into a large basin and rub in the butter until free from lumps. Add the fruit and other dry ingredients, except the soda. Mix all together and make a well in the centre. Heat the ale in a small saucepan and add the soda to it. Mix quickly, and while still frothy pour it into the centre of dry ingredients. Now add eggs, well beaten, and beat all together for fifteen minutes. Pour the mixture into a lined cake tin and bake in a slow oven until well risen and firm to touch. Bake about 3 hours.

PARISIAN CAKE

Make some rich, short pastry, using 3oz. butter; rub in 6oz. self-raising flour; mix into paste with yolk of 1 egg, ½ teaspoon lemon juice, and a little cold water. Line a long, flat tin with this. Spread with raspberry jam and cover with the following:—

Topping.—Beat 2 egg-whites until quite stiff and dry. Add 3oz. castor sugar and beat again. Stir lightly in 4oz. of fine chocolate cake-crumbs (any stale cake-crumbs will do, but I prefer chocolate), 2oz. of desiccated coconut, a little lemon juice, 2 dessertspoons raspberry jam, cochineal to color. Spread carefully over the pastry and bake for about 20 minutes in moderate oven until firm to the touch. Leave on sieve until cool, then pour over some coffee icing warm, and thickly. Cover with chopped walnuts and cherries. Will keep a long time, and is most delicious.

SANTA CLAUS CAKE

One and a half pounds self-raising flour, 1lb. butter, 1lb. sugar, 8 eggs, 1 small glass brandy, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½lb. crystallised cherries (cut up), ½lb. peel, 1lb. each raisins, sultanas, currants, ½lb. chopped almonds.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs one at a time, beating well after adding each egg. Combine flour and salt, then add the fruit, spices, and almonds. Add to mixture and stir well. Lastly add brandy, stirring a little. Place in large tin. Bake from 3 to 3½ hours. Cover cake with soft white icing and decorate with raisins, nuts, shavings of lemon peel, sweets, etc. Set off with a small toy Santa Claus. Place this in the centre.

CORNISH FRUIT CAKE

One pound flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½lb. butter, ½lb. granulated sugar, 2oz. castor sugar, 1lb. sultanas, 2 eggs, 2oz. candied orange peel, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ pint milk, 2 tablespoons water.

Put castor sugar and water in saucepan and cook over gentle heat until brown; add milk and stir until a nice coffee color. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together and rub in the butter. Mix in sugar, fruit, and cinnamon. Add eggs, well beaten, and mix to a soft batter with the browned milk. Pour into a deep square tin lined with greased paper. Sprinkle sugar and chopped blanched almonds on top. Bake from 2 to 2½ hours according to depth of tin, in moderate oven.

CARROT COFFEE CAKE

Quarter pound sugar, ½lb. ground almonds (unblanched), ½lb. scraped carrot, 4 eggs.

Add to sugar the yolks of 4 eggs and mix well. Add almonds and carrots. Lastly add stiffly-beaten whites of 4 eggs. Grease two 8in. sandwich cake tins and bake in a moderate to hot oven for 1 hour or more. When cold, fill and ice with the following:—

Filling.—4oz. icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence.

Cream icing sugar and butter, then add caffee essence, beating till creamy.

Icing.—4oz. icing sugar mixed with the unbeaten white of eggs.

Beat till light and fluffy.

CORNISH BLACK CAKE

Six ounces butter, 6oz. castor sugar, ½lb. flour, ½ teaspoon each grated nutmeg, mixed spice, baking powder; ½ teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, ½lb. ground rice, 4oz. chopped lemon peel, 4oz. chopped blanched almonds, 3oz. chopped raisins, 1 gill brandy (port wine can be used instead of brandy if liked), and 6 eggs (if eggs are scarce use 4 eggs and milk in place of others).

Cream butter and sugar. Sift flour with spices, baking powder, and soda. Prepare fruit and beat eggs. Mix eggs and flour alternately into butter and sugar. Stir in the ground rice, fruit, almonds, and the brandy. Bake in a greased cake tin lined with two layers of greased paper in moderate oven (350deg. Fahr.) for 2½ hours. Test with a skewer to see if ready before removing from oven. Before baking, mix ½lb. each ground almonds and icing sugar with a beaten egg and spread over cake, and after baking (when cold) spread with ½lb. icing sugar mixed with just enough white of egg to make it spread.

SEA CAKE

White Part: 2 cups flour, ½ cup butter, 4 whites eggs, 1½ cups sugar, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda.

Dark Part: 2½ cups flour, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup milk, ½ cup butter, ½ cup treacle, 3 eggs, ½ teaspoon each cream of tartar and carbonate of soda, cloves, cinnamon, mace to taste.

Prepare and mix each part separately as follows: Sift cream of tartar, soda, and flour well; cream butter and sugar, adding eggs one by one; beat well after each is added. Mix in flour, then milk. For the dark part the treacle and spice should be beaten with sugar and butter. When both batters have been mixed, have prepared two greased tins and layer the colors in alternately. When batters are used up, finish by spreading over evenly on top. Bake in a moderate oven for 1½ hours. When cooked and cold, ice with butter icing, and with feather dipped in cochineal mark wavelike lines across cake. Then cut up pieces of green angelica to resemble seaweed, decorate top with these interspersed with tiny boats containing midget kewpies capped with piece of angelica.

Butter Icing for Cake: 1½ tablespoons butter, 2 cups icing sugar, 1½ tablespoons boiling water.

Mix all together very smoothly and flavor with essence of vanilla.

FIR TREES IN THE SNOW

Half breakfast-cup butter, 1 cup light brown sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup sour cream, 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, ½ cup of nuts.

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, well-beaten egg, sour cream, and flour sifted with soda, baking powder, and salt. Add nuts. Mix thoroughly. Drop from spoon on greased tin sheet and bake in moderate oven. Cover with boiled icing.

Decorate with bright green mint jubes which have been brushed over with a little unbeaten egg-white and rolled in hundreds and thousands. Dip wooden toothpicks in melted chocolate, allow to harden, then insert in bases of jubes and stand the trees in the little cakes. Make small mounds of coconut at the base of each to represent snow.

BEEHIVE CAKE

Half cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, ½ cup honey, ½ cup milk, 1 cup plain flour, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 dessertspoon ginger.

Beat butter and sugar to cream. Break egg into basin and beat well, then add honey and milk. Add this gradually to butter and sugar, then stir in lightly soda and ginger. Grease a round, plain pudding mould. Pour the cake mixture into the mould and bake in a moderate oven for 40 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. When cold, level the flat side so that it will stand evenly. Cover the hive with warm, white icing. Cut 3 glace cherries in halves and press them on to the icing to represent bees, then make wings by cutting walnuts in halves and placing the cut edges into each side of the cherries.

White Icing: Sift ½lb. icing sugar, and with 2 tablespoons milk make into a stiff consistency. Stir over the fire till warm, but do not allow to boil. Pour over the cake.

SAVOY CAKE

Four eggs, 6oz. castor sugar, 1 lemon rind, 1 cupful flour.

Break the eggs into two basins, the whites in one and the yolks in the other. Beat egg-yolks well with sugar and lemon rind finely grated. Beat together for 15 minutes. Then dredge in flour gradually, and fold in lightly stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Have tins about 2½in. long and 1in. wide. Lightly grease with butter, and pour mixture into them. Bake in quick oven, watch carefully so that they do not harden. Five minutes should be sufficient.

Almond Icing: Take ½lb. of ground almonds, 1lb. sifted icing sugar, 2 tablespoons sherry, 2 egg-yolks, and squeeze of lemon juice. Thoroughly mix almonds and sugar, beat lemon juice and sherry together, then mix all together by hand into a thick paste. Put on a board dusted with sugar, and roll out to the thickness required. Cover the cakes, carefully pressing the icing into position with the fingers. Roll in chocolate powder, or dark, sweet cocoa.

RICH because they are

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PLAIN *and Decorative* CAKES

(Continued)

RICE SPONGE SANDWICH

Two ounces ground rice, 2oz. flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 3oz. fine sugar, 3oz. butter, 1 large egg, milk if required, raspberry jam.

Sieve the ground rice, flour, and baking powder. Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Stir the egg in quickly and beat well for a few minutes. Then fold in the dry ingredients and a little milk if needed. Mix all together lightly. Put mixture into a greased sandwich tin and bake from 12 to 15 minutes in a hot oven. Cool on a sieve. Split open and spread with raspberry jam. Sandwich together and dredge with castor sugar.

COCKTAIL SAVORY CAKE

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 cup grated cheese, 4oz. butter, cayenne, salt, 1 egg, milk.

Cream butter thoroughly and stir in the cheese. Now add the well-beaten egg and beat all together. Sift flour and seasonings twice, then add to the butter mixture. Add milk gradually and stir until the mixture drops heavily from a spoon. Cook in a well-greased deep sandwich tin in a fairly hot oven about 20 minutes. Turn out to cool. This cake is better if filled the next day.

Method: Cut the cake into 3 pieces and butter each of the sides. Fill one with minced ham. Put cream cheese mashed with hard-boiled egg and moistened with mayonnaise dressing in the middle layer. On the top layer minced chicken to which a little cream and chopped parsley are added. Press firmly and turn upside down to get a flat surface. Spread lightly with butter, and mark off six or eight sections. Place on each chopped beetroot, hard-boiled egg slices, gherkins, cream cheese, minced chicken, sliced tomatoes, minced ham, and sliced cucumber. Have ready some aspic jelly, and when on the point of setting pour carefully over the "cake," letting it run down the sides. It will look most attractive and is delicious.

WAVE CAKE

One level cup of butter or dripping, 1 cup sugar, 4 eggs, 3 level cups flour, 1 level teaspoon carbonate of soda, 2 level teaspoons cream of tartar.

Beat sugar and butter to a cream, add egg-yolks; beat well. Mix 3 level cups of flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar together, and add alternately with 1 full cup of milk to the mixture. Then add egg-whites beaten to a stiff froth. Beat all lightly and pour into baking dish. Now add a few drops of cochineal into the mixture, give a few stirs with a spoon. Bake 1 hour. When cooked, the cochineal gives the effect of waves flowing through the cake. Icing improves it.

SCENIC CAKE

Five cups flour, 1 cup moist brown sugar, 1 cup treacle, 1 cup butter, 1 cup sweet cream, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in ½ cup of milk, 1 teaspoon essence of lemon, a pinch of salt, ½ cup sultanas, ½ cup currants, a little grated nutmeg, ½oz. cinnamon, 1 teaspoon allspice, ½lb. grated sweet almonds (blanched beforehand), 1 piece candied peel.

Beat butter with half the sugar to a cream. Beat egg-yolks with other half of the sugar separately. Add cream. Next combine these and lightly fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Do not beat once the whites are added. Have flour, sieved and salted, ready on a plate. Add alternately with milk, a little at a time, then rest of the ingredients, as dry as possible—fruit floured first. Pour mixture in round tin, not too deep. Place a dish or saucer on the top of the cake to cause a depression as the cake cooks. Bake from 2 to 4 hours in moderate oven; longer cooking makes a darker cake. When cold, cover with royal icing, allow to cool, then cover hollow with pale blue icing to represent water. Make a border of colored flowers with icing tube, and use blanched almonds on the blue icing, standing in groups to represent water-lilies, or these may be made in pink and blue icing. Make a little rockery in centre, using almonds (brown-skinned) for effect; intermingle with colored flowers. A pink border around both rockery and edge of cake will give the effect of pathways. These may be edged with brown almonds standing, or blanched to represent pebbles if lying down. Another idea is to cover outside of cake with almonds (either color) to represent a basket, and arrange flowers of icing in the depression; or, again, fill it with crystallised fruits. Angelica may be used for stalks or plants.

GRAPEFRUIT CANDY CAKE

Six ounces butter, 8oz. castor sugar, 3 eggs, rind of 1 grapefruit, 2 tablespoons grapefruit juice, 10oz. self-raising flour.

Beat the butter and sugar to a cream; add eggs one at a time, and beat till smooth. Now add grated rind, then the sifted flour alternately with the juice. Mix lightly, and if too stiff add a little milk. Turn into a greased paper-lined tin and bake 1½ hours in a moderate oven. Ice with white icing and sprinkle coffee candy crystals over.

Icing: ½lb. sifted icing sugar mixed with grapefruit juice. Have the icing pretty thick.

BORDEAUX CAKE

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 4½ tablespoons milk, 12oz. self-raising flour, vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, then milk and flavoring, lastly well-sifted flour, mixing it in evenly. Divide into three and place in well-greased sandwich tins. Bake in a moderate oven till a pale brown and well set. Turn on to a cake-cooler. When cold, join together with red currant jelly and ice the top accordingly. Serve on a paper d'oyley on a plate or cake dish.

PETIT FOURS

Two ounces chopped walnuts, 1 white of egg, ½lb. icing sugar, vanilla essence, 3oz. ground almonds, cochineal, glace cherries.

Crush and sieve the icing sugar and mix with it the ground almonds and chopped walnuts. Beat the white of egg to a froth and mix it with the sugar mixture to a smooth paste. Add three drops of vanilla. When thoroughly mixed, divide it into two portions, coloring one delicately with cochineal. Work each portion until quite smooth, then separate each color into little heaps of equal size. Dust the hands with icing sugar and roll each portion into a neat round. Brush the tops and sides of each with white of egg, place a halved glace cherry in the centre of each, and dry in a cool oven.

WINDMILL CAKE

Six ounces self-raising flour, 6oz. castor sugar, 4 eggs, 1 dessertspoon melted butter.

Beat yolks of eggs and sugar until frothy, fold in stiffly-beaten whites, and continue beating for 15 minutes. Add melted butter, and then sifted flour. Mix thoroughly with a fork. Pour mixture into two greased sandwich tins. Bake in hot oven from 10 to 15 minutes.

For Filling and Icing: Beat 6 tablespoons butter with 1½ cups sifted icing sugar and 4 drops vanilla. Put between cakes (when cold) and cover top and sides, putting 6 small mounds at intervals round edge of top and inserting a crystallised cherry in each mound. Roll sides of cake in tiny chocolate chips. Now melt ½lb. cake of chocolate and pour into greased tin same size as cake. When almost set, mark into six equal divisions from centre to edge. Cut with a sharp knife when cold, and place from centre to edge of cake, each piece leaning against a mound of icing. This represents the windmill. Secure the centre with a drop of icing and crystallised cherry and the cake is complete.

LADINIAS

One and a half cups self-raising flour, ½lb. sugar, ½lb. butter melted in 1 cup of boiling water.

Put all together, mix quickly with knife, and bake like rock buns in moderate oven. Boil 2 cups of honey and 1½ cups of water together. Then take the cakes while hot and dip them in the boiling mixture of water and honey. Place them on a large dish and sprinkle with finely-chopped walnuts and cinnamon; allow cakes to stand on dish soaking in honey until required. The ladinias can be used at any time, but improve with keeping.

CAPTAIN COOK CAKE

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 12oz. flour, 3 eggs, 1 gill milk, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, ½ cup raisins, 1 dessertspoon treacle, 2 teaspoons mixed spice, piece of candied peel chopped fine, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, raspberry jam, 2oz. almonds, blanched, chopped, and browned in oven.

Sift flour, cream of tartar and soda, beat eggs. Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs gradually, then milk, and lastly flour. Divide into three parts. Cook two parts in sandwich tins as plain cake. Add remainder of ingredients to rest of mixture. Cook in tin same diameter as the sandwich tins. Bake about 20 minutes in a fairly hot oven (400 deg.). Join with jam, putting the fruit cake in the middle. Cover with soft icing.

Soft Icing: Pour 2 tablespoons of boiling water over a small lump of butter and stir on to 6oz. of sifted icing sugar in a saucepan. Mix over a slow heat until smooth and shiny. Do not allow to boil. A little more icing sugar may be needed to thicken it. Put on cake, and sprinkle with browned almonds.

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PLAIN *and Decorative* CAKES

(Continued)

A FLOAT BOWL

Quarter pound of butter, ¾ cup of sugar, 1½ cups of flour, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon each of essence of vanilla and lemon.

Cream butter and sugar together, add the egg-yolks and essences. Beat well. Sift the flour and baking powder together, add to the mixture. Now add milk. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Butter a flat, round cake tin, turn a small sandwich tin upside down in it, pour mixture into cake tin, being very careful to well cover bottom of sandwich tin, and bake in moderate oven half an hour. Turn out, remove bottom tin, and when cool ice with green icing on outside and well down the inside. Half fill the centre with pale lemon jelly to represent water, and when set scatter crystallized violets over the surface.

SOYA BEAN CAKE

Six tablespoons arrowroot, 6 tablespoons soya bean meal, 3 tablespoons sugar, 3 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, ½lb. butter, ½lb. sultanas, ½lb. crystallised cherries, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk.

Place arrowroot in a basin and well cover with water, stirring arrowroot well. Allow to settle. Repeat this three times. Then when all water is poured off add soya bean meal, then sugar, and mix thoroughly. Now mix in cream of tartar and carbonate of soda, then butter (blend this in thoroughly), next sultanas and cherries. When these ingredients are thoroughly mixed, add well-beaten eggs. Mix all together thoroughly. Bake in hot oven in aluminium cake tin if possible, as this cake is more successful if cooked quickly—about 1½ hours.

HOT LEMONADE CAKE

Six eggs, 1½ cups sugar, 1 lemon, 1½ cups dry, fine, white breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, ½lb. almonds.

Beat egg-yolks until thick and lemon-colored; add 1½ cups sugar, and beat until smooth and thick. Grate rind of lemon, combine with cinnamon, cream of tartar, and breadcrumbs, and mix thoroughly with egg-sugar mixture. Lastly fold in finely-chopped almonds and stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Bake one hour, or a little more, in moderate oven. When baked and still hot, pour over it a mixture of the juice of the lemon, one-third cup of hot water, and 1 tablespoon sugar. Cool in the pan in which it was cooked. This cake needs no icing and keeps splendidly.

TEMPTATION CAKE

Three large eggs, 3oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 3oz. flour, teaspoon baking powder, salt, grated rind of half lemon.

Add sugar to eggs and stand basin over a saucepan of hot water. Whisk until thick and creamy, add lemon rind. Melt butter without letting it get really hot, fold it lightly into mixture alternately with the flour put in round cake tin, and bake in moderate oven. Next day fill with banana filling.

For Filling: Mash 3 bananas, add a little golden syrup and a tablespoon thick cream. Spread this layer of filling in the centre of cake.

To Decorate: Put two tablespoons of coconut on a flat tin and brown in oven until lightly colored. Spread sides of cake with golden syrup and roll sides of cake in coconut.

To Glaze: Dissolve two teaspoons of powdered gelatine in two tablespoons of water, add the strained juice of half a lemon. Dissolve slowly, stirring all the time, then make really hot. Add two large tablespoons of golden syrup and stir over gentle heat until smooth. Stand the saucepan in cold water and cool the glaze as quickly as possible. When it is thickening slightly, slice up two bananas and place them in a saucer, cover them with a little of the glaze, and then arrange them overlapping one against the other all around the edge of the cake. Add the rest of the glaze from a spoon, coating the bananas and the surface of the cake completely.

ESKIMO PIE CAKE

Quarter pound butter, ½lb. sugar, 3 eggs, small ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½lb. flour.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream; add well-beaten eggs and milk, then flour and baking powder. Bake 20-25 minutes in moderate oven. When cold, fill with ½ cup whipped cream to which has been added 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, and ½ cup chopped walnuts. Save a little cream for top of cake. Melt 2oz. unsweetened chocolate and pour over top and sides of cake.

VEGETABLE CAKE

Half pound finely-grated carrots, 3oz. potato flour (mashed potato), 2oz. self-raising flour, grated rind and juice of 1 orange, 3oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2oz. butter.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolks well beaten. Stir in grated carrots, orange rind and juice; add flour and potato. Whisk egg-whites until stiff, fold into the mixture, and bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven —360deg. Fahr. or Regulo 4.

YACHT CAKE

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Beat eggs and sugar until white—long enough to form figure 8. Fold in flour, sifted with cream of tartar, then add milk which has been boiled with butter and to which soda has been added. Bake in two 9in. sandwich tins. When cold, put together with a layer of greengage jam into which has been stirred a dessertspoon of desiccated coconut. Ice the top with pale green icing, and sprinkle desiccated coconut across it in thin, wavy lines to represent foam on billows. In the centre place a small yacht which even the veriest amateur can manage by making the body, masts, and ropes from portions cut from a halfpenny strap of licorice, and shape the sails from thin slices cut from the centre of a penny "snowball."

WALNUT ANGEL CAKE

Whites of 6 eggs, pinch of salt, ¾ breakfast cup of sugar, ½ breakfast cup of flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 6 walnuts.

Whip the whites of eggs very stiff, adding a pinch of salt; beat in the sugar gradually, then in the same way, flour and baking powder which have been well sifted. Add vanilla essence and lastly 12 halves of walnuts. When once the beating is begun do not stop till finished. Bake in a cake tin lined with paper for 30 minutes in moderate oven.

ALMOND MADEIRA CAKE

Five ounces flour, 1½oz. ground almonds, 3oz. butter, 3oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 eggs and 1 extra white, few drops of almond flavoring, milk, castor sugar.

Beat sugar and butter to a cream, add the two eggs one at a time. When both are well beaten in, stir in the ground almonds, also flour and baking powder, which should previously have been sifted. Mix them all lightly, adding a little milk as required. Flavor with almond essence and fold in the remaining egg-white whisked up stiffly. Put the mixture into a greased cake tin, but only two-thirds fill it. Dredge the top with castor sugar and bake in a moderate oven.

CHOCOLATE CAKE WITH BRAN

Three ounces cocoa (good quality), 3oz. sugar, 2½oz. flour, 1oz. bran, 2oz. butter, 2 tablespoons hot water, 3 egg-yolks, 3 egg-whites, vanilla essence.

Mix cocoa with sugar, flour, and bran. Add melted butter, hot water, and then the 3 egg-yolks well beaten. Lastly add the egg-whites beaten stiff, and the vanilla to flavor. Put mixture into a fairly large cake tin which has been well lined at bottom and sides with well-greased thick paper. Only half fill the cake tin as the cake rises considerably. Bake in a very moderate oven for 40-45 minutes. Make sure oven is not too hot, because owing to the bran the cake may burn easily.

TREACLE FRUIT CAKE

One pound flour, 6oz. currants, ½lb. margarine, 2 eggs, 6oz. sultanas, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda, 2oz. peel, ½lb. sugar, ½lb. treacle or golden syrup, 1 gill milk.

Have fruit well cleaned and dry, sieve flour with soda, rub fat into flour until like fine breadcrumbs, cut peel into small pieces. Add peel and fruit to flour mixture. Mix all well together. Beat eggs into small basin and whisk well. Add golden syrup to eggs, and whisk again. Dissolve sugar in the milk, then add to eggs, etc., and whisk well together. Add wet ingredients to the dry, and mix well together, beat for a few minutes, put into cake tin, and bake in moderately hot oven for 2 hours. After cake has been in oven for 20 minutes reduce heat but do not open door.

TULIP CAKE

One cup sugar, ½ cup butter, ¾ cup milk, 3 eggs, essence lemon, 2 cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs well-beaten, then milk and flour alternately. Bake one-third of mixture and color a pale pink. Grease a round cake tin thoroughly. In centre of tin put two large tablespoons of white mixture, on top of that 1 tablespoon of pink mixture, then 1 dessertspoon white, and on top of that 1 teaspoon of pink. Hold tin in hand and shake carefully until mixture flattens out and covers bottom of tin. In centre put mixture in heap as before, and in same order shake gently and flatten as before. Do this until mixture is all used up. If this is carefully done the cake when cut will have a perfect pink tulip in each piece. When cold, cover all over with soft icing colored a pale pink.

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PLAIN *and Decorative* CAKES

(Continued)

METTERNICH CAKE

One tablespoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda, ½ cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs. Dissolve soda and cream of tartar in milk and add; then sifted flour. Bake on buttered jam roll tin for ¼ hour, then turn onto cooler. When cold, cut in four squares and join together with the following filling: 3oz. grated chocolate (or cocoa), 3oz. butter, 3oz. icing sugar. Beat all till creamy and add 1 tablespoon vanilla.

Ice top with following: 3oz. grated chocolate melted with 2 tablespoons hot water, and thicken with icing sugar till thick enough to pour over top and sides. If liked, 1 dessertspoon of vanilla also is an improvement in this.

SPRINGTIME CAKE

Beat well ½lb. butter, 1 large cup castor sugar, add 3 eggs, one at a time. Beat well again, then sift in 2 cups self-raising flour, also juice and half the rind of one lemon. Pour into two square, flat tins and bake about half-hour in a moderate oven. When cold, cut each square corner-wise, join together with filling, and cut each piece in half again. You now have 4 pieces of three-cornered shape. Ice one pink, one yellow, one green, and one white, and before they are dry, press all together to form a square again. When icing is set, decorate along each join, and put a fancy piece in the centre. This cake can be made very pretty, and it keeps well.

Filling: ½lb. butter, ½ cup of nuts, chopped very fine, a little lemon juice, and sufficient icing sugar to make a nice cream filling. Beat butter and sugar well before adding nuts.

SUNSHINE CAKE

Cake: One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 4 egg-whites, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 5 egg-yolks, ½ teaspoon lemon extract.

(1) Sift flour three times, add half the sugar and sift again three times. (2) Beat the egg-whites, add salt and cream of tartar, beat until stiff enough to stand in peaks. Add remainder of sugar and beat. (3) Beat yolks and add lemon extract. Mix the two egg mixtures and beat together.

Sift over the egg mixture a small quantity of the flour mixture, fold in carefully. Repeat until all is used. Pour into un-greased tin and bake in slow oven for twenty minutes. Increase heat to moderate and bake half an hour longer.

When cooked, leave until cold before removing tin.

Icing: One cup sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 1 egg-white (left over from cake), ½ teaspoon lemon extract.

(1) Sift sugar into saucepan, cover with water and soak 30 minutes. (2) Beat egg-white until stiff.

Gradually dissolve sugar over a low heat, and when boiling point is reached, boil for exactly two minutes. Remove from fire, beat in egg-white and lemon extract. Place over fire for one minute, beating the mixture. Spread on cake with damp knife—keep wiping the knife on a damp cloth, if the icing does not spread smoothly.

Note: When beating the eggs for this cake, it is essential that the egg-beater be perfectly dry, as any moisture will result in failure to make the whites stand up stiffly. Fresh eggs should be used, of course, but very new-laid eggs will require more beating. If the icing is omitted, the egg-white can be used to advantage in the cake.

GLACE FRUIT LAYER CAKE

Five ounces self-raising flour, 1 level teaspoon mixed spice, 3oz. butter, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 eggs, 4oz. castor sugar.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add each egg separately, stirring it in quickly and beating it well before adding the next. Sift flour with spice and stir in lightly, moistening mixture with milk. Put into well-greased tin and bake in a moderate oven for about ½ hour. Test cake with skewer before taking it out. Turn out carefully and cool.

For the Filling: 3oz. mixed glace fruits, 3oz. icing sugar, 1½oz. butter, 1 egg yolk, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, 1oz. ground almonds.

Cut the glace fruits into very small pieces, sift icing sugar, and beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add egg-yolk, and stir mixture quickly for a minute. Then add ground almonds, cinnamon, prepared fruits, and mix altogether. Slit the cake into three. Spread the filling between the layers and sandwich them together.

For the Boiled Icing: ½lb. lump sugar, ¼ gill hot water, pinch cream of tartar, 1 egg-white, few drops of orange essence.

Put sugar and water into a saucepan and let sugar dissolve slowly; bring to the boil, add a pinch of cream of tartar and boil a few seconds. Have egg-white whisked to a stiff froth by the time syrup is ready. Then pour syrup onto the egg-white immediately in a steady stream, keeping the egg-white stirred. Add a few drops of orange flavoring and continue to stir icing until it is thick enough to coat, and will set quickly. Pour it over the cake. Decorate with glace fruits.

CHOCOLATE FROSTED HONEY CAKE

Two and a quarter cups flour, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 eggs, 1 cup honey, 1½ teaspoons soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup boiling water, 2oz. unsweetened chocolate.

Cream butter until soft, then add sugar in two tablespoonfuls portions, creaming well after each addition. Add well-beaten eggs and beat thoroughly. Melt chocolate over hot water and add to mixture and beat well. Add honey and continue beating. The most vigorous mixing during the whole process should come at this time. Then add the dry ingredients which have been sifted together, in about four tablespoonfuls portions, alternately with small portions of boiling water. After each addition of boiling water mix only slightly, but after each addition of dry ingredients beat for ½ minute. When all ingredients have been added turn into two greased sandwich tins and bake in very moderate oven, 325deg. Fahr. being about right, for 40 to 50 minutes. This makes a deliciously light cake, but to make it even more delicate and melting use 1 cup sour cream (cold) in place of boiling water, and increase soda to 3 teaspoons. Combine, as usual, simply adding sour cream as you would the hot water. When cold, spread one of the cakes with thick honey and sprinkle with chopped almonds, then add a thin layer of whipped cream. Sandwich and cover with chocolate frosting.

Chocolate Frosting: 2oz. unsweetened chocolate (melted), 1 teaspoon butter, 3 tablespoons hot water, 1½ cups sifted icing sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Mix chocolate, butter, and hot water. Cool. Add sugar until consistency to spread. Add vanilla. Beat. Spread on top of cake.

GLORIFIED CHEESE CAKE

Sift 1 level teacup plain flour, 1 level teacup self-raising flour and pinch salt. Rub in ½lb. butter. Dissolve 2 tablespoons sugar in 1 gill milk and beat in 1 egg-yolk. Add to flour and make a soft dough. Roll out thinly and line a swiss roll tin with paste, being careful to cover sides of tin. Now beat 3 eggs and 2 tablespoons sugar till frothy, add 2 tablespoons thick cream (tinned cream is ideal). Mix in 1 level cup desiccated coconut, beat well and, after spreading paste with raspberry jam, pour mixture in evenly. Sprinkle freely with crushed walnuts. Place in good oven and bake till a golden-brown (about 25 minutes). When cold, remove from tin and cut in half. Spread one-half with stiffly-whipped cream and place other half on top. Paste up. Trim edges, glaze with little milk and decorate with crushed nuts.

APRICOT AND ALMOND CAKE

Put 6oz. dried apricots through a mincer and mix with 2oz. chopped almonds. Sift together 1lb. flour and 1½ teaspoons baking powder, rub in 6oz. margarine, add 6oz. fine sugar, the apricots and almonds and mix well. Beat up 1 egg in about ½ cup milk, mix thoroughly, pour mixture into a well-greased tin, and bake in moderate oven for about 1 hour. When nearly done sprinkle with grated almonds.

A SPRING SYMPHONY

Sponge sandwich cake, yellow jam, finely-chopped pistachio nuts or angelica cut into small pieces, 1 gill whipped cream, small meringues.

Sponge Sandwich: 3 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup plain flour, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 tablespoons water. Beat eggs well. Add sugar gradually, beat well till mixture is thick. Stir in sifted flour and baking powder. Melt the butter in hot water and add to egg mixture. Pour into two well-greased 7-inch sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes.

To complete a spring symphony, spread sponge sandwich cake with yellow jam. Place top half in position. Cover well with the same jam, sprinkle with the chopped nuts, arrange small round meringues around it, and pile cream in the centre. The cream can be colored pink.

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PLAIN *and Decorative* CAKES

(Continued)

HONEY CAKE, WITH YELLOW JACKET FROSTING

Cream ½ cup of shortening. Add ½ cup of sugar gradually and beat until very light and fluffy. Add ½ cup of strained honey and 1 tablespoon of grated orange rind and beat again. Add 5 egg-yolks, one at a time, beating hard after each addition. If it seems easier to you, beat all the egg-yolks at one time until thick and lemon-colored, and fold them into the creamed mixture. Sift 2 cups of flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon of salt, and add to egg mixture, alternately with ⅝-8th cup of milk. Then add 2 tablespoons of orange juice and ½ cup of ground or finely-chopped blanched almonds. Beat batter until smooth. Pour into two greased and paper-lined layer-cake tins or one oblong loaf cake tin. Bake for 25 minutes in a moderately hot oven (375deg. F.), for layers and 55 minutes in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for a loaf cake. Remove from tins and cool before icing.

Yellow Jacket Icing: Mix 2 cups sugar, ¾ cup water, and ½ cup honey in a heavy saucepan. Cover tightly and bring to a full rolling boil. Remove lid and continue cooking until the honey spins double threads from the side of a spoon. Add ½ teaspoon salt to 4 egg-yolks and beat until thick and lemon-colored. When honey has stopped bubbling, pour it in a fine stream over egg-yolks, beating hard as the honey is added. Unless you have an electric mixer, use a wire whisk. Beat icing until cool and very fudgy. Add 2 tablespoons cream, ½ teaspoon lemon extract and ½ teaspoon orange extract. Spread on the cake. If the icing should become too thick to spread before you have finished icing the cake, add a tablespoon of cream now and then. Garnish top of cake with fresh orange sections on strips of candied orange peel and angelica. This cake will keep moist longer than the average cake.

HARLEQUIN CAKE

Short Bread: ¼lb. butter, 1½ cups flour, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 pinch salt, 1½ teaspoons baking powder.

Chocolate Mixture: ¼lb. butter, ¾ cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1½ cups flour, ½ cup milk, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup chopped prunes, 2 heaped tablespoons cocoa, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon cloves (ground), 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 pinch salt.

To make the shortbread: Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg, lastly flour. Roll out and line a square cake tin with mixture about half-inch thick. Spread with raspberry jam, and cover with chocolate mixture and bake.

Make the chocolate mixture by creaming butter and sugar. Then add eggs, one at a time, flour, cocoa and spices. Mix well with milk, then add prunes, nuts, and lastly baking powder. Put in centre of tin and bake 30 to 40 minutes in moderate oven. When cold, cover top with white butter icing, sides with chocolate butter icing, and sprinkle crushed nuts in a square in centre of cake.

CHERRY NOYEAN CAKE

Half-pound self-raising flour, 4oz. butter, ¼lb. castor sugar, 2 eggs, grated rind of half an orange, 2 tablespoons orange and lemon juice mixed.

Thoroughly cream butter. Add sugar, gradually, and beat thoroughly. Break in eggs separately and beat well. Add grated rind of orange, then fold in gently the well-sifted flour. Do not beat after the flour is added. Lastly, add the strained juice. The mixture should drop heavily from spoon. A little cold water may be added if necessary for more moisture. Bake in a flat, well-greased tin for 20 minutes in moderate oven.

Filling: One teacup fine cake crumbs, 1 tablespoon syrup, and a few cherries from cherry jam, cochineal, a little brown muscat or sweet sherry.

Soak the crumbs (which have been cut from edges of cooled cake and crumbled) in the syrup and wine. Add the chopped cherries and enough cochineal to make a deep pink. Cut cake in half and spread the filling evenly on the bottom, place together. Press down firmly, and cover with pink icing made with 1 cup icing sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, cochineal and orange juice. Spread evenly and decorate with a cherry (in centre), and chopped walnuts around loops of angelica.

PORCUPINE CAKE

Quarter pound butter, ¼lb. sugar, 3 eggs, ¼lb. flour (or a little more), ¼lb. sultanas or seeded raisins, ¼lb. currants, wineglassful wine or brandy, pinch of salt, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, cinnamon, spice.

Sift flour and spices. Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, then wine. Add three-quarters of the flour and then fruit mixed with remainder of flour. Put mixture in an oval tin, and bake. When cold, cut cake into shape of porcupine; by cooking in an oval tin it is only necessary to shape for the face, and cut a little off top.

Make almond icing from ¼lb. almond meal, icing sugar, yolk of egg and juice of lemon. Wipe top of cake with white of egg (any remainder can be added to almond icing). Cover cake and then sprinkle with cocoa, to make brown. Stick blanched almonds all over cake in rows slanting towards back. Make eyes with two sultanas pinned to cake, and snout with piece of almond.

BIRTHDAY CAKE FOR CHILD OF FIVE YEARS

For Cake: 4 eggs, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 2 dessertspoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons boiling milk, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 tablespoons orange juice.

Jelly for Top of Cake: 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup orange juice, ½ cup lemon juice, ½ cup hot water, ½ cup sugar.

Filling: 1 dessertspoon gelatine, ½ cup brown sugar, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 cup finely-chopped raisins, white 1 egg, ½ cup chopped almonds, 1 cup hot water.

First make the jelly for the top of cake by placing the peeled quarters of orange on bottom of mould, so that when you turn out the jelly they will be on top. Pour on jelly and allow to set.

To make cake: Beat eggs and sugar for 20 minutes. Add flour and stir lightly, then add milk and juice. Melt butter in the milk and stir in. Bake in two square tins for 15 minutes.

While cake is cooking, prepare filling. Dissolve sugar and gelatine in the hot water, then beat in remaining ingredients. When cake is cold, join together with the filling and turn out the jelly on top of cake.

ALMOND MEAL FRUIT CAKE

Half pound butter, ¼lb. castor sugar, 4 eggs, 10oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, ¼lb. currants, ¼lb. sultanas, ¼lb. almond meal, ¼lb. crystallised cherries, ¼lb. shelled walnuts, 2 tablespoons sherry.

Cream butter and sugar. Whisk 4 eggs together separately and add a little at a time to butter and sugar. If the mixture curdles it is because either the butter and sugar is not creamed sufficiently or the eggs are added too quickly. Stir in the sieved flour, baking powder and salt. Add almond meal and mix well. Add currants, sultanas, cherries (cut up) and walnuts. Bake in a well-greased tin, lined with butter paper, for 2 to 2½ hours, in a moderate oven.

See that the butter paper stands at least an inch above the tin, and before putting the cake in oven cover mixture with a double layer of brown paper and resting on the butter paper.

DECORATED FLOWER CAKE

Three ounces of butter, 4oz. sugar, 5oz. flour, 3 eggs, 1 small teaspoon baking powder, 1 large teaspoon coffee essence.

Beat butter and sugar to a soft cream. Beat eggs and stir them into the mixture quickly until smooth. Sift flour and fold it in lightly, add coffee essence last. Turn into a deep greased tin (the same size and shape as a sandwich tin) and cook about ½ hour in a moderate oven. When cold cut in half and spread with the filling, leaving a small quantity for decorating purposes.

The Filling: ¼lb. icing sugar, 3oz. butter, 2 teaspoons coffee essence, 1 teaspoon chocolate powder.

Roll the lumps out of icing sugar, add butter and beat to a cream; stir in the essence and chocolate powder.

The Icing: ¼lb. icing sugar, 2 to 4 ozs. unsweetened chocolate, ½ gill warm water.

Roll lumps out of icing sugar, add the chocolate and mix to a smooth consistency with the warm water. Pour the icing over cake and leave it to set.

Flower Decoration for Top of Cake: 2oz. ground almonds, 2oz. icing sugar, 1oz. castor sugar, ½ egg yolk and a squeeze of lemon juice. Mix well all ingredients to a pliable paste, take a small piece, roll out thinly and cut the flower petals out and place on the centre of cake. Put the remainder of butter filling into icing pipe and force filling to form star outside flower petals to outer edges of cake; also fill in centre of flower.

GOLDEN GATE CAKE

Quarter cup of butter, ¾ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons orange marmalade, 1 tablespoon grated orange peel, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1-3 cup water.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg yolks and beat a little longer. Now add orange marmalade, the grated orange peel and chopped walnuts. Sift baking powder and pinch salt, and add, alternately, with water. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into baking tin and bake in moderate oven about 1 hour.

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NEW SUMMER & WINTER *Puddings*

VARIETY is the happy keynote of this collection. As you will see for yourself, there are puddings for cold, bleak days as well as delicious ice-cold dishes for hot, sizzling days. Some are very inexpensive to make; some can be prepared swiftly, while others take a little more time, cost more, but are really luscious to the eye and taste.

GOLDEN GLOW PUDDING

One cup breadcrumbs, 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 2 eggs, 2 diced bananas, 2oz. chopped seeded raisins, 2oz. chopped walnuts.

To the soaked breadcrumbs in milk (beaten till velvety) add all other ingredients, excepting egg-white. Turn into casserole, place in a pan of hot water and bake till custard is set. Cover top with a thin layer of golden syrup. Serve with meringue sauce made as follows: Make a syrup of 2 tablespoons sugar and 1 dessertspoon water. Boil till it will roll into a ball between fingers when dropped into cold water. Turn this hot syrup on to the stiffly-beaten egg-whites, slowly, and beating all the time. Add a little lemon juice and shredded candied peel.

To Decorate: Pile a ball of meringue sauce in centre and garnish with raisins, half walnuts, and banana rings. Serve at once. May be served cold, but keep sauce in separate jug.

TREACLE CUSTARD PIE

Three eggs, ½ cup milk, ½ cup golden syrup, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon salt, pastry.

Take one whole egg and the yolks of two and beat slightly. Scald ½ pint milk and pour it onto eggs. Add ½ cup of syrup, ¼ teaspoon each of cinnamon, nutmeg, and salt. Line a tin with pastry and fill with custard. Bake until a knife comes out clean. Make a meringue with the two remaining whites, flavor with a little lemon. Spread over top and return the pie to the oven to color the meringue.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE

Three ounces chocolate, 2oz. sugar, 5 egg-whites, 1 egg-yolk.

Put chocolate with sugar and 2 tablespoons of water into a saucepan; bring to boil. Allow to simmer, stirring all the time until the mixture resembles a very thick sauce. Remove from fire. Beat egg-yolk lightly and add to the sauce. Fold into this mixture egg-whites beaten stiff. Pour into a buttered souffle mould, and bake in a very moderate oven for about 30 minutes. Serve immediately in the souffle mould.

APRICOT SNOW

One tin of apricots, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt, ½ cup cream, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 3 tablespoons cold water, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Mix cornflour and sugar to a paste in basin with cold water. Drain syrup from apricots and stir syrup into the cornflour paste. Boil, stirring constantly, over slow heat until smooth and clear and cornflour is cooked. Sieve most of the apricots. Stir puree into cornflour mixture. Cool. Beat egg-whites until stiff; add a pinch of salt. Fold into apricot mixture. Beat ½ cup cream to a stiff froth and fold in lightly. Pour into glasses. When set and chilled, garnish with left-over apricots and remainder of cream stiffly whipped and flavored and sweetened if liked. Enough for six persons.

WHOLEMEAL PANCAKES

Four ounces wholemeal flour, 2oz. rice flour, 2oz. self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 2 cups of milk.

Mix wholemeal flour, rice flour, self-raising flour and salt in a basin. Make a well in the centre. Break into it the egg; stir, then add milk gradually and mix to a smooth batter. Melt a little lard in a frying-pan and when smoking hot pour in half a cup of the batter. When golden-brown, turn. Allow to brown. Place on hot dish in the open oven and spread thickly with lemon cheese. Cover with the next pancake, spread with lemon cheese, and so on until all the batter has been used. Sprinkle the last pancake with castor sugar. Serve very hot. Cut through in portions when serving.

CONFETTI SNOW

Two lemons, ½oz. gelatine, 6oz. loaf sugar, 3 egg-whites, ½ pint water, ½ dessertspoon hundreds and thousands.

Soak gelatine in cold water for a few minutes, then transfer to saucepan with loaf sugar and strained juice of lemons. Simmer gently till gelatine is dissolved, stirring constantly. Pour into basin and allow to cool. When beginning to set, beat in egg-whites and whip until the whole firms into "snow." Pile in spoonfuls on to a crystal or silver dish and, at the last minute, sprinkle with hundreds and thousands.

CARROT SPONGE

One cup milk, 1-3 cup sugar, 2 level tablespoons gelatine, 4 level tablespoons cold water, 1 cup grated raw carrot, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1-8 teaspoon salt, white of 1 egg.

Heat milk and add sugar. Soak gelatine in water, then warm and add to hot milk. Set aside until it begins to harden around the edges. Beat well with an egg-beater, and add grated carrot, vanilla, salt and well-beaten egg white. Turn into mould. Serve with boiled custard.

Custard: 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ egg yolk, ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Heat milk, add sugar and pour over beaten eggs, add vanilla. Cook until it coats spoon.

TOFFEE RHUBARB PUDDING

Two bunches of rhubarb, 8oz. pastry, 4oz. brown sugar, 2oz. butter.

Grease a pudding basin thickly with butter, sprinkle over half the sugar, pressing it gently into the butter. Roll out pastry and line basin. Add half the rhubarb, cut in small pieces and remainder of sugar. Then add balance of rhubarb and half teaspoon ground ginger. Cover with a round of pastry and cover with a piece of greased paper. Bake in moderate oven until pastry is crisp and golden brown.

Turn out onto a hot dish. The surface will be covered with a delicious toffee sauce.

PINEAPPLE ICE-CREAM SANDWICH

1. Chill a medium-sized pineapple, peel, chop off in small chunks with knife, mix with a little sugar, and let stand a little while to absorb the sugar. Chill thoroughly before peeling, as cut pineapple is apt to flavor other foods in the refrigerator if kept there too long.

2. Make a light sponge sandwich from the following recipe: Beat up 2 eggs and ½ cup sugar, sift in ½ cup plain flour, ½ cup cornflour, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, pinch salt. Add 1 teaspoon melted butter and ½ cup milk. Bake in two sandwich tins.

3. Make ice-cream from the following recipe: Scald two-thirds cup milk, add 1 tablespoon flour mixed with 4 tablespoons sugar, few grains salt and one-third cup milk. Stir until smooth. Cook for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from fire, strain into refrigerator pan and chill. Now beat 1 cup cream (or more, if available, to make it richer) until thick, add 2 teaspoons good vanilla, and beat in the chilled mixture. Replace in pans and freeze for 4 hours or more. Sandwich the ice-cream between the sponge sandwich, cover with the crushed chilled pineapple. Top with whipped cream, colored and designed as desired.

It is a good idea to make the cake and ice-cream the day before it is required, cutting up the pineapple and completing the dessert just before the meal.

SALPICON OF FRUITS DESSERT CAKE

One cup sugar, 5 tablespoons water, 1 cup sifted plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 eggs.

Dissolve sugar in water. Into this syrup add sifted flour and baking powder. Whip well 10 minutes. Add well-beaten egg-yolks. Beat again well. Then fold in stiffly-whipped egg-whites. Place in sandwich tins and bake 15 minutes in moderate oven.

Join together with cream fruit filling made as follows: Dissolve ½oz. soaked gelatine over boiling water. Whip 1 cup cream, add enough fruit syrup (from salpicon of fruits) to flavor, then the cooled gelatine. Also cover sides of cake—roughly.

When ready to serve, pile on top the salpicon of fruits.

Salpicon of Fruits: 6 passionfruit pulp, 2 sliced banana rings, 2 juicy navels (cubed), 1 small rockmelon (cut into carrot-like shapes), ½ cup pineapple cubes, ½ box strawberries (sliced). Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon sugar and, if liked, add 1 tablespoon sherry or liqueur.

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NEW SUMMER & WINTER *Puddings*

(Continued)

GOLDEN SYRUP COCONUT PUDDING

Two ounces butter, 4oz. self-raising flour, ½pt. milk, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. desiccated coconut, 1 egg, and 2 or 3 tablespoons golden syrup.

Soak coconut in milk for a few minutes. Grease a pudding basin, pour in golden syrup. Beat sugar and butter to a cream, add well-beaten egg and mix thoroughly. Then sift in the flour, add milk and coconut. Mix lightly. Pour the mixture into greased basin, cover with a plate or piece of greased paper. Steam 1½ to 2 hours. Turn out carefully on to a warm dish when the golden syrup will form a kind of sauce around the pudding.

This will be ample for six persons. More golden syrup may be poured over the pudding when it is being served, if desired.

SPANISH CREAM

With Passionfruit Sauce.

Two cups milk, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 2 eggs, 2 dessertspoons sugar, lemon or vanilla flavoring.

Put milk and gelatine in a saucepan, add well-beaten yolks of eggs and sugar. Place on stove and stir till almost boiling. Add vanilla essence, remove, allow to cool. Then add stiffly-beaten egg-whites and mix well. Pour into mould, freeze if desired, and serve with passionfruit sauce.

Passionfruit Sauce: 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 cup milk, 4 passionfruit. Mix all together thoroughly, set aside for five hours. Beat well before serving.

PEACH WAFFLES

Half cup butter, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon lemon, 1½ cups sliced peaches.

Beat butter and sugar with eggs. Stir briskly. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add to the first mixture alternately with the milk. Now the vanilla, lemon, and sliced peaches. Cook on waffle irons. Sprinkle with icing sugar and serve hot. Or, if desired, serve with sliced fruit or whipped cream.

IMITATION DUTCH CHEESE

Make a good, stiff custard of 3 tablespoons custard powder and one pint milk. Pour into a basin. Cool. Dissolve a large red jelly crystal in 1½ cups boiling water. Slide a round topped knife down the side of the custard, when cold and set, and gently pour in the jelly. Turn out next day onto a flat glass dish. When cut into pieces, this sweet has the appearance of Dutch cheese, and is much liked by children.

SUMMER CABINET PUDDING

A few preserved cherries, sponge fingers or slices of sponge cake, 4 eggs, ½ pink milk, ½oz. gelatine, 2 tablespoons cream, sugar, vanilla essence.

Make a ring design at the bottom of a mould with halved sliced cherries. Line sides with the fingers or neat slices of sponge cake. If desired, a few blanched almonds may be added. Make a custard with the ½ pint milk and well-beaten yolks of four eggs, stirring until custard thickens. Dissolve ½oz. gelatine in a little water and add to custard. When cool, add 3 tablespoons cream, also sugar and essence to taste. Whisk up and pour carefully into the mould, and put on ice to set.

LEMON DUMPLINGS

One tablespoon suet finely grated, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ cup milk.

Rub suet well into flour, then add milk. Mix well, and form into eight dumplings. Make a syrup of 1 tablespoon golden syrup, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup water, and the juice and rind of 1 lemon. Place into a large saucepan; mix well. When bubbling, drop in dumplings and cook very gently for 20 minutes with a tightly-fitted lid. Serve very hot.

BANANA CREAM PIE

Line a piedish with a thin layer of pastry. Slice 6 bananas and place on pastry. Beat the yolk of 1 egg with 1-3 cup of sugar, add 1 teaspoonful of orange extract and 1 cup of milk. Pour this mixture over the bananas and bake. Cover with a meringue made with the stiffly-beaten whites of 2 eggs, and 2 tablespoons of sugar. Place in oven for a few minutes till golden brown.

PUFFERIES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon grated cheese, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon mustard, ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper, ½ cup water, flavored with lemon juice.

Mix together in the order given above. Roll out as thinly as tissue-paper, cut in small squares and bake until golden brown in a fairly quick oven. Serve with lemon cheese.

ALMOND PANCAKES

Two ounces flour, 2oz. ground almonds, 1oz. castor sugar, 1oz. butter, 2 eggs, ½ pint milk.

Break eggs into flour in a basin, mix lightly, add one-third of the milk. Beat till smooth, then stir in remainder of ingredients. Melt a little butter in a frying-pan, and when very hot pour in a little batter. When golden brown, turn. As each pancake is cooked, roll up with a teaspoonful of apricot jam. Serve very hot.

BISCUIT PUDDING

Half pound broken biscuits, 2 cups milk, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs, raisins, 1 lemon.

Boil a piece of lemon rind in the milk to flavor. Grate the rest and mix with biscuit crumbs. Pour over this the boiling milk, add sugar, raisins and lemon juice. When cool add well-beaten eggs. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven.

TOMATO PIE AND CUSTARD

One pound tomatoes (small ones are best), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, sugar to sweeten.

Pour boiling water on tomatoes, let stand a few minutes, when the skin will peel off easily; cut into small dice and put into small saucepan with the lemon juice. If tomatoes are not very juicy, add just enough water to cover bottom of saucepan. Let simmer until cooked, when tomato will be soft, and while cooking add sugar to taste.

To Make Pastry: Sift 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda, and ½ teaspoon of salt into a bowl; rub in with fingertips 1½ tablespoons good dripping. Then moisten with 3 tablespoons milk. Use a knife to mix. Roll out to a thin paste and cover piedish of tomatoes, having

moistened edges of dish. Bake in a hot oven until a golden brown. Serve with a boiled custard, made with 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 pint milk, and vanilla essence to flavor.

SOUFFLE SURPRISE

Half pound chopped eating apples, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon syrup, 1 saltspoon ground ginger, 1oz. melted butter.

Line cake tin with any sweet pastry. Mix together thoroughly above ingredients and fill the uncooked case. Bake slowly for 40 minutes. Beat egg-whites stiffly with 2 tablespoons sugar. Cover mixture and return to oven to brown. Any fruit can be substituted, soft or tinned fruit shorten time of cooking. Serve hot or cold.

COFFEE AND CHOCOLATE SUET PUDDING

Four ounces flour, 2oz. each suet and sugar, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 doz. halved walnuts, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 1 tablespoon cocoa, pinch salt.

Sieve flour, salt and baking powder, add cocoa and mix with the finely-chopped suet. Drop in the well-beaten egg, add coffee essence, and mix to stiff batter, using a little water if necessary. Place halved walnuts in greased mould, and pour in batter. Steam 2 hours. Serve with sauce or custard flavored with chocolate or coffee.

CHERRIES IN AMBUSH

One ounce gelatine, 1 pint fresh milk, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, juice 1 lemon, ½lb. cherries (either fresh or preserved may be used), vanilla.

Mix gelatine in warm water and add to milk. Whisk yolks of eggs, and add with the sugar. Pour into double saucepan and stir until cooked. Remove from heat. Cool. When mixture begins to set, beat in stiffly-whipped egg-whites, then pour into mould to set. While setting, soak cherries in equal quantities hot water and brandy. Then strain off. When set, make a hole in the shape and lift out piece. Pour in cherries and replace piece taken out. See that cherries are quite hidden. Set again.

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CALL It a DATE

BY . . .

Ursula Bloom

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

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CALL IT A DATE

By URSULA BLOOM

"WILL you marry me?" said Jerry over the stile.

Jacynth gasped. Thrilling moment. Her first proposal, probably her only proposal, seeing that there wasn't another eligible man for a square sixteen miles. She said, "Jerry, are you talking to me?"

Jerry Peters held out his arms. "Jacynth, if you only knew how I felt about you. If you only knew how I've wanted you. You've seen it coming, you know?"

She stood there staring at him. Jerry, in his riding coat and cord breeches. Her first proposal, and she only nineteen, and she didn't know what to do. She did not love him sufficiently to want to marry him. She hedged. "I hadn't any idea . . . I didn't know. . . I'll have to have time."

"Of course, dear. Of course. And you'll marry me in the end? Just a quiet little wedding one morning."

She stared still blankly. He would want a nice, quiet little wedding one morning, when she had always pictured herself in gold lame and lilies. He would want it to be simple when she wanted it to be the day of her life. She said, "We can't call it a date yet, anyway."

"You're an angel."

From the farm there came a long low whistle. He glanced towards the direction. "That's for me."

"Off you go then."

She watched him running, and then turned and went back to the rectory alone. Jacynth, with a head like a yellow jonquil, and a red pouting mouth heart-shaped in a little triangle of a face. And Jerry Peters had the farm, and was the only young thing in a pair of trousers for miles. He wasn't a choice. He was a necessity. If she turned him down, what would happen? Old maidism loomed ahead out of a mist. Old maidism and the Tuesday mothers' meetings, and the Sunday school, and the choir treat in summer, and the children's Christmas tree in winter. "Oh, help," she told herself.

All very well for the rest of the family. Mother had married Dad, and had chosen this simple, earnest life. Ruby, the next sister, was fifteen, and interested in French exercises and Fudge. Beryl and Garnet were too little to worry. Mother had called them all after jewels.

The others were settling down to tea in the dining-room. Dad was late. Garnet was sitting there talking about his tuck. It was the only thing that occupied his attention at the moment, for he was to go off next week, and the old tuck-box that Dad had taken to school when he was a boy had been brought down from the attic in readiness.

"Listen to Gar," cooed Mother.

Jacynth sat down. She said, "If they call him that at school nobody will know if he is a fish or a jewel."

Mother looked pained. Afterwards Jacynth wished she had not said it. Jacynth was the beauty. And Jacynth had had a proposal of marriage. She must get Mother alone and tell her.

"Postman," called Beryl, excitedly, "and it looks like a letter from Auntie Lil."

"Now what does she want?" asked Jacynth.

Mother took the letter and started opening it. "It may be a cheque," she said hopefully. Then they saw her face and knew that it wasn't. "Oh," said Mother, "she is coming to see us to-morrow."

That was when Dad came in. They all turned and stared solemnly at one another, then Jacynth told him. "Auntie Lil is coming down here to-morrow. What do you suppose for?"

Because Auntie Lil never came down. Auntie Lil was Mother's sister who had married the money, and had done well for herself. She lived in a London square in widowed bliss with her only daughter, Gloria. Once Mother and Jacynth had gone up for the day, and Jacynth remembered Gloria as a very plain little girl, but, as the maids would say, "nice with it."

At Christmas, cheques came along. Sometimes at Easter. Now it appeared Aunt Lil was coming along herself.

"But why?" asked Jacynth.

"Perhaps," said Mother, who was a dear thing; "she is sorry she has not been more sisterly, and wants to start afresh," and in her own mind she started fussing about the meal.

"Here's to her health," said Jacynth, raising her teacup, "and let's hope she has come to hold out the olive branch and be a good fairy to us all."

Somehow Jerry Peters seemed to have slid into the background. Yet, as she sat there munching dough cake she thought of him again. She must tell Mother. Difficult to get Mother to her self, for already she was absorbed in menu's.

Poor darling. Mum! thought Jacynth.

She got her mother alone an hour later, when Dad had departed for a mission service and the others were in the garden. "Mother," said Jacynth solemnly, "I've had a proposal of marriage. Jerry Peters proposed to me."

Mother blinked at her. Then she said. "Don't be silly. You are much too young, and he couldn't."

The old story of the child who never grows up! Jacynth swallowed hard. "Well, he did. I don't know what to do. If I say 'No' I may never marry anybody, and I'd hate to be an *old* maid."

"You can't be an old maid at nineteen. No," said Mother firmly, "it is all a mistake. Let's get this visit of your aunt Lil's over and then we'll talk about it. What an idea!"

Somehow Jacynth felt that the proposal had fallen flat. The day you have your first offer of marriage should be a red letter one. It wasn't being even that. She felt a little hurt. Just like Aunt Lil to come butting in and spoiling everything. The second proposal cannot be quite the same, besides, as Jacynth knew only too well, there mightn't be a second proposal in that case.

Ruby burst in. "Jacynth, do help carry the new psalters down to the church!"

New psalters! She made a grimace. "Right oh," said she.

Life would go on like this for ever and ever, she supposed. If it wasn't the mothers' meeting, or the Dorcas class, it was the G.F.S. or the new psalters, or playing the harmonium for little squeaky-voiced choristers to sing to.

Next morning there was Aunt Lil's visit. Father was despatched in the pony trap to fetch her, and they were all grouped on the step the moment the horse hoofs were heard in the drive.

In the pony trap was Father in his old shabby suit, but wearing a beaming smile. Beside him was Auntie Lil. Aunt Lil was ultra smart; she wore black and white, one of those startling black and whites that only a very smart woman can wear. She looked like an animated magpie. Her hair was waved, and it had not silvered, as had Mother's, but was a reddish-brown. ("It never used to be that color," Jacynth heard her mother whisper.) There were diamonds in Aunt Lil's ears. There was a silver fox drifting expensively about her shoulder. She looked a little odd perched in the pre-war pony trap.

BUT the moment she saw them on the doorstep she waved to them, and as they drew level she got out excitedly.

"Darlings," cooed Aunt Lil, "how well you look. Nothing like a country life, is there? Nothing like a garden, and fresh air, and all that sort of thing. And the dear children. What lambs! Nothing like a large family. So this is Jacynth?"

In that moment Jacynth realised that she had been the one Aunt Lil had come to inspect. She knew it when their eyes met. Aunt Lil with her unlined I-don't-mean-to-get-old eyes, and her smile. Aunt Lil obviously here on some mission, and what it might be they were not to know *yet*. "But it is something to do with me," Jacynth told herself.

"What a lovely girl! You never told me she was a beauty!" gasped Aunt Lil.

They all trooped indoors. Aunt Lil had brought down an enormous box of chocolates for the children. She went up to her mother's bedroom, and all the while she discussed everything in glowing terms. "What a charming house. So quaint. Nothing like a quaint house. Why haven't I been here before? What peace. What a view. I don't wonder you all look so well, and healthy and strong. I'd like to stay here the rest of my days."

"I bet she wouldn't," thought Jacynth,

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"fancy leaving London, and theatres, and electric light, and H. and C., and living here."

Lunch was a success. "All so lovely, so simple, yet so charming," cooed Auntie Lil.

Still nobody knew why in the world she had come down here like a bolt from the blue. Jacynth kept eyeing her across the table. Rich aunts from London did not come down to admire the view. They did not come to look up long forgotten sisters just for fun. ("I shall burst if I don't find out soon," she told herself.)

After the meal Aunt Lil slipped an arm ingratiatingly in Jacynth's. "Take me and show me the garden, dear," she said. "Show me the hens. I adore hens!"

From outward appearance you would not have supposed that Auntie Lil had ever seen a hen save boiled or roast. Jacynth, however, went out with her. The moment they got into the rectory garden Auntie Lil didn't talk hens. She said, "It's such a pity you haven't seen more of Gloria. You'd get on splendidly, you two. You don't know what wonderful times you'd have together."

"Is Gloria pretty?" asked Jacynth.

"Striking-looking, not pretty," said Aunt Lil. "Now, tell me, don't you find life dull here? Any young men? Any chances?"

Over the brow of the hill a thin drift of smoke rose. Jerry Peter's house. "Just one chance," said Jacynth glumly.

"Tell me, how would you like to come to London?"

Jacynth came to a standstill. They were standing by a bed of mint; beyond was a vision of a hen-pen, where desultory white wyandottes ambled aimlessly. "ME COME TO LONDON?"

"Gloria gets so lonely sometimes, and I feel that nothing could be nicer than to have a companion in her cousin?"

For a moment an idea darted through Jacynth's brain. "This isn't true," she thought, "there is something behind all this." Then London dazzled her. A gay city. Handsome young men walking about. Spot lights. Cabarets.

"We must talk to your mother, mustn't we?" asked Aunt Lil and drew her closer.

("She can't mean it, she really can't mean it," Jacynth to herself.) But Auntie Lil did mean it.

For the last month she had been thinking things over very seriously. Gloria was a good girl, but she looked a good girl, and nothing in the world you could do could make her look better. She was plain. She and her mother did not get on well, for Aunt Lil was burning to become mamma to a titled daughter. She wanted one of those weddings at St. Margaret's which leave everybody breathless. All white Bridesmaids in silver lame. Lancifiorum lilies. Pages in trousers they daren't sit down in. And unfortunately this dream did not look like materialising.

Gloria wasn't that sort of girl. Glamorous young men were introduced and drifted. They never even suggested coming round to a party. Auntie Lil gave innumerable parties. All the wrong people accepted, and at the last moment the right people telephoned to say that they had been unavoidably detained. It was maddening, but it was the truth. For a long time it had dawned on Aunt Lil that the house needed a decoy duck. A lure—something that would bait the hook and attract eligible gentlemen to the parties they now shirked. Suddenly a gleam of light had shot into Aunt Lil's harassed brain. She remembered her sister's impecunious marriage, and the day she had brought her eldest daughter to London. Jacynth, who had looked like a lovely pheasant-eyed narcissus, with that dead-white skin, and those wise eyes and the hair like a golden auriol. Something had been very attractive about the girl. Now nothing was easier than to pop down and see how Jacynth had matured. Nothing need be mentioned, and if the girl had grown up into a lump, then Aunt Lil would just pop back again. Jacynth had not grown into a lump. She was lovely.

Aunt Lil realised at once that she was going to give successful parties at last. The right people would not be telephoning their regrets at the last moment. For there is still nothing quite so attractive to a young man as a beautiful young woman. Still nothing that works quite so well as the old charm.

"Yes, we will talk to your mother, dear," said Aunt Lil as they went indoors. She had not even noticed the hens!

Indoors they talked. All the while Jacynth sat on the garden roller and thought, "My fate is at stake. Something has really happened to me at last. I'm dreaming, of course, and shall probably wake up to find I am late for breakfast."

THEN Jerry Peters passed by. He was brown and he wore the same riding breeches and the shirt open and flapping at his throat. "Hello," he said, and peeped over the gate, "are you thinking about me?"

She ignored it. "Things are happening," she said mysteriously.

"Things? What things?"

"Aunt Lil has come down for the day from London. She is in the drawing-room with Mother at the moment. I may be going up to London to stay. Just imagine it!"

His face grew serious. "But, Jacynth, surely you have thought of what I said? You haven't forgotten yesterday? You were going to think it over."

"I'll be able to think more clearly in London."

"But you wouldn't leave us."

"Wouldn't I just?"

"You'd miss life here."

She stared at him and then she said: "I wonder if I would!"

"Jacynth, you're being cruel."

"I'm talking horse sense," she said, and because she did not want to hurt his feelings got up and left him.

Tea was in the dining-room. Mother and Aunt Lil stayed on talking until Ruby went to disturb them. Over the tea table they told the family. Father had left all the decisions to Mother, as he always did. She and Aunt Lil had talked and talked, and Mother was now bursting with excitement. It was a chance for Jacynth—the biggest opportunity any country girl had ever had. A season in London. Going about with her rich cousin.

"But Mother, I haven't the clothes," Jacynth said.

That had been worrying her a lot. She knew from the illustrated papers the sort of clothes that were worn in London. She knew that she couldn't cope with them. Sheer cobweb stockings. Crepe-de-chine with dark lace undies. Mere wisps of georgette. Fashionable hats.

"Darling, you don't know how good your aunt has been. Here's a cheque. I'm going to get you some things, and you are to go to her in a fortnight's time."

And only this morning she had said nothing ever happened.

"Oh," she gasped, "I can't believe it is true. Aunt Lil, it is lovely of you. It is wonderful of you. I . . . Well, I just can't believe it."

And Aunt Lil went back to London highly satisfied.

The fortnight in between was a blur. It was a busy time dashing into the local town and getting clothes. There was the grand tug-of-war between the things that mother would have chosen and the ones that Jacynth wanted. Mother was all for neat clothes; Jacynth was all for fly-away ones. In the end a miscellaneous collection of garments was packed into the trunk, which was well worn. Mother had had it years ago, and handed it on generously. In the end Jacynth said good-bye to the family, and to Jerry Peters. He was inclined to be reproachful. He didn't mind betting that she would be back within a fortnight. Country girls couldn't live in that sort of atmosphere. Too much smoke. Houses crushing round you. She'd hate it.

The wish was father to the thought, as Jacynth knew. She said, "Anyhow, I'll have my chance, Jerry, and I do feel every girl ought to have that."

"Well, I don't mind betting you'll be back."

And she didn't mind betting that she would not.

The family saw her off at the station. The trunk of clothes, neat and fly-away in a crazy mixture, packed into the guard's van, and here were mother and dad and Ruby, Pearl, and Garnet grouped on the station platform.

"Good-bye, and good luck."

"I'll look after myself, Mother; I won't forget."

"And if you get one of those bad throats of yours, do catch it early," admonished mother. "I've packed the lozenges for you."

"And be sure you go to church every Sunday," from father.

A telegraph-boy came rushing into the station yard. He went to plough when he wasn't working for the post office, and he did odd jobs when occasion offered. He dashed onto the platform. "There's a telegram," he said.

A HORRID, sick fear caught at Jacynth. Suppose, after all, Aunt Lil had changed her mind? Supposing she was not to go. Her hands gripped the window-ledge tightly. Mum opened the telegram and read it. "Oh, this is too bad of Lil," she said.

Then she wasn't to go! "Mother, you don't mean——?"

"She can't meet you the other end. You'll have to take a taxi. I would never have let you start if I had not thought Lil would meet you. Oh, Jacynth, you won't know how to manage."

The relief made Jacynth want to laugh. She could have laughed for ever, she told herself. "Oh, Mother, don't be silly. I'll be all right."

The guard waved his flag.

"Good-bye. Good-bye."

The train, making a tremendous effort, began to puff like an old asthmatical gentleman. For one moment Jacynth had a glimpse of the family on the station plat-

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form. She was saying good-bye to them and she did not know when she would see them again. She ought to feel homesick. She ought to feel sorry, instead of which she was feeling tremendously excited.

"Good-bye. Good-bye."

The train jerked forward, and she still leaned out of the window. She waved until the platform was out of sight, and then when the train came to the bend where Jerry's fields sloped down to the level crossing she caught a glimpse of him standing by the stile. Jerry in cord breeches, with the shirt flung open at his throat. Jerry, entirely countryman. It was nice of him to have come there to wave to her, and she leaned out of the window again and waved and waved the big georgette hankie that she had bought in a fit of reckless extravagance.

He took off his hat and waved to her.

She had that last picture of him standing there by the stile, waving his hat, his dark hair rumpled in the breeze. That did make a lump come into her throat.

SHE could not read the paper Mother had bought for her. Curiously enough, for the moment she was not looking forward to the big, thrilling house in London Square, but back to the little rectory with the innumerable fields around it, and the desultory-looking hens, and Jerry Peters passing the gate.

"Only that would have gone on and on for ever," she told herself, "and I mustn't think about it."

The future was the thing that mattered.

The train drew into the junction. So far Jacynth had known the ground they had travelled over. After this it would all be fresh and new. It would seem like real adventure.

She looked out of the window. People were flocking to and fro. Surely somebody would come into the carriage with her? She wanted companionship.

Nobody came until the train had actually started, and then Jacynth realised that there was a stir on the platform. She looked up. A young man was dashing along and trying to catch the train. He was impeded by a big suitcase. He came level with her door, wrenched at the handle. Before she realised what had happened the door was whisked open and the suitcase was dashed on to the floor. It made a dull thud. After it the young man precipitated himself. The train, gathering speed and whirling round the end of the platform, sent him flying half across the seat.

He looked up.

"I'm afraid I frightened you."

He was young and good-looking. Jacynth saw that he wore the sort of clothes that Jerry Peters had never even heard of. He had fair hair, and blue eyes with twinkles in them. Very impertinent blue eyes. They were twinkling now.

"Are you hurt?" she gasped.

"Hurt? Ye gods, no. That wretched old guard would not stop for me. Still, I've caught the train, that's all that matters."

He turned to see that the door was safely fastened. The train had now taken on express speed. It was non-stop to London. Jacynth had forgotten her promise not to speak to strange men, besides, even if she had remembered it, she would have told herself that it could not possibly apply to a young man who had almost lost the train. She said: "You oughtn't to do that sort of thing. It is very dangerous trying to jump into a moving train."

"It would have been a jolly sight more dangerous if I had missed it."

"Why? There is always another one."

"Yes, there may be. But have you ever tried convincing your mother of that?"

"Mother would believe me."

"Well, my mother wouldn't. You don't know what a really argumentative mother can be like. She expects me to dinner, and she'll have me to dinner, and there's an end of it."

Jacynth consulted the small gunmetal watch which had been her mother's before her. "Like this she'll have you to tea."

"So she will."

"And you might have been killed."

"Only I'm not killed. I'm sorry if I frightened you. Cheer up. I'm all right now," and he smiled that gay, twinkling smile of his. He said, "Are you going to London to stay?"

Jacynth nodded. "A miracle has happened. I live in a little dull-as-ditchwater country parish where my father is a rector. A fortnight ago Aunt Lil came to see us. I am going up to London for a whole season. My cousin, Gloria, wants a companion. I'm the companion."

"You don't look like a companion. I mean not in the stereotyped way. You ought to wear horn-rimmed glasses, and goloshes."

Jacynth laughed. "No, I'm to be like Gloria's sister. It is the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me."

"I bet it is. Don't you like the country?"

"Not fields full of it. It has gone on for ever and ever, and I never thought anything would happen. I thought I'd live and die an old maid there."

"You an old maid?" Again his eyes twinkled. "Don't try to be so funny."

She said, "Now anything may happen."

He brought out a gold cigarette case with a crest on it. "Mind if I smoke?"

"Not at all."

"I suppose it is no good offering you one?"

She shook her head. "No, I'm sorry, but it makes me sick. The smoke gets in your eyes, and you feel awful."

Again he laughed.

He wasn't like Jerry. He was gay and spontaneous. He was interesting, and she liked the twinkles. "And now," he said, "your aunt is meeting you in London, and you are to become a deb."

"My aunt is not meeting me. I've got to get a taxi."

"Where does your aunt live?"

She told him.

"What about letting me take you along? My car is meeting me, and I pass the door?"

Doubts came into Jacynth's mind. She had heard stories. He saw them. "I don't know whether I ought," she explained naively.

"You think I may be the big, bad wolf? Well, I'm not. I'm a very ordinary young man, and my name is Philip Pane. I finished at Oxford last year, and now I live with my Mamma in London, Eaton Square to be exact."

"It sounds marvellous."

"Well, I think it is about as dull as your fields, and more fields, and still more fields. Nobody lives in Eaton Square without wearing a grey beard and an overcoat with an astrachan collar.

She said: "What do you do for a living?"

"Nothing at all."

"But surely you ought to do something?"

He nodded. "Oh yes, I ought, but I don't. I thought of sitting for Parliament, or something silly like that then the ground grew under my feet . . . Here I am. I don't do anything."

"Lazy!" she said.

"Yes, you wait till you get all swep' up in London. Parties. Matchmaking mammas. Cabarets. Dances. Cocktails, all the rest of it. You won't find it so easy to settle down and to do something."

She laid back against the cushioned seat. "Oh, but it is going to be so thrilling. So enormously thrilling. Something that has never happened to me before. Something wonderful."

"You'll get dead sick of it."

"I won't."

They chattered all the way to London. Somehow she knew that she attracted him and was flattered by it. He was nice, she told herself, quite the nicest young man she had ever met. She told him fragments of her own rather simple little life. The daily routine of the dull rectory. He listened. She was not like the girls he was always meeting. She was natural. She was not veneered and sophisticated. She dared tell him of the simple ordinary little details of her life, and she enchanted him.

The train had approached London. Gone were the green fields, and the tall trees with the blue pools of shadow lying under them. The suburbs had grown prim gardens. They crossed the Thames, silver, and shining in the sunlight.

"Well, here we are," he said, "and I'll give you a lift to the aunt's."

"It's very nice of you, Mr. Pane."

He stopped in the very act of lifting down the suitcase which had entered the carriage so unceremoniously. "I say, I'm sorry, but that isn't my name."

"Not your name? I thought you said you were called Pane? Philip Pane."

He sat down with a bump on the seat as the train jerked against the buffers. "Oh yes, that is my name, only—it sounds pretty awful, I know, but I wasn't born a Mr. My lamented parent happened to be a bart. I can't help it, you know," and he looked at her ruefully.

"Then you are Sir Philip?"

"UMPH. I think the best way out of that is to drop the Sir, isn't it? Nobody ever calls me anything but Philip. And then I can call you . . .?"

"Jacynth," she said.

"By jove, that's an uncommon name."

"Mother had an uncommon mind. She said all her children were like jewels to her. So I'm Jacynth."

A porter opened the door. "Luggage, sir?"

"Coming over," and Philip tossed the suitcase across. ("Don't wonder it looks battered to bits, seeing the way he treats it," thought Jacynth.)

They got out into the station. It was hot and smoky, so Jacynth thought, as she went up the long platform to where the cars were waiting. She caught a glimpse of the car itself—a big, dark car with a long, gleaming body. A chauffeur was standing holding the door open. Somehow she hadn't thought it would be like this. When you are very hard-up you cannot think in terms of Rolls Royces.

"Good afternoon, Sir Philip," from the chauffeur.

"Hello, Moggs!"

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CALL IT A DATE

He helped Jacynth inside.

"Where are we going; what's the aunt's address?" he asked.

She gave it. There was her own trunk being hitched alongside his suitcase at the back. The trunk that Mother had packed so hopefully for her. What would Mother have thought, had she known it was being attached to the car of a strange young man?

The car glided out of the station.

"I say," said Philip, "don't let's have it end here. Let's go on being chums. I'm sort of lonesome at home. The Mater has nerves, you know, and nowadays people are difficult to get on with. Lots of acquaintances, few real friends."

"I'd like to be friends," she said.

"And then you'll remember me! Here is my card, and I'll write the telephone number on the back of it. Then you can ring me up any time."

She sat there watching him write. Past the car window glided lovely shop windows, people dressed as nobody in the village ever dressed. She thought, "Heavens, my rig-out is all wrong. How in the world can he be seen talking to me?"—and she did not realise that with the type of face that she had, she could carry off any old clothes.

The car drew up before an important-looking door, propped by big stone pillars supporting a large portico.

"This is the aunt's," said Philip.

Now she had got here, Jacynth did not want to part with him. The door swung open. A manservant came pompously down the steps.

"Madam is at tea," he said.

Teatime! After he had given her a lift, it seemed all wrong to dismiss him just like a taxicab. She turned to him impulsively, extending rectory hospitality. "Come in, and meet the family?" she said. "I'm sure my aunt wouldn't mind, and after you've brought me here, too."

For one moment he demurred. Then he said, "Right ho!" and to the butler, "lead on, Macduff!"

They went up the steps of the big house together. As Jacynth had said, anything might happen.

JACYNTH and Philip were inside a great hall. There came the drift of flower scent from big bowls of blossoms. The butler preceded them and flung open wide double doors. Inside there seemed to be a crowd of people. Tea was in progress. There were women in smart clothes, men in town dress.

In the midst of them was Auntie Lil, in a gown of chiffon and lace, and with a teacup in her hand. She turned as the door opened and stared at Jacynth. In that moment Jacynth knew that her suit was all wrong, desperately and hopelessly wrong, and that she looked sort of crumpled.

"What have we here?" said Aunt Lil, in her haughty voice, the sort of voice she had not used when she and Jacynth had discussed the future by the hen pen.

"Auntie Lil." Jacynth rushed at her and would have kissed her violently. Somehow, however, the kiss missed fire. Aunt Lil's face just wasn't there. "Oh," said Jacynth.

"And who is the—er, young man?" inquired Aunt Lil a little grandly.

Everybody seemed to have stopped talking. They were all staring at the doorway through which Philip advanced. It was one of those deadly moments which seem to last forever, and Jacynth associated it with the first bathe of the season, the brink for a dreadful prolonged minute.

She said: "This is Philip. We met in the train and he brought me along in his car. Sir Philip Fane, my aunt."

Then the awful tension snapped. Aunt Lil changed from an exhibit at Madame Tussaud's to an animated woman. She beamed bright encouragement. "Oh, how good of you to see after my little niece. She is quite unused to London, you know, and such a child. How very, very kind of you to take pity on her."

Philip's eyes met those of Jacynth for a second. His were twinkling. He said, "She was awfully good to me. I sort of fell in on her in the train. It had started and I only caught it by the skin of my teeth."

"Tea," gushed Aunt Lil, "tea, or do you prefer somethin' stronger? You must meet my daughter, Gloria, darling. Gloria here is someone you must meet."

Jacynth turned and saw Gloria for the first time. She was beautifully dressed. She wore pearls at her throat, and her mouse-brown hair was over-curled about her head. There was something almost tragic about her pale grey eyes, and her large, kind mouth. Gloria was plain. The awful part was that she knew it, and Jacynth knew that she knew it. She did not expect to get any of the plums of life, and was sensitive. Her mouth trembled a little as she was brought forward to be introduced. Gloria who was shy, would have given anything to remain obscure in a corner.

"Hello," said Jacynth, butting in. She felt she had to do something to help her cousin.

"Hello," said Gloria, and she smiled. It was a friendly, kindly smile, and instantly Jacynth knew that they were going to be friends. Really great friends!

"I know the two girls are bursting to talk to each other," purred Aunt Lil, "but politeness must come first. This is Sir Philip Fane, Gloria, dear. Talk to him and get him some tea. Nothing like a cup of tea is there?"

It struck Jacynth rather forcefully that under all this Aunt Lil wasn't in a laughing mood. She hadn't liked the home-made suit that Jacynth had appeared in. She had not liked her bringing a strange man in with her until she had known who he was. Then, of course, things had changed considerably. "I think I am going to dislike my aunt, in spite of all she is doing for me," thought Jacynth to herself.

"Don't you want to run up and wash and change?" asked Aunt Lil in an aside.

"I'd rather have some tea," explained Jacynth.

"Oh well, of course . . ." Aunt Lil swished off again in a trail of pale pink chiffon. Here were the three of them Jacynth, Gloria, and Philip, left together in a little group.

"Oh, Jacynth, it was good of you to come," said Gloria. "I do hope we are going to be friends."

"Of course we are."

Mother loomed large again. "Jacynth, you really ought to go and unpack. I'll keep some tea for you. Parker will show you the way."

"I'm quite happy here," murmured Jacynth, but there was something in her aunt's eye that did not brook delay.

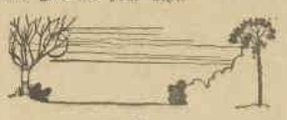
"Better go," whispered Gloria.

"I'll be back soon," said Jacynth to both of them. "It won't take me two ticks."

As she turned he heard her aunt say something. The words stung. "Yes, I know. Country cousin, still, she'll learn."

Jacynth found herself outside in the big hall. What was it she was going to learn? She wasn't so happy as she had been. She followed Parker, the maid, upstairs along a long corridor to a bedroom. As she entered it she realised it was one of the loveliest rooms she had ever been in. Pale green with a golden carpet. Pale green with a bowl of golden flowers on the all-glass dressing-table. "Oh, it's lovely," she gasped.

Parker who had been the height of discretion, in her black silk gown and her tiny pocket handkerchief of a muslin apron thawed slightly. "Yes, Miss, it's ever so nice," she agreed. "And now if you'll give me your keys."



JACYNTH sat down on the bed, and she slowly handed the one much too large key for the much too old-fashioned trunk. "I'm afraid," she said, "my things aren't what they should be."

Parker fitted the key and flung back the lid. Nice white cambric, delicately sewn. The inevitable jumper. Ruby was rather good at knitting them! A neat skirt. A simple frock that would "do for evening, and not give anybody ideas." Parker laid out the mournful cavalcade of clothes.

"They're just a bit—aren't they?" Jacynth ended lamely.

"Yes, Miss," said Parker.

She sat there, wondering what she should do next. She had an idea that she would not be wanted downstairs. That idea was verified half an hour later, when Gloria came into the room.

"Oh, Jacynth, how nice to see you! I'm sorry Mother sent you up here. She is funny like that." She sat down beside Jacynth on the bed. "Oh, you have unpacked?"

Jacynth nodded. "Yes, I have. I wasn't in raptures over the things when we bought them. Mother would have everything plain but good, you know. Now I think they look ghastly."

"You shall have some of mine!"

"Gloria, you are a dear!"

"Come along to my room and let me fit you out. I'm always having new clothes. Lots of them. Mother dresses me up like a doll and hopes I'll be sold."

"Sold?"

"Yes, married, you know; but somehow I don't seem to go off!"

They went along to Gloria's room. It was bigger than Jacynth's, a room decorated in a delicate tea-rose. There were big brown bowls of flowers in it. A rose enamel dressing-set, with gold initials sprawled on it. Crystal-topped bottles. About it hung a delicious perfume. "Oh, it's all so lovely," said Jacynth, as she sank into a big tea-rose upholstered chair.

"I'm glad you like it!" Gloria had opened wide a deep drawer. She said, "I'm afraid these things are frightful old things, but don't get on the high horse. They'll see you through until we can take you shopping."

"Old!" said Jacynth. "My stars! You should have seen what I had at home."

Crepe-de-chine step-ins. Insets of cobweb-lace on a wisp of chiffon calling

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itself a cami-knick! Gossamer stockings, and little satin shoes. A vest of that soft, crushy silk which goes all to nothing in your hands. A frock, softly hyacinth-blue with a white organdie ruffle. "Try it," said Gloria.

"It's angelic," said Jacynth a moment later.

"Here is something for to-night!" A dead-pink frock, with a sweep of fox-fur across one long, trailing sleeve.

"Of course, it's marvellous. I'll have hysterics or something."

Gloria came closer. "We're going to be friends?" she asked.

"Of course, we are. That's what I am here for."

"Real friends, I mean. It's funny, but I've never had a real chum in my life. Mother always interferes. Oh, she means well enough, but she seems to want to run my life for me. I want to run it myself. Queer, isn't it?"

JACYNTH said, "Mothers always want that sort of thing. My mother wanted to run mine. She could not understand why I found the country deadly. It was all very well for her, she had had her fun; I wanted mine."

"I'm glad you've come here. Fearfully glad. Now you get changed. We've got Charles Drew to dinner."

"Not the famous man dressmaker?"

"Yes; we must get mother to let him design you some frocks. He may take a fancy to you. He gets pashes on people."

She laughed and went down the corridor. Parker was still arranging the frocks in the wardrobe. She turned when she saw Jacynth with her arms full.

"Oh, miss, those look grand!"

"Isn't Gloria generous? Isn't she a dear?"

"She is ever such a nice young lady, miss," said Parker, who was the height of discretion.

Within the half-hour Jacynth had changed. She had sprawled her slim young body in a deep bath. The soap had smelt divine, and there was an enormous golden glass bowl of powder. She surveyed herself in the long mirror, after a vigorous rubbing with a daffodil towel. "It's all so beautiful that it seems almost immoral," she told herself.

She dressed in her new clothes: The crushy soft silk vest first, clinging to her skin; a suspender belt with tiny rosebuds on it; the step-ins with insets of lace and Gloria's monogram on them; fine stockings; satin shoes; last of all, the pink frock.

"How do I look, Parker?" she asked, as she went back into the bedroom, her face flushed.

"Oh, miss, you do look different. Now let me do your face for you."

Jacynth submitted to her face being "done." She usually tended it from a small compact with a cake of powder in it. Parker didn't do things that way: A cream first—a soft, sweet-smelling cream that suddenly made the skin glow like the flesh of a fine peach; a smattering of powder; a tiny pencil of brows and lashes; a soupcon of lipstick.

"Good heavens! Is that me?" gasped Jacynth.

Spurred on by the success, Parker took the golden head in hand. Brushed it and made the ends curl round her fingers, and drew it back from the face in a new style.

"Now what about that?" asked she.

It was marvellous. It was wonderful. When Gloria came in for her cousin it was a new Jacynth who rose to meet her. "It all seems strange," she admitted, "and there seems to be at least a thousand miles between here and the rectory at home. And at least a thousand hours since the guard waved his flag at the station." Then to herself, "I wish I'd been like this when I met Philip this afternoon.

"He liked you as you were. He'll adore you like this. Now, we really must go down or Mother will be after us."

They went down the stairs, hand in hand.

"Cocktails are in the small library," said the butler, and opened the door for them. Jacynth thought, "If this is the small library I shall be lost in the big one," and she went inside.

Her aunt was standing by the window, and with her was the man who Jacynth supposed must be Charles Drew.

"This is the little country cousin," said Aunt Lil.

It wasn't a tactful introduction. Jacynth felt it could have been put differenly. She capped it. "Straight from the hens, and the mother's meetings," she announced herself.

Mr. Drew looked at her. She knew she was a success. Then he said: "That isn't a country cousin's dress!"

"No, but you should see what I have got upstairs. Mother chose them. Nice serviceable frocks unlikely to stir any response in a masculine breast.

He laughed and turned to Auntie Lil. "Bring her round to my place, and get her some frocks. She'd be a credit to the firm."

"I will bring her round," sniffed Aunt Lil. She wasn't pleased. Jacynth knew that at once. Although in one way she wanted her niece to be a success, in the other she was jealous of her. Jacynth knew that, too.

The butler announced dinner.

From that moment on it was a fairy tale. They were seated round the table in the off-white dining-room. A polished surface in which crystal glass was reflected.

They talked gaily enough. Charles Drew was amusing.

Afterwards they went on to the terrace behind the little library, and they drank coffee in fragile cups. Gloria played the piano. She played well. Much later Jacynth crept up to bed in a whirl. She managed to scribble a postcard home before she slipped into bed tired out.

I've arrived, and it is all lovely. I can't believe that it is me that it is happening to. More in the morning. J.

But there wasn't more in the morning.

The morning was far too thrilling to think of the rectory at home.

First of all there was Parker coming in with a jaunty little tea-tray, a thin roll of bread and butter like paper, and China tea. On the absurdly tiny tea cosy and napkin, a black embroidered cock-a-doodle crowed "bon jour!"

There was a scented bath and later on a languid breakfast with Gloria, during which the box of orchids arrived.

Inside a white snow of tissue paper and a little card. The card bore two words—"From Philip." Hastily she scrabbled back the tissue, and there lay the orchids. Brown ones with green fern. Brown spotted flowers that looked almost like snakes. Twelve of them.

"Oh, of course," said Gloria, "say it with orchids!"

"It can't be for me?"

"Of course it is for you. I knew that the moment he came in. He was crazy about you."

"He could not have beeen crazy about me in that dress."

Gloria yawned. "It's my belief that men don't look at dresses. Here have I been togged up to the nines for a whole couple of seasons, and nobody even glances my way, in spite of Mother's cares."

"I wish he could see me now."

"He will see you now. Write him a note and ask him to tea."

So she wrote the note, and asked him to tea for to-morrow.

Auntie Lil took the girls along to Charles Drew's shop. "We shall have to get Jacynth some clothes," she said.

That in itself was an adventure.

They sat on a Louis Quinze settee which looked too frail to be true, and they watched glamorous girls in amazing clothes moving about a pale pool of parquet which was the floor.

Aunt Lil chose three frocks for her, or rather Charles Drew insisted on them. A morning frock deeply hyacinth-blue absurdly plain. "It can't cost all that money," gasped Jacynth in dismay; "why, there isn't anything in it." Tucks. That was all. Provocative tucks, and a suede belt vividly wickedly green.

"You pay for the idea," announced Charles, "and the plainer the frock the more expensive it is."

She went home, all impatience to wear the clothes. Then she knew that Philip would be coming to tea.

"The hyacinth frock?" she said.

"That's the idea," said Gloria.

She put it on and pinned orchids across it. "He is going to be surprised," she told herself, "he is going to like me very much, and she slipped down to meet him. Philip was surprised. He stood and stared as she came into the room. Well, of course, he had known that she was a beauty all along. But this!

"Doesn't she look marvellous?" asked Gloria.

"Wonderful. I didn't know she could look like it. Really, I'm quite afraid of you, Jacynth. If you go back to the country looking like that the hens will have hysterics."

IT was Aunt Lil who had to spoil it all. She purred amiably over the silver teapot. "Jacynth likes dressing up. It is a positive passion with her. Still I must say she is a good advertisement for Drew's frocks."

"Drew? The man dressmaker?"

"Well, that isn't how he would describe himself. He calls himself the dress designer."

"It's the same thing."

Jacynth thought, "For some reason or other, Aunt Lil doesn't like me. I wonder what I am doing wrong, but there is something wrong." Afterwards, when Philip wanted to take her out in the car to a little roadhouse he knew of, Aunt Lil insisted that Gloria should come, too. Well, perhaps it would have been bad luck leaving Gloria all alone. And Jacynth did feel a bit guilty, but at the same time she knew that it wasn't quite what Philip

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had meant. In the car Gloria apologised. "I'm sorry about this. Mother is that way inclined. I know I'll be in the way."

"Not at all, of course," they agreed.

It was a cheery little roadhouse just outside London. There was an old barn which had been made into a dance room. They dined in an old-fashioned dining-room, just the three of them, and afterwards they danced. They took it by turns, dancing to provocative music.

"I want to see more of you," said Philip. "Your aunt is a bit sticky, I'm thinking."

"Well, I am supposed to be Gloria's companion?"

"Don't you ever have evenings off? What about your afternoon's out?"

"Hush. Gloria is frightfully decent over it, and it is such hard cheese on her."

"And me."

They drove home through the moonlight, a big, superb ball of moon drifting yellowly through a starry sky.

"I'm fixing up a party for the Grosvenor House Ball," he said. "You know the ball of the planets. Will you girls come?"

"Adore to."

"You don't mean that amazing ball," gasped Gloria, "where all society is being a planet or a star or a moonbeam or something?"

"I do. It ought to be fun."

"Great fun!" Jacynth clasped her hands in excitement. "Oh, Philip, it is good of you. I've never seen anything like that in my whole life. What an experience!"

"You'll be seeing it now."

He asked Aunt Lil for permission when they got home. He had a box for the show. Aunt Lil said certainly, of course, and inquired who would be there. A whole party, he said, boys and girls, etc., and it ought to be a good night.

"We'd love to come," she told him.

When Jacynth got to bed she saw two letters lying on a silver salver beside her. One from Mother, and she opened it with trembling fingers. The news of the village. They were all well.

The other was from Jerry Peters.

Jerry missed her frightfully. He hoped she would not let London turn her head. ("A little sententious, I think," she told herself.) And when she came back perhaps she would be glad for a chance of the simple life, and existence in a rose-covered farmhouse, with the man of her heart.

"Man of my heart, indeed!" she told herself. "He flatters himself!"

The whole of the next fortnight was overshadowed by the dance. A gay fortnight. A fortnight when she went to Ranelagh, when she went to theatres and on to dances at delightful houses. When people began to write polite letters to Aunt Lil, asking her and Gloria to parties, and adding, "Do bring that lovely little niece of yours." And, although Aunt Lil said, "You're making a hit, my dear," all the while she pulled the corners of her mouth down and looked a little austere about it.

She had an exquisite frock for herself and for Gloria for the Grosvenor House affair. "You'll wear the brown one Drew designed," she told Jacynth.

The morning dawned. There was another silver box of orchids for her to wear from Philip. There was a hush and a thrill about the whole house. Upstairs frocks laid out in readiness on the beds. Orchids in water.

Then, just before dinner, Aunt Lil called Jacynth aside. Gloria was already climbing the fan of stairs to dress.

"Oh, darling," said her aunt carefully, "there has been a telephone message for you. Apparently there has been some mistake over to-night."

"Some mistake?" She caught her breath quickly. "Some mistake?"

"Now, darling, don't fly off at a tangent. Philip rang me up and explained it all very nicely. The place is dreadfully crowded and he started making excuses. I knew what he meant, of course."

"We aren't going?"

"You aren't going," said her aunt quite calmly.

"But, Aunt Lil, I've set my heart——"

"I know, dear; don't make it more difficult and embarrassing for everyone. There isn't time to explain now, I'll explain to-morrow."

"But to-morrow will be no good."

"To-morrow it will have to be," she answered, and turned away. Suddenly Jacynth felt dreadfully like Cinderella. She felt helpless, hopeless, forlorn. She wasn't going to the ball after all.

"YOU don't mean that you aren't coming?" gasped Gloria, when Jacynth, a rather crumpled, forlorn little Jacynth, staggered into the bedroom.

"I do mean that. Philip has telephoned. There's been a mix-up or something. Anyway, there isn't room for me."

"I don't believe it. You were the one he was keen on."

"Well, it looks as though it had happened. Perhaps it was because I was the one he was keen on." Then she could have bitten her tongue out. That wasn't a kind thing to say. That wasn't fair. Gloria was a dear, and would never have stood in Jacynth's way if she could have helped it. Jacynth knew that. It looked very much as though having snaffled invitations for herself, and for Gloria, Aunt Lil was content to let Jacynth stay at home.

And it was also bitterly unfair.

"Like this, I don't know that I want to go," said Gloria slowly.

"But you must."

And Jacynth forgot her own misery in the getting ready. Gloria would look lovely. No money had been spared on that superb frock, and those frail little sandal shoes to go with it. Her hair had been done by an artist and looked adorable.

"Only it's the face under the hair," said Gloria, "you must admit I'm plain. I'm the plain Jane of the family. What a lot Mother would have given for a daughter like you."

Jacynth watched them go down the stairs with a horrid lump in her throat.

The hall door opened with a whirl. There was the car beyond and the chauffeur waiting. Gleam of enamel, gleam of his gaiters. The two descended the steps.

It was then that Jacynth felt a touch on her arm. Turning she saw Parker standing there, holding out a silver salver on which a white envelope addressed to Jacynth was lying.

"I calls it a shame," said Parker, somewhat bitterly, "them going off to the party like that, and leaving you all on your own-some, as you might say."

Jacynth took up the letter to cover her own confusion. She went back to her bedroom and sat down. The letter was from Jerry Peters.

Dear Jacynth,

We miss you here desperately, and I am just hoping that you miss us a little. I expect London is pretty hot just now; it has been dreadfully warm here, and I bet you wish you were back. Jacynth, my dear, don't stay away too long, when all the while there is somebody wanting you back home with all his heart. Yours as ever,

Jerry.

She folded the letter up into a tiny parcel. She supposed the end of it would be that she would go back, and marry Jerry. One of those nice, quiet little weddings he had spoken about so touchingly.

It would be hard, because there was Philip.

Jacynth sat there trying to analyse her own feelings about Philip. She cared for him. It seemed ridiculous, but, unfortunately, it was not so ridiculous as it sounded.

She went downstairs.

She had stuck one of the dull, brown orchids that she had meant to wear into her belt. It ought to have sprawled across the chiffon shoulder of her frock at Grosvenor House. This was a poor substitute. "Still, let's be gay!" said she.

Cook had done her best. Melon. A white soup which just slipped down your throat. A bird grilled with peaches. Sounded fantastic, but it tasted delicious. ("This would teach Ruby a thing or two," Jacynth thought to herself.)

She was in the midst of a creamy meringue when the telephone rang. The butler came in pompously. "Sir Philip on the telephone," said he.

"Sir Philip?"

She hadn't meant to spring up that way, napkin flying, and forks clattering. She sped to the side table where the telephone stood.

"Yes. It's Jacynth."

"I say, what's all this? We are in the middle of a meal and I've slipped out. Why aren't you here with us? Your aunt doesn't seem quite sure."

"My aunt said that there had been some mistake and the numbers were full, and you didn't want me."

"She said that? I didn't want her. Is much nearer to the point. I never heard such a yarn. What are you doing?"

SHE gave a little gulp. "I'm sitting waiting for a fairy godmother, only she doesn't look like turning up."

"Gee Whiz! I'll be along for you this very minute."

There seemed to be something whirling in Jacynth's head, something going round and round. She knew she had got to be calm. It wasn't any good spoiling everything just because she did something impetuous and silly.

"I'll fetch you to this dance within ten minutes."

"No Philip, I can't do that. Aunt Lil says I am not wanted and as far as she is concerned I daren't turn up."

"But why not?"

"It can't do any good."

"It can't do any harm."

"Philip."

The receiver had been crashed down. Slowly she replaced hers and turned to the room.

Hastily she snatched a compact out of

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her bag and gave her face a hurried dust over with powder. She added lipstick to a mouth already ripe and red. She tried not to feel flurried. It wasn't easy.

Then the bell rang and a moment after Philip was ushered in. Philip in tails. Philip looking exactly like a tailor's dummy, polished and radiant. A crimson carnation was in his button-hole. Somehow, she hadn't thought of him looking like this, she gasped a little.

"How lovely you look!"

"I'm not feeling particularly lovely. I'm feeling particularly furious. That old cat of an aunt of yours has done it on me."

"Hah!" said she. "She had, I am sure, some of those best intentions with which the pathway to a certain sad place is paved. Don't speak of her!"

"You get dressed and come along to the dance right now. We will be just in time for the planets."

"And I'll be just in time to be sent home to-morrow."

"I'll talk to your aunt and you can risk that."

She shook her head. "Not me. Not much. I'm having far too good a time here, thank you very much all the same, but I don't feel like getting expelled like a naughty school girl. Aunt Lil said I was not to go to the ball and here I stay."

"I refuse to go back to that rotten old ball without you."

"Then you'll languish here."

"Look here," he suggested, "I'm sick of the dance. I'm sick of the row and the racket that is going on in there; supposing you come out with me and we slip down into the country somewhere? Don't you like the idea of trees by moonlight? Something quiet away from all this? The noise inside Grosvenor House is like a hive of bees."

"But your party?"

"My party can look after themselves."

The idea seized her fancy. Somehow she could not dismiss it—"All right," she said. "I've only got the coupe outside. You won't need a hat."

"It'll be lovely."

SHE caught up a coat, and wrapped it round her. After all nobody need ever know they had gone off like this.

The car slipped away through the traffic. As the houses gradually diminished and they came to open spaces, he turned to her. "Better, isn't it? They can have their old dance at Grosvenor House for all I care."

"Was it such a frightful dance?"

"Frightful people at it."

"Meaning my aunt?" and her eyes twinkled.

"Meaning quite a lot of things." He came closer to her still. One hand took hers lying in her lap. "You know she doesn't approve of us. What are we going to do about it? I've got to go on seeing you. You know that, don't you?"

She nodded.

"You want to go on seeing me? Say you do, Jacynth."

For a moment she said nothing, but he repeated his question. Then she said, "Yes I do. Only I do think that Auntie Lil is going to make it difficult for us."

"I'm quite sure that she is, and therefore we have got to be discreet.

"Jacynth, we aren't going to let people come between us, are we? I mean, we have only known one another a very short time, an absurdly short time, I suppose, but we have made the most of it. Jacynth, you mean a lot to me."

She felt herself going hot and cold. She knew that this was one of the great moments of her life. His eyes on hers; his hand taking possession of hers. Ahead lay a main road. She screamed suddenly. "No, Philip, be careful, look. . . ."

But it was too late.

The car swerved out of the side lane into the path of another car travelling at high speed along the high road. She heard the sound of a woman screaming, and became suddenly aware that the voice was her own.

JACYNTH came to with a jerk.

She was lying against a grassy bank, with the faint scent of docks and verdure in her nostrils. The screaming had stopped abruptly. She pulled herself together and sat up. She felt queerly wobbly, but no more.

The occupants of the other car bestirred themselves. A man came over to her.

"I say, how are you feeling?"

"I'm all right. What about Philip?"

"Philip? You mean the fellow in the car?"

"Yes."

"He has been knocked silly for the moment. What he was thinking about to come mooning out of that side lane like that with no proper warning, beats me."

Jacynth lurched on to a pair of wobbly legs. "He was thinking about me," she said.

She stared at the scene before her.

The coupe was knocked out. It lay in a crumped little heap by the roadside. The big car did not seem to be hurt much. Another man, who had probably been travelling in it, was standing beside a prone figure. When Jacynth saw the prone figure a ghastly nausea came over her. It was Philip, she supposed.

"He isn't killed, and you aren't keeping it from me?" she gasped.

"No. Now pull yourself together. Better take a drink of this." The man opened a small silver flask and set it to her lips. Jacynth gulped it helplessly, felt it sting her throat, recoiled from it, but decided that she felt better.

"Now, I'm a doctor. Your friend has got concussion. He is going to be all right (now don't YOU start having fits), but it means going slow with him. I am going to lift him into my car and take him up to London to a nursing home."

They went across the road. It seemed funny to be walking on legs of which you were not quite sure.

Philip was lying deathly still by the roadside. The sight of him made her turn faint again, and she had difficulty in getting her breath. The man who had been so kind took her arm. "Now, you slip into the car while we get him on to the back seat, and try not to think about anything. Everything is going to be all right."

He tucked her in with a rug. Time seemed to slip. Suddenly, when she pulled herself together again she knew that the car was progressing towards London, and that she seemed very numb and unable to help herself. In the back was Philip with another man.

She had an impression of the car coming to a standstill beside the pavement. Of a door with a fanlight above it opening, and a nurse coming out. Suddenly she knew that she did not want to part with Philip, who lay there, inert, and had to be carried. He must be badly hurt to be so limp. . .

"Silly!" said the man beside her. "Never seen anybody knocked out at Rugger? They always go that way. He took it on his head. When he wakes up, oh, what a head it will be! But he will be all right, and that is the main thing."

It had not struck Jacynth till this moment quite how her aunt would take it. She had a horrible idea that there was some dreadful nemesis to come. Explanations. Lots of why did you's and how could you's. Perhaps, with the slightest atom of luck, the Grosvenor House ball would not be over yet. Surely the planets take a long time to move in their orbs or spheres or whatever they are? She glanced at the clock set before her. Midnight. No, they wouldn't be home yet!

When they got to the house it was Parker who came down to help her.

"Oh miss, whatever have you been doing to yourself?"

The man who had driven them home gave some brief explanation, nothing else seemed to matter.

Jacynth knew she was being bundled upstairs, and that she was sitting on the edge of her bed, with a horrible inclination towards hysteria. Parker was pulling off her things.

"Oh miss, how dreadful!"

"It's what my aunt will say."

"I don't see as how she matters. She won't know till the morning."

"Yes and then she'll have a head."

"So will poor Sir Philip I expect. Oh dear, what a mercy it was somebody wasn't killed."

Very early after the breakfast tray Auntie Lil appeared. The dance hadn't been a success. Jacynth knew that at once. Worse, she was furious that Philip should have gone off with her niece. "What's all this I hear about an accident last night?" she asked.

In halting language Jacynth began to explain. When she started searching for words it wasn't easy. They had gone off together (why, she didn't know, save that they wanted to) and they had had an accident.

"What for?" demanded Aunt Lil.

As if one had accidents for anything!

"Fun," said Jacynth with a brightness she did not feel. Aunt Lil had asked for that one.

Then into the room came Gloria. Gloria only just awakened and very disturbed about the whole thing. "Jacynth, are you hurt? What has happened?"

"I'm not hurt. Philip has got concussion. I think that was what the man said last night. He was such a kind nice man and did everything for us."

"What was his name?" asked Aunt Lil.

"I don't know. I didn't ask. You don't ask people's names in the middle of motor smashes, do you? Besides I was a bit silly too."

"I should think you were demented going out with Philip alone like that."

Gloria took her cousin's hand. "Don't pay any attention to what Mother says. She has been worried, that's all. We will get on to the phone to the nursing home about Philip. It was awful."

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Suddenly Jacynth started to cry. Suddenly she knew that last night had been a bad shock to her, and that she was feeling mouldy about it all. It was Gloria who came to her. Gloria banished her mother hastily, and patted Jacynth's shoulder.

"There, there, it is going to be all right! Mother is getting the doc. round to you. You'll be grand soon, don't worry about anything."

"Gloria, you are a dear!"

Gloria behaved like an angel. The doctor came. He was cautious. He talked of shock and nerves, and suggested bed for a week. Gloria went out and bought every illustrated paper there was, an enormous box of chocolates and a sheaf of lilies.

Parker gave information which she was not supposed to give, surreptitiously. "The mistress has been on to the telephone to the nursing home. Sir Philip has come to. I heard that much. He was asking after you, miss. I knew that by the way mistress said "No, he can't see her at all. Certainly not. I'll come along." Just as though he wanted "her" with an emphasis on the "her."

Then Gloria coming in, and perching herself on the end of the bed. "Last night was a mess-up. Directly we arrived I knew Philip was wild about your not being there. He made excuses during dinner and slipped off. After that mother got fed-up and kept wondering where he was."

"But the dresses, Gloria, tell me about them? And the cabaret? Tell me about that?"

"Oh, I suppose it was all pretty marvellous, but somehow I was wretched. It is awful being made to dance with men who don't want to dance with you all the time. I know I'm stupid and a dud. Mother won't see it. She just shoots me at men's heads and I felt so dreadful about it."

"Gloria, you poor old dear. One of these days you'll meet Mr. Right," and then, "did you get me the great big enormous bunch of violets to send to the home to Philip? He said they were his favorite flower."

"Here they are." Gloria produced them. A wisp of light mauve paper, and inside a great bunch of dark violets. "Write a little message on this."

Jacynth hesitated with pencil poised. What should she say? "My love," or "Hope you'll be better soon." What was the right thing to say, something a little different from other people, something that would convey how very sorry she was for him.

Aunt Lil bounced in. She WOULD. "Oh, what are you doing?" asked she.

There are moments when it is impossible to hide the truth behind a discreet lie. Reddening Jacynth admitted that she was sending flowers to Philip.

"A very charming idea." Aunt Lil took up the little card. In her hurry and flurry and longing to be rid of the thing before her aunt made too many inquiries, Jacynth had written just "With love. Jacynth." Aunt Lil took up a pencil and added something with a flourish.

"From Gloria too," said she, "he will like to think that both of you girls thought of him."

And off she went with the flowers.

At the end of a week Jacynth appeared again. She had sent two little notes to the nursing home, posted by Parker.

"It's a shame to leave the poor gentleman not knowing how things are," Parker had announced, and the letters had been smuggled out of the room under the absurd little wisp of an apron.

There had been no reply.

Aunt Lil reported that he was going on quite well, but had to be kept quiet as in fact did all concussed patients.

Two mornings later the postman did bring her a letter. This was a letter on flamboyant blue paper, and when she tore it open it was from Charles Drew.

So sorry to hear you are ill. What about you and Gloria joining us at the Hungaria to-morrow evening. Just a little informal party?

The letter slipped out of Jacynth's hands.

Aunt Lil looked up sharply. "Now what is it?"

"Charles Drew wants me and Gloria to join him at the Hungaria to-morrow night?"

"A charming idea," said her aunt. "I always think the Hungaria is quite one of the nicest places!"

"Shall I telephone and say we'll go?"

"Of course. No, Gloria will do the telephoning, I think it will be better coming from her."

Gloria rang up. Everything was arranged. It would be a chance to air the brown chiffon frock which faded to all shades of autumnal leaves. And, next morning, here was a silver box coming to the house, a silver box with the same notable name on the lid. Orchids. Orchids from Philip.

"But how could he have known?" she asked herself.

"For Gloria?" asked her aunt.

"No, for me."

"Dear, dear. We do grow popular." Auntie Lil said it with a kindly smile, but there was a certain tone in her voice that cut sharply.

Jacynth dressed that evening carefully. She had written a letter to Philip, and Parker was to post it. "Seems to me a funny thing, miss, that we aren't getting no letters back remarked Parker pessimistically.

"Well, we've got the orchids."

Jacynth took a last look at herself in the triple mirror. "I'll do," she said, as she pinned the trail of orchids into place.

She joined Gloria downstairs.

"This is going to be fun," she said.

"I know. It is so lovely being unchaperoned. Mother always fusses. We've got the evening to ourselves, and somehow I have an idea that something is going to happen. Something tremendously exciting."

"I've got that feeling too."

The car drew up before the Hungaria. A man came to the door and ushered them inside. A case of dolls in Hungarian dress. The perfume of flowers, and of expensive scent. The sound of gipsy music coming up the stairs. Wild, jangling gipsy music.

"This is going to be marvellous," said Jacynth, and at that very moment she turned and saw Jerry Peters standing in the doorway looking at her.

JACYNTH stood there staring at Jerry.

"Jerry," she gasped.

Gloria said, "Why on earth . . . ?"

"It's Jerry Peters from home. Jerry, what are you doing here?"

Jerry never looked at Gloria. He was standing there staring at Jacynth, and she had an idea that his dinner jacket had been put aside for a long time, for it looked queer and rather creased. "Jacynth, I went to your aunt's place and she told me I would find you here. I came up to London."

"There isn't anything wrong at home?"

"Of course not. I came because I wanted to see you."

"Oh." She drew in a quick breath, then she said, "This is my cousin Gloria."

"How do you do."

"How do you do."

("This is frightful," thought Jacynth.)

Aloud she said, "Jerry, why HAVE you come?"

"Well, surely I can dine here if I wish? I came up to London to see you. Besides your mother wanted news of you. She didn't like all that business about a motor accident. She felt she wanted somebody to keep an eye on you."

In through the doorway trooped Charles and another man, Charles in immaculate evening wear; the other man spruce. Jerry couldn't possibly, she told herself frantically. The ridiculous part was that Gloria seemed to imagine that Jerry could. She was looking at him sloppily. "You can't possibly go away," she was saying. "Oh, if only Gloria would leave things alone."

IN a whirl, Jacynth went to Charles. "I'm terribly sorry, it's an old friend. He just popped in on me. I hadn't any idea he was on his way."

Her whole face was puckered.

"Well, that's all right."

It was decent of Charles to take it that way; decent, but difficult. Now they were all trooping into the restaurant. Charles and Dick Richards, the other man, she and Gloria; Jerry, in his awful old dinner-jacket, bringing up the rear. Jerry had had no right to do it, pushing himself in like this. Of course, all that nonsense about her mother being worried was bunk. Pure bunk! They sat down at a table set aside for them. A gay table near the band.

Out of the corner of her eye Jacynth saw that Gloria was talking to Jerry. Of course, he oughtn't to have come here. Of course, he ought not to have pushed himself in. The other man was left quite out of it.

"Let's dance," said Charles.

They got up and danced. All the while she could see Jerry watching her, his plate pushed aside, and paying little attention to Gloria on his left.

"Where did you dig him up from? Why did you bring him?" asked Charles.

She explained: "He just came. He was my one and only chance at home, and I think he thought it was a certainty. He has followed me up here."

"You can't blame him for that."

"But I do blame him for pushing himself in."

"Poor chap! You surely aren't going to throw yourself away on him and his hen pens?"

"Never. I know that now. I want to see life. I want to travel. Go places and see things.

"How long will you be with your aunt?"

"I don't know." "I shall be sent home when I have had my fling, I suppose."

"I've told you, you can come to me. I'll take you as a mannequin."

"You didn't really mean that?"

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"On the contrary, I really did. You'd need a little tuition, but we'd soon put you through it. You are a vivid style, and the vivid style is always wanted. Now don't you 'forget it."

She said, "I've got a horrid idea that any time my aunt took offence, and mind you, she takes offence frightfully easily, I might find myself suddenly booted out."

"Well, get booted out before the actual end of the summer."

"Why?"

"I'm taking a whole lot of new fashions down to the Riviera. It is a new venture. Take the mannequins a sea trip, show frocks some of the afternoons on board, and then have a marvellous time in Cannes and Nice."

The band stopped for good this time, and they went back to their seats. Afterwards she had to dance with Jerry. She did not want to, because she knew this was going to be awkward, and it seemed all wrong in the gay cosmopolitan atmosphere of the Hungaria to be dancing with the man from home.

He said, "Jacynth, when is all this going to end? When are you coming back to the little village?"

"Don't let's discuss it," she begged. "I'm wildly happy where, and as I am, I don't want to come back. Can't you understand?"

"I only hope you'll change your mind before it is too late," said he, reproachfully.

"I only hope you won't push yourself in on somebody else's party again," said she, and, as she told herself, she had more reason to be reproachful than he had.

He said nothing.

But he went on looking a martyr, which was most galling. And to Jacynth's mind this spoilt the evening. It ought to have been such fun, too. The leader of the band in his lovely yellow tussore gipsy uniform, stepping out among the tables, and playing his violin to people. He came to their table, and played for Jacynth.

"I played for the gnadige Fraulein," he said, and bowed low over the cup.

"I loved your playing," she told him.

He held the goblet high for a toast. "To your very good fortune," he said, "and you will find love will carry you far, will take you on a great ship over the waters and home again."

Jerry had to butt in. "What's all this?" he asked. The idea of a great ship did not seem to be particularly appealing to him. It was tremendously appealing to Jacynth.

"Oh, do shut up," she said, "can't you see it is a sort of gipsy's warning, or rather the other thing," and to the leader of the band, "Do you really mean that?"

He set the cup down empty. "Of course! I mean everything I say."

"Isn't it all lovely?" cried Jacynth, her eyes dancing.

"A great ship," said Charles sitting there and staring into the golden depths of a Napoleon brandy, "a great ship travelling far. Looks as though I should manage to sweep you up in time with my mannequins for the Riviera."

It was maddening that the evening should end badly. Finally Gloria and Jacynth were tucked into the car, and they almost quarrelled.

"I think Jerry is just sweet," proclaimed Gloria, "and you weren't a bit nice to him."

"Well, fancy his butting in like that. And looking like he looked. I thought it hard on poor Charles having to pay for him."

"Charles has got a lot of money. It didn't matter to him. Jerry is in love with you, Jacynth."

"I'm not in love with him."

After which there was silence.

As the car neared the doorstep, however, she felt a little ashamed of herself, and she put out her hand. "Gloria dear, I don't mean to be ratty, and especially after you have been so frightfully sweet to me, but somehow or other I haven't got the country complex. You wouldn't have if you had lived all your life in it, you know."

Jerry called next day, when Jacynth was out. Her aunt seemed to share her feelings. She thought it was a great pity that he had come up to see her, and she said so. She was not encouraging. Gloria was the only one who felt sorry for him, and between them Jacynth and Auntie Lil squashed it. Jerry went back to the village.

That was the very afternoon that they went to see Philip, who had returned to his mother's house to convalesce. His mother was at the sea.

"She can't be a very fond mother to leave the poor dear when he is ill," commented Jacynth.

Jacynth wondered if he remembered what he had been saying when the accident had happened. Those few moments in that shadowy lane together, "Jacynth, we aren't going to let people came between us are we? I mean, we have only known one another a very short time: an absurdly short time, I suppose, but we have made the most of it. Jacynth, you mean a lot to me. . . ."

A lot to him; and he meant a lot to her.

She wasn't sure.

They were shown up into a library on the first floor—a man's room. Brown hide, and a white Polar bear skin flung down on a polished floor.

And here, sitting in an enromous armchair, was Philip.

He rose to meet them, but Jacynth was horrified that he should look to be so white and shaky.

"You mustn't get up," she cried, and helped him back to the chair.

"I'm all right. I had a sticky passage for a time, but I'm all right now. I wanted to see you both."

"I'll make the tea, then Jacynth can sit by you and tell you all the back chat," announced Gloria, ensconsing herself over a silver tea tray.

"Yes, you come here and tell me all the news." He patted the chair beside him. "How's things?"

"I'm getting along grandly."

"The accident didn't upset you too much?"

"No. The other people were so frightfully nice, and one of the men being a doctor did help enormously. I was terribly worried about you."

He said, "I want you to tell me exactly how it all happened, because the funny thing is that I have no memory about it. There was a party on at Grosvenor House or something, and instead I fetched you out for a drive. Wasn't that it?"

She nodded. For a moment she could not speak. He had no memory left. He did not remember saying sweet things to her in the moonlit lane. Lovely things which she could never forget. "We aren't going to let people come between us. . . ." She had thought of that so much.

She began procaically. She told him about the trip. They had been talking together and coming slowly out of the lane, when she had called to him too late. He asked what they were talking about. . . . She said she did not remember. Well, what else could she say? There are some things a woman may not remember. This happened to be one of them. Then the crash.

"And, what a crash!" said he.

"Two lumps?" asked Gloria. She was paying a studious attention to the tea.

Seeing him so pale and weak hurt Jacynth. She wanted to stay to pet him up.

When she got up to leave she said, "Please let us come round and see you again soon, Philip; you look as though you wanted company?"

"Rather. Only I'll be going away soon."

"Going away?" Her heart hammered rapidly. Surely he had not forgotten that he cared for her at all.

"Yes, the doc. is frightfully keen on it. Going for a long cruise," he said.

Philip was going right away. A cruise might be anywhere. It might take any length of time.

Philip went on talking. "The Riviera and Tunisia. The doc. thinks a breath of the Mediterranean would be the very thing for me. Got to admit I feel a bit languid."

Jacynth's mind went searching for the Mediterranean. She said, "You must do what the doctor tells you, and get well quickly," and somehow—she did not quite know how—she got out into the car with Gloria.

"Gloria, it's frightful. I never thought they'd send him away," she said, and she knew that her eyes were shiny bright with tears. Gloria put out a hand and took hers.

"You care for him, don't you?"

Jacynth nodded. She couldn't trust herself to speak.

When Aunt Lil heard that he was going on a cruise she was intrigued. When she had discovered who he was in the beginning she had been captivated by the idea of a match for Gloria. After all, Sir Philip Fane might be only a baronet, but he had money. A rich baronet was better than one of these penniless peers who drift about London society, as she very well knew. Both the girls seemed to be depressed by the idea that there was a chance of Philip going away.

"We might go a cruise, too?" she suggested.

"A cruise?" They both sat up and took notice.

"Well, the time of year has come when London is growing emptier and emptier. I've been longing for a breath of the sea for ages, and a cruise rather simplifies matters, doesn't it?"

It was Gloria who urged it forward. "Oh, Mother, do work it. It would be the loveliest thing in all the world if we could go to Tunisia and to the Riviera."

Instantly Auntie Lil told herself, "The child is keen on him. Well, that does simplify things a lot." Aloud she said, "I'll find out which boat he is going on."

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CALL IT A DATE

She didn't rush things. Auntie Lil had had far too much experience to be guilty of any mistakes of that kind. She waited until the next day, when she sent round some red carnations with her love, and when he rang her up to thank her she made tender inquiries.

"That you? Oh, nonsense, it wasn't kind of me at all. A pleasure. Just a few flowers. I hear you are going on a cruise." Silence. "What a lovely programme. Which ship did you say?" All guilelessly; and then as though quite uninterested, "oh, yes, yes, of course. She is a fine ship, I believe. You ought to enjoy yourself."

Jacynth was quite unsuspicious. Gloria was not.

Gloria might look foolish, but she had not lived in her mother's house all this time for nothing. She knew that her mother schemed. It seemed that things were being rushed, for almost at once her mother was on to the shipping company and asking about the s.s. Dolores. She would come round and see them about cabins . . . No, she would prefer to make no bookings on the telephone.

"And now," said Aunt Lil the very next day, "we ought to see about getting some cruise clothes. It is no good setting out on this kind of jaunt with the wrong things, is it?"

They were driving to a lunch party at the Ivy ("you have got to visit the Ivy," Charles had said, "if you want to see anybody who is anybody," and they had set to-day on one side for it). Just a homely little party. Charles and Dick Richards, the two girls and Auntie Lil. She had asked herself. Gloria and Jacynth were feeling most uncomfortable as to what would happen when Charles found she was there. At the moment, he would be waiting for them in blissful ignorance.

("And he is going to get a surprise," thought Jacynth).

If Charles did get a surprise he did not show it. He piloted them into the downstair room. Discreet. Quiet. Only the echo of cultured voices, and the faint scent of the deep red roses in silver bowls.

"I" said Charles, "am going off to the Riviera in a week or two. I'm going out in a cruising ship, showing frocks, staying in Cannes while the ship does the usual, you know, Tunisia, Algeria, Naples and the rest of it, then letting them pick us up and cart us all along back again."

Aunt Lil was interested. "What for?" she asked.

"Fun, I suppose." He poured himself out some more wine and clasped the bowl of the glass thoughtfully. "I felt there was something in it. I sell what I can in the South of France, and rejoin a ship grown faded. People dead sick of the clothes they have brought with them. They will be pining for more, and there will be no shops for them. See?"

"I call that quite artful," said Gloria.

Aunt Lil laughed. "You've got a genius for salesmanship Charles, and you deserve to succeed. Which is the ship, pray?"

"The Dolores."

"Oh!"

Jacynth had made a quick little sound. She said, "Surely that is the one Philip is going out on? Surely that is his ship?"

"Well, not quite his, my dear," said her aunt, "but the same one, so to speak. Still I don't suppose he'll be buying many frocks."

They all laughed. Jacynth wished they would not laugh like that when she made silly remarks.

"Well, we shall be getting cruising clothes," said Aunt Lil when the bill was paid and they were all gathering up gloves and bags ready to go.

"I'll let you down easily," said Charles, "if you care to come along to my place."

Aunt Lil chose several things for herself, and for Gloria. Jacynth, sitting a little to one side, did not seem to be getting very much.

"Well, darling, I bought you so many things when you first came up," said her aunt, "you can't expect me to go on. You'll have to make do."

Charles called her into a corner. "What do you bet she doesn't take you?" he asked, in an aside.

Such a ghastly thought had never struck her! "But she MUST take me?" she said.

Charles tapped her arm significantly. "Yes, that is what you think? I probably know women better than you do. She wants Fane for that daughter of hers and Fane is travelling in this boat. I don't mind betting something happens to prevent your coming with us."

"Charles, you can't mean it?"

She saw another mannequin swimming out on to the parquet floor. A mannequin with soft brown hair and a ridiculous little "play" frock of unrunnable linen. Brief at the sun-tanned knees, briefer at the brown shoulders. A little frock that hardly was at all, and yet, Jacynth was sure, was hideously expensive.

He said: "Look here, Jacynth, don't you trust your aunt too far, and don't start fretting. If anything goes wrong come to me."

She remembered that when they were driving home together, Aunt Lil was very pleased over her purchases. She felt that the cruise was going to be a big success. "And the theatre to-night," she told the family, "now you girls have a nice rest."

Upstairs in her bedroom there was a little note from Philip. Just lately it had seemed to Jacynth that these notes had seemed to be briefer. It couldn't be that he was growing tired of her?

Dear Jacynth,—

I wish you would run round and see me one of these days? I'd love to chat. Since the accident they won't let me out too much, say I shall overdo it, which is, of course, all bosh, but I would love to see you. I'm always in at cocktail time.—P

She glanced up at the clock shaped like a flower on the mantelpiece. Ten to six. There would be time to run round for half an hour, and then get back. Nobody need know. If she changed first she could manage it, she told herself, and she called for Parker. "I shan't be a moment," she told Parker quickly, "I'm going to see him. Tell them all I'm in my bath."

"I'll manage. You trust me, miss," said Parker, who was a stickler for a romance.

Probably this was crazy, but did it matter? Jacynth called up a taxi and gave the address. The traffic seemed to be amazingly clear, and within quite a few minutes here she was in Philip's brown and white library. He turned from his big chair. "Jacynth, you came right away? That was dear of you."

"You seemed lonesome. I thought I might be able to help?"

"Seeing you alone helps." He rang for cocktails and sat down beside her on the big hide sofa. "I'm only just beginning to get my memory back about things. Only just beginning to feel myself again. I wanted to talk to you frightfully, Jacynth."

She nodded. How much did he remember? "We mustn't let other people come between us." She heard the words ringing through her head again and again. She sat beside him with the glass in her hand. A little crystal glass with a tiny dachshund raising its voice in protest on it.

"I'm not seeing enough of you, Jacynth. This accident was sickening, because it seemed to end everything quite abruptly. In that home they wouldn't let me do anything I wanted. The sister had a face like a horse. I'm sure she and the matron shared a bran mash. They looked like it."

"But you're better now and that's all over."

"Now there is this infernal cruise. It'll do me a lot of good, and be a thrill in a way, but it means being apart from you for ages, and Jacynth, I do want to see you."

She held her glass high. "Here's good luck, Philip, because I'll tell you a secret. We're coming too."

"You're what?"

"We are coming, too. Aunt Lil got the bright idea and she is fixing the whole thing up. Only, I think it is to be a sort of a surprise, and nothing was to be said about it. We've spent all the afternoon buying cruise clothes . . ."

"But Jacynth, this is marvellous. A miracle of miracles! Who would have believed that it could have happened?"

"It is fun, isn't it?"

"And you've never been out of England before. I'll be the first person to show you the three lights at Ushant, and Finnistaire and all the rest of it. The Riviera. It's glorious down there. Tunisia, and we'll have a look at the desert, my dear."

"It IS going to be grand," she admitted.

They were standing on the threshold of a great adventure. They were going out in a great ship to see all the wonders of the world, or so it seemed to them. They sat there chatting and laughing. He told her of ship life. He told her of the fun it would be, and what they would do, when suddenly a clock chimed.

"My goodness!" she said, "we have to go to the theatre. Is that clock right, it is I must fly."

He was obliged to admit it was slow.

She sped home. She managed to get in just as the gong was ringing, and to worm her way into the dining-room without its being spotted that she had come from outside. Something had gone wrong. Aunt Lil had an envelope in her hand and was complaining bitterly.

"It's that shipping company," she explained, "no, no soup. I'll go straight on to the fish. They've sent me the wrong cabins now. I knew they would. I felt it coming. Right for'ard like that you feel every movement of the ship. I'd be sick all the time."

Aunt Lil was poring over the map of the ship. "These are the ones I said. These are the ones I mean to have."

Jacynth reached out a hand. "Let me see," she said. Aunt Lil was so busy with her map that she did not notice what Jacynth was doing. The girl took the tickets into her hand. There were only two of them!

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For a moment something like horror seemed to grip Jacynth. She looked again at the tickets. They were for two single cabins on C deck.

From across the table Gloria glanced at her in anxiety.

"There are only two tickets here, Auntie Lil."

Her aunt glanced up again. "I told you they'd made the most frightful mess of the whole thing. I'm sure I don't know what offices are for. And he was such a charming young man, too. Who'd have thought that he would have bungled it?"

"Which are the cabins we ought to have had?" asked Jacynth. She wasn't happy about it. She was remembering what Charles had said. She wasn't at all sure. Aunt Lil pointed with a highly varnished nail to two single cabins on B deck.

"There are only two of them," said Jacynth, "were I and Gloria to share?"

"No, of course not." Her aunt was tapping impatiently with a foot. She wasn't pleased about it.

THERE is nothing for this but to go at it like a bull at a gate and know the worst, Jacynth told herself. She went at it. "Look here, Auntie Lil," she said, "am I coming on this cruise?"

At any other time her aunt would have hedged. She was angry about the tickets being bungled. She was a poor sailor and wanted to enjoy herself, and, being sick all the time wasn't her idea of enjoyment. She said quickly: "Well, really I don't know what you girls want next. I do everything I can for you, take you everywhere, give you a most marvellous time, and now you are wanting me to take you on a cruise, too."

"But you did say——?"

"Pardon me, I said nothing of the sort. You jumped at conclusions. You were the person who flew straight off the handle about it. While we go abroad it will be an excellent time for you to slip down to your home and see how they are getting on."

"But Auntie Lil——?" She knew it was all futile and hopeless, but she simply did not know what to say next.

"You haven't got any homing instincts. You ought to go down and see how they are getting on. There's that young man of yours, too."

"Young man of mine?"

"Yes, Thomas, or some such name. Oh yes, I know, Peters. He'll be wanting to have a peep at you."

It seemed to Jacynth that the world had suddenly gone topsy-turvy. She knew what was at the back of it, of course. Her aunt wanted the ship to herself and Gloria, then they would have Philip in tow and everything would go smoothly.

"Of all the awful mean tricks," she told herself.

So Charles had been right after all. She finished her meal and went up to get her cloak. Gloria was at her heels. "I say, Jacynth, this is horrible. I'll talk to Mother."

"It won't do any good."

"I'll tell her I won't go unless you can come, too."

"That won't do any good. It's Philip, don't you see? Philip is the man she wants. Oh, it is all dreadful, but I must have time to think."

The drive to the theatre was not a success. There was a quietness about the younger members of the party. "Sulking, I suppose," thought Auntie Lil.

They were bustled into their seats in the stalls. The curtain rose on a revue. Nearing the first interval she espied Philip sitting two rows off.

"Oh, there's Philip," she said.

Aunt Lil caught at her arm. "He won't want you running after him," she said.

Jacynth could have choked with fury. But, as luck would have it, Philip saw her. He came to their row in the interval.

"A good show," he said, "I shall be whistling the tune for weeks. I hear you are all coming on my cruise?"

Jacynth was dying to shriek, "I'm not. I've been pushed out of it. Help me, Philip, Aunt Lil won't let me go," but her aunt spoke for her.

"Gloria has been looking a little pale lately, so I am taking her for some sea air. Now I hear you are going too. What fun that will be."

"Enormous fun. Let me make a date for the first evening. Six o'clock in the for'ard cocktail bar."

"That's fixed," said Auntie Lil calmly.

"All of you," and his eyes were on Jacynth.

"All of us," said Auntie Lil, not giving anything away.

Then Jacynth broke in. She had to. She could not keep it bottled up a moment longer. "I'm not coming," she said. "I thought my aunt meant to include me, but it isn't to be. I'm to be sent home for a holiday."

"You aren't coming? But that's spoilt the whole show."

Aunt Lil tapped him on the sleeve. "Yes, I know. It sounds dreadfully hard of me, doesn't it? But Jacynth has got her facts fumbled a little. You see, there is a young man in it. She left a most charming young man down at her home and it would not be fair on him. Naturally he wants to see her some time, so she is going down there to see him, while we go off for the trip. It is only a matter of twenty-one days, you know."

("I'm going mad!" thought Jacynth).

Aloud she said. "There isn't a young man at all. What is Auntie Lil talking about?"

"But my dear, what about Jerry Peters? Oh, yes, you can't get out of that."

The Theatre was filling up again. People were wandering back from the little bars round the corner. Time was running out, and in Philip's eyes was a strange look as though he did not believe her, as though a sudden jealousy had been inflamed. What could she do? There wasn't time to choose her words carefully.

She said: "Oh, Philip, it isn't true. Jerry Peters was the local farmer. He wanted to marry me, and that was one reason why I wanted to leave home."

"I must go back to my seat," said Philip and turned without giving Jacynth one glance.

"Oh, he might have tried to understand," she told herself wretchedly.

She wanted to blow up. She wanted to tell Auntie Lil exactly what she thought of her, but that would not help too much. She clutched at Gloria's hand.

"It'll be all right; we'll think of something, I'll talk to Mother," said Gloria.

The second act might have been the most delicious play in the world, it just did not register with Jacynth. The cruise was off. Call it a date, indeed!

Late that night Gloria came into her room and perched on the end of the bed wrapped in a velvet dressing-gown.

"I've had the most awful row with Mother, and it isn't any good. She has gone haughty."

Childishly, Jacynth said, "I wouldn't come now, even if she asked me."

"Jacynth, I HAVE tried."

"I am sure you have, but she has made up her mind. It is that nasty, mean lie of hers that worries me. Going and telling Philip that I was engaged to Jerry Peters. I never heard of such a thing. What will he think?"

"Shall I go round and tell him it wasn't true?"

Jacynth gulped pathetically into a tiny hankie. "Yes, and have him think that I am throwing myself at his head. No, thank you. It is best left alone. Oh, why did she do it?"

Gloria sat there nervously plucking at her dressing-gown cord. Then she said, "Oh, Jacynth, Mother is difficult to understand, but the trouble is that she wants me to make a good marriage. She has been dead set on that ever since I was so-high. I think she is determined about Philip for me. She knows that while you are about there isn't a ghost of a chance. It is easy enough to see that he hasn't eyes for anybody else."

"Gloria, I'm sorry."

"It's just awful being hawked round as though I were on show all the time."

Jacynth tried to be sympathetic, but unfortunately she wasn't feeling too much that way. Afterwards, when Gloria had gone to her own room, she wrote and told Philip it was all a lie, he would only think that she wanted him for herself. Nice girls did not do that sort of thing. She would have to leave well alone. And that, of course, was the most maddening thing of all to do. Next morning she sat down to write the letter to the rectory. She nibbled her pen reflectively. It wasn't easy breaking it to them that she would be returning, whilst the family did Tunisia and Algeria, and all the rest of the delectable places that a cruise can offer.

"Heavens, I can't!" she gasped suddenly.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked her aunt from the far end of the library. She was making out a list for a cocktail party. It had to be worked on the principle that if the so-and-so's refuse we have a second list to fall back on. Crowds of young men in the first list. Crowds of hopefuls.

"I don't feel like writing to-day," Jacynth said.

SHE had got to do something. She simply could not let matters rest like this. Nothing happening. Getting nowhere.

She rose. She intended going out. She went out alone because she had got to think this one over, and it was a one, and no mistake. She went out into the Green Park.

She glanced up. A figure was coming towards her. A man, walking fast, carrying his hat in his hand. It was Charles. She noticed that here he did not strike one as being short, that he carried himself with an easy grace and that the sun shone on the hair which was so fair. She didn't

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admire golden hair in a man, but Charles' was very nice golden hair. She had to admit that.

He saw her as he drew level.

"By Jove," said he, "you're looking the cat's whiskers!"

"I feel awful," she confessed.

"What's the trouble?"

"The trouble is that my aunt and Gloria are off on a cruise, having done hundreds of them before, and I, who have never done one, am to be left at home. Worse, I am to be sent home for the three weeks."

"Why?"

She glanced at him sideways. There are some things one must not tell. With her tongue in her cheek she said, "Perhaps I'm too expensive."

He didn't swallow it. "Perhaps you're too pretty."

"Oh, I don't know."

He laughed. "What about coming to me for a job? What about doing mannequin work for that three weeks as I suggested the first time we ever met? Have you forgotten that I'm taking mannequins out to the Riviera by the very same boat, and your aunt's face would be a study if she saw you there among them. What about it, Jacynth? I think it would be the dickens of a joke!"

Jacynth stared at Charles. He was actually suggesting that she should go on this cruise after all. One of the mannequins.

She giggled.

"What do you think of it, Jacynth? I think it is the best idea I've had for years."

"It's marvellous."

"You'll do it?"

"If I dare."

"Of course you dare. Now, look here, you go home and never say a word. Let them think that you are returning to the family abode like a good little girl. That'll give your aunt all the greater shock when she sees you on board. And her face will be worth seeing, won't it, just? Behave like a model niece; somebody is going to have a big surprise."

"BUT what about Gloria? Gloria has been so frightfully decent over things, I'd hate to cheat her."

He nodded. For a moment he was thoughtful, then he said, "I know, but this is one of those occasions when you have to cheat the world alike. I'm sorry, my dear, but you must. Now to-morrow I shall want you to slip round to my place for a bit."

"Why?"

He laughed. "Got to teach you to go slinky. Got to teach you how to 'swim' round a platform; to look at everybody, yet never at anybody. Got to teach you the why's and how's.

"What time?"

"Eleventish?"

"Right."

She went home feeling guilty but elated.

Late that night Gloria came into her room for that final talk. "There's something funny about you," she said; "something queer. You're excited. Is it that you WANT to go home, Jacynth?"

She knew she had got to change this. She knew that she could not face a long talk with Gloria without admitting the truth, and then everything would be spoilt.

"I can't talk to-night. I've got a headache, Gloria. I was trying to cover it by appearing gay. You know the old trick."

"I'm terribly sorry."

It was like Gloria to patter off, and later return with a bottle of asperin and a hankie soaked in eau-de-Cologne. Like Gloria to be perfectly sweet about it. Such a dear! It was hateful keeping things from her. "I wish I dare confess and tell her the truth," Jacynth thought, but somehow she knew she must do nothing of the sort.

Eleven next day and she was at Charles'. She would not have believed it was so difficult. There was Fifi, the black-eyed, black-haired model who wore all the extravagant clothes and looked superb in them. An exotic-looking girl, a girl with finger-nails painted dark red, and toe-nails to match. A girl in gold sandals. There was No-No, hyper-slender, hyper blonde. Orchis, with her flaunting Titian head, and her brown eyes; Flavia, who looked as though her body would snap in two, it was so slender, and who had her brown hair clipped like a page boy's, and who wore mannish clothes, and wore them with an air.

"I'll never do it. Never, never," thought Jacynth a trifle desperately as she watched them.

"Like this." It was Orchis who tried to teach her. "Now don't be frightened of it. Exaggerate it at first. Remember, you are IT. You are the goods. Look down upon the world, so! Trail your feet a little, look just above people's eyes. Don't hurry."

Feeling foolish, Jacynth made an effort to trail round the room after her. "I look just like those ridiculous geese at the farm at home," she said.

"You'll be grand soon. Nobody can do it first go off. And you've got the hips for it. Show them off."

"Now what on earth does that mean?"

"Move languorously. You hurry far too much. Doesn't she, Fifi?"

Fifi minced forward. She had to mince for her particular type of frock. Between Fifi's mincing and Orchis' trailing Jacynth gave it up. "I shall never do it," she said.

It was Flavia who pulled her up with a jerk. Flavia in her close tweeds and neat pockets. "Now, look here," said she, "what the devil are you coming on this trip for? Don't tell me there isn't a man in it, because it is certain that there is."

Jacynth gave her one look, and gulped, "There is!"

"Then pull up your socks and have another go at it. You can't expect to do it off-hand, can you? It has taken us years to accomplish it."

After that things seemed to go better. She finished with some degree of success, and then promised to return the next day. "I've got to stick it," she told herself. But the moment she got outside into the street there came the desperate inclination to shirk it.

That was when she rounded the corner on to Philip. He was just getting into his car. He had come out of a shop, a big florist's shop, and behind him a small page boy pirked along, carrying an enormous silver box. For me, thought Jacynth, with that youthful hope which springs eternal?

"Hello," said she brightly.

He gave her one look. It wasn't an encouraging one. At that moment she realised that his eyes were hurt. They were reproachful. They were no longer the eyes of a good pal who was all out for a good time, and who cared for the girl with whom he wished to share that good time. They were eyes that were angry about something.

"Oh, hello!" he said.

"What about giving me a lift home?" She knew she had no business to suggest it, but somehow it slipped out.

"I'm sorry, but I'm not going your way."

There was something wrong. Something definitely wrong, as she knew standing here on the kerb and feeling too silly for words. Jerry Peters.

She intercepted herself between Philip and the perky little page with the silver box of flowers. "Philip, you didn't believe that was true?"

"What was true?"

"What my aunt said. All that nonsense about Jerry Peters. You remember that night in the theatre. You know what she said. Philip, don't you remember what you said just before the accident about not letting other people come between us? Don't you remember that?"

PEOPLE who have concussion don't remember. That is one of the extraordinary points about concussion. She recalled that instantly by the blank look on his face.

She drew back.

Instantly the perky little page boy leapt forward and deposited the silver box inside the car. As it passed her, Jacynth saw immediately that the name written across it was not hers. The flowers were meant for somebody else.

"Good-bye, Philip," she said quite coldly.

For a moment his mouth twitched a little. He wanted to say something more, but somehow he couldn't.

"Mean of him," she told herself.

Ten minutes ago she had been doubtful about the cruise. Doubtful as to whether she could go on at Charles Drew's, practicing about a dais and making an idiot of herself. Now she had changed her mind.

She would go on the cruise whatever happened. She would go and enjoy herself, show Philip that she did not mean to take him that way, and ultimately find the time and place to explain about Jerry Peters. Also, she would teach Aunt Lil.

There was no doubt about it that Aunt Lil needed the lesson of her life.

She marched into the house with a firm tread. On the hall table was a letter from Mother.

The letter was in reply to one which had obviously been received from Auntie Lil sub rosa. Mother was, of course, delighted that her little girl was coming home for a holiday, but she wondered if anything had gone wrong, and would like to be reassured on this point. She hoped that Jacynth had been nicely behaved after all her aunt had done for her, and that there really was nothing underlying it all? Jerry would be pleased to see her back.

She was not going back to the village. Only how in the world was she going to put Mother on the right scent. "I'll have to wait to the last minute," she told herself.

Up to the last minute Auntie Lil was absorbed in cruise clothes.

Jacynth was supposed to return home the night before they started for their trip. Already she had written her mother a little letter.

Mummy dear,—You've got to trust me. I know this is a big thing to ask, but there is a very big thing in my life. I've fallen in love, and if I did not go this cruise, the whole thing would be spoilt. Mummy, I've

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got to go it. Unbeknown to Auntie Lil, or to Gloria, I've got a job on board, and you must not give me away. I shan't be on the train to-day, and when you get home you will get this letter. I shan't be at Auntie Lil's either. I am sending you all details later, but please, please trust me.—Jacynth.

She knew it would worry her mother a good deal, but she was a trusting little soul and would quite probably be decent about it.

Jacynth left Gloria and her aunt by themselves. "No, don't see me off," she begged.

"I think your going away is the meanest thing ever, and I'll hate my holiday without you," said Gloria.

Jacynth just kissed her. Driving away in the taxi, she thought, "Have I been a mean pig, or have I done the only thing I could do?" and decided that it had been the only thing. There was Philip to be thought of.

She spent the night at an hotel. She got childishly nervous and was frightened to death that she might meet somebody who would give her away.

Charles took her down to Southampton in his car. "I must go there without seeing them, because probably they'll stop me at the last minute," she had maintained.

He tapped the passport. "Not likely," said he, "you are in my charge now. But we are taking no risks."

As they entered the docks, Jacynth felt her heart missing a beat. Great ships waiting to sail, and there among them the great white ship the s.s. Dolores, with the blue Peter flying at the foremast, and a crowd pushing their way up her gangway.

"Charles, it is going to be amazing."

"Wait a bit," said he, and they left the car. It seemed that they were coming under the shadow of the great ship, towering above them. Stewards bustling to and fro. Somewhere a band playing. Little flags flying and gay streamers reaching from the side. She clutched sharply at Charles' arm.

"Look," she cried, "there is Philip."

PHILIP was moving ahead of them up the gangway. He had not seen them. It was Charles who caught at Jacynth's arm, and silenced her. "Hush," said he, "no good making yourself known yet. Wait until the ship has sailed."

They moved onwards and up into the great ship itself. It's whole atmosphere was one of luxury. Stewards rushed forward. There were people, more people, still more people in an endless stream, all dressed in new cruise clothes, all ready with exciting-looking luggage.

"Your tickets, sir."

Charles handed them over. "To the right, sir, this way madam."

She was following a steward down a long alleyway. There came the faint throb of the engine, beating like a giant heart within the liner as she waited ready to start.

"Your cabin, madam."

A little cabin shaped like an L, and leading to a port-hole at the end of the top of the L. A cabin with a brass bedstead, and a great welter of red roses in the washing-basin. Who could have sent her red roses, seeing that nobody knew? She went forward and looked at the card. Charles, of course.

She had slipped off her navy coat and stood there in the navy-and-white patterned frock, with the little buttons on which tiny scarlet anchors were painted —Charles had insisted on that. All his mannequins were wearing the same frocks and the same coats. Something arresting. Something discreetly suggestive of a cruise, without being blatant like those other women's. Slick white shoes, no stockings. Tiny, perky hats darted through by a scarlet arrow where they were pushed back at the side.

And now, red roses.

She lifted them in her arms. They smelt delicious. The whole cabin was perfumed with them. The stewardess appeared, very efficient, very important.

She put the roses out into the vase. She opened her suit-case with the frocks that Charles had said they were to wear tonight. It was his idea that they should all be dressed alike. A queer idea, because you would have thought they were so different.

Nothing very thrilling about these frocks, nothing that would attract attention except the fact that they were cut by a master, that they moulded each girl's figure, made the best of her, and veiled the worst. Save the one fact that they were hideously expensive and only Charles could have designed them.

Jacynth went to the port-hole, and glanced down. On the quay there was the usual crowd of people who had come to see the ship off, and their friends.

The thin paper streamers caught the light, and stretched to the shore in bright colors, yellow, red and blue. Looking down she saw the first slender thread of water between the ship and the quay. It widened. It became a broad ribbon. It became wider still so that now it would be impossible to set back. The adventure had started.

She dressed for dinner slowly. There was no need to hurry. Orchis came in to see her. Orchis perched on the bed like a lovely flaming flower, her Titian head rising from a frock one shade lighter.

"Charles wants us all to go in together, although we are sitting at different tables. He means to do this thing in style. I think he imagines we are a cabaret or something."

"I'd rather go in together en bloc than singly. I'm shy."

Orchis laughed as she polished her nails. "Shy? That's a good one for a mannequin. Why, you're there to be looked at. What do you suppose we are for?"

Jacynth finished her dressing, and far away from a distant alleyway the bugle blew for the second sitting.

"Heavens, I'm hungry," said Orchis.

"They feed you frightfully well on board, don't they?"

"Yes, and it's ruination to the figure. I can imagine no more terrible torture than having to sit through a meal on board, and say no to all the good things. Come along."

Jacynth wasn't going to let the others know how she felt. Perhaps her aunt and Gloria had gone in to the first sitting. Last night in bed, she had thought of this as being her moment, the great triumph. Sweeping into the saloon, with mildly surprised uplifted eyebrows, passing the very table where they sat in haughty grandeur with the newly-acquired mannequin's stare. Saying, "Oh, there you are!" and passing on.

Now, it wasn't going to be such a "wow" after all. She was frightened. It was absurd to be frightened, because she really was top-dog in this battle of wits.

They met the others at the head of the companion. Here was a crowd. People who had already come up from dinner and who were sitting about with their coffee and liqueurs.

"Now then, let's get down," said Charles coming along, and he took Jacynth's arm and squeezed it affectionately. This was not going to be so good. There were those red roses to be thought about. Red roses and arm squeezings. Not a good start.

"I have to thank you for those flowers," she said.

"Oh, that was nothing. Just to brighten up the little cabin, and make it seem more like home."

"It was nice of you."

FIFI made a remark. "Has he started sending you flowers. He always does that at first. It doesn't mean anything."

Jacynth had an idea she wasn't going to like her companions. They were sophisticated with a sharp glitter. They were dreadfully worldly.

Charles was speaking in a lower voice. "And I've seen Fane. He is in the aft bar."

"In the aft bar."

"He isn't coming in to dinner apparently. Met some pals there."

"Surely not Gloria and my aunt in an aft bar?" She could not help it, she started to giggle. It sounded so funny. Auntie Lil in an aft bar!

"No, some men friends." Then for the others to hear, "Gosh, I'm hungry."

A stewards' band was playing on the balcony. They passed through into the dining saloon. The crowd was surging in trying to find the correct tables. The numbers stood on each in glaring black figures. Charles pressed forward. "You're sitting with me, Jacynth."

She felt herself overcome with a dreadful fear. She was turning shy. At this moment which was to have been the great moment of her triumph she would have given anything to be back shutting up the hens for the night, or taking the choir practise. But she was walking into the dining saloon of a great liner cruising southwards.

The moment came.

She had known it was coming all along. She had felt it in her bones. Aunt Lil and Gloria had not attended the first sitting. A lady in a green dress gave a short, sharp scream.

"Jacynth," screamed the lady in green.

("I know that voice. Now for it!")

She and Charles went across to the table. It wasn't Auntie Lil that bothered Jacynth; Auntie Lil, who was red as a beetroot, and almost hysterical, it was Gloria. Gloria who sat there staring like an owl, and quite misunderstanding.

"Oh, you wicked girl!" gasped Aunt Lil. "I ought to have seen you off. Your poor mother! What will she think. What will happen now!"

"Mother knows. I wrote to her. I took a job. After all I didn't want to go home, and so I came here as a mannequin."

"One of my mannequins," explained Charles.

"Oh, so you're in it, too! I might have guessed as much." Aunt Lil took a sip of wine to steady herself. She knew that the skies may fall before you can stop a ship in mid-ocean, and send it trotting back to port. She knew that Jacynth was here

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for the trip and there was no hope of getting rid of her.

Jacynth went to Gloria's side. "Gloria, my cabin is 16 B on D deck. Do come and see me. I have wanted to explain so much. I just daren't give it away, even to you."

Gloria had hold of her hand. "Good for you, Jacynth," she said. "And, of course, I'll come."

"I forbid you two to meet." Aunt Lil was getting extremely angry. She was ignoring the fact that two more passengers had come to her table; she was past seeing anything. "I never heard of such a thing in my life. I told you you were not to come, and the first person I meet in the saloon is yourself."

"Unfortunately," said Charles, "anybody can book a passage on a ship. You can't monopolise the lot."

Aunt Lil gave another tiny shriek, and had another sip of wine. That was the moment when Charles gently but firmly pushed Jacynth towards her own table. "Give her time to come to," said he, "when she has thought it over, she'll be a different woman and she will behave properly. At the moment she is too hit up to do anything about it."

They sat down at a small table for four. The other two occupants had already arrived.

Now that Jacynth was settled in her chair she was no longer shy. She felt all that nervousness slip from her. Every now and then she could see Gloria's face through a maze of other people. The light conversation drifted through the saloon, like the music that the band was playing above. Airy fairy. Ephemeral. Nothing that matters very much. She wished that Charles did not watch her so closely.

"Glad you came?" he asked.

"Tremendously glad. I think Aunt Lil has had the fit of her young life."

"It's spoilt her trip for her all right."

"I'm going to love every moment of it."

He leaned forward over the dessert plate, wherein a golden pear lay half peeled. "Only remember," he said, "there is such a thing as sea fever. When you get it it is a bad complaint. Like measles, most people get it at one time in their lives."

"Sea fever. It sounds a pretty name," she said.

"FOR an uncommonly hard complaint," Charles went on peeling his pear again. "Well, don't say I didn't warn you, Jacynth. These things happen. Half the young women in this room will be down with it before we have gone another three hundred knots."

"Well, I shan't for one."

"Let's go up on deck and dance?" suggested Charles. She and he went together.

Suddenly she realised that this was like taking a great gulp of champagne. You stepped out of the common and ordinary world into a fairy one of enchantment. Everybody was friendly and gay. They had come here to be amused, and they were amusing. It was the atmosphere of frivolity. She danced for a while, and later she slipped away to be alone. She wanted to explore the great, great ship. She felt the sudden indescribable longing to be alone with the sea and the stars and the great funnels pointing to the sky. She went up on to the boat deck.

The night was very still.

She stared up above her and saw the darkness of the sky lit by pin points of starshine. From below there came the crushing sound of the waves against the ship's side, like a faint sighing. The band was still playing. She knew that she was going to have a marvellous time, that it was going to be the happiest journey of her whole life, but for the moment she was lonely. It was something which comes to most people on their first night out.

Then she saw a man coming towards her.

There was something familiar in the way he walked, something that she recognised about him as he came nearer, and then as he leant over the taffrail she saw his features etched sharply against the background of sea and sky.

It was Philip.

He turned and saw her. "It can't be Jacynth?" he said.

"Yes it is. I've come on this cruise after all. Glad to see me?"

"Glad to see you? Why, I was as miserable as sin until this very moment. But what about the chap down at home?"

She laughed. "Philip, he didn't count. He never was. That was just Aunt Lil's idea."

"And she melted and brought you with her?"

Jacynth shook her head. "No. I got a job. Charles Drew had some mannequins going out to the Riviera. I'm one of them. I wanted to come so much?"

"With Charles?"

They were leaning on the taffrail. It was an enchanted sea that went past them as the ship steered south.

"Not particularly with Charles, but that seemed to be the only way. Oh, Philip, I am so glad to be here."

He said, "Don't let's talk about Drew. Let's talk about one another. There seems to have been a dreadful lot of misunderstandings lately. It's that aunt of yours."

"Yes, and you believe everything you are told."

"Do I?" He took one of her hands and held it closely in his. "Well, all that is over. Jacynth, what a wonderful trip this is going to be?"

"Heavenly."

"I've thought such a lot about you lately. It made me crazy when I thought you were going back to the village. I've been down in the aft bar . . ."

"Yes, I know all about that."

"Who told you?"

"Charles! He said you were not dining in the saloon, just as we were going in."

"And that pleased you?"

"No. I hated it. I wanted to see you."

"I wanted to see you. That was why I did not dine in the saloon. I was thinking of you, Jacynth, all the time."

His hand held hers closely. She said, "In the aft bar. I don't call it a compliment."

"My dear, don't let's think hard things any more. Don't let's remember all the horrid ups and downs of life. We are here at sea, and we have each other."

She felt his arm go round her. This was her triumphant moment, and she knew it. Entering the saloon and the look of horror on Aunt Lil's face had been nothing to this moment when the man she loved had his arm round her and they were alone with the stars and the great expanse of water rolling to the shore.

"Philip, don't let's go on being misunderstanding?"

"Of course not."

His lips were on her hair. She felt them and did not dare admit it. Somehow she felt she could hardly live through the next few moments. Distant echo from a band playing the last dance. A shooting star across the sky. And the man drawing her closer to him so that she could hear his heart hammering against her own.

"Jacynth, my dear, you mean everything to me. You know that, don't you? We mustn't let other people come between us."

Other people coming between them. Hadn't that been what had happened all along? Hadn't that been the very remark he had made to her just before the accident when she had first come to London, and she had been left like Cinderella from the ball?

He kissed her then.

A long time afterwards she said in a little voice like a child: "Philip, I don't think I could have borne it much longer. It was so awful being at sixes and sevens all the time."

"There isn't going to be any more of that."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

SHE said, "I'm very tired." And he put an arm round her and helped her down below.

"The sea is tiring. You ought to have gone to bed early. Never mind. Stay in bed late. Let the stewardess bring you down something in your cabin."

They parted in the little alleyway.

"Good-night, Philip."

"Good-night, Jacynth."

She turned into her cabin itself. She was almost dazed by the sense of enchantment the life aboard the great liner gave to her. Inside the light was on. Gloria was sitting in the easy chair fast asleep. "Good heavens," thought Jacynth, "I quite forgot I'd asked her to come down here for a talk."

The sound of the door opening awoke Gloria. She started up. "Oh, Jacynth, I thought you were never coming."

"I am so sorry. It was Philip. I met him on the deck and we had a long talk."

She sank down opposite.

"Jacynth, whatever made you come here like this? Why didn't you tell me, at least?"

"I didn't dare tell anybody. Charles suggested it, and from that moment on I daren't breath it to a soul."

"Mother is furious."

"I know. I don't believe she will ever forgive me."

Gloria put out a hand and took hers. "But I'm glad. I am so glad you weren't done out of the trip after all, so terribly glad. Jacynth, you deserve to have a lovely time."

They sat there talking, while the great ship steered onward. They were only faintly conscious of the throbbing of her engines, of the gentle rising and falling, and the sound of the water outside. Inside there was the scent of the roses, and the talk together. It was very early in the morning when Gloria went back to her own cabin, and Jacynth curled up to sleep.

Next day there was a sea.

It twisted in little white curls against the ship. The liner itself rose more distinctly. At breakfast some of the faint-hearted had disappeared. Charles, however, was hale and hearty. He had intended arranging a dress show for the morning, in the lounge which he had booked for it through the

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shipping company in London. Charles in white flannels and a dark blue blazer.

"A bit fresh," said he brightly, "but I don't think that will affect too many. I shall want you there at eleven. Cruise outfits this time, and bathing dresses, it ought to be good." Then he saw that Jacynth was a little pale. "Hello, what's the trouble? Sick?"

"I stayed up late last night. I met Philip."

"Good Heavens! Did he ever get out of the aft bar?"

"Yes. We stayed talking on deck."

Charles shot her a glance over the omelette he was eating. Jacynth did not know why, but she rather resented the fact that he could sit down and eat an omelette like that. This morning she did not feel like eggs. Funny that! She had always had such a weak spot for them at home that it was very odd to-day she should feel they were not quite in her line.

"What on earth did you talk about?" asked Charles.

She did not notice the inquiry as being impertinent. She wanted to tell the world what they had talked about. She was the very spirit of youth which wants to shriek its love from the housetops. She was tremendously happy in it. "Oh, Charles, he was so beautiful about everything. I am so thankful I came. It was all through you."

"Well, don't you forget that, my girl." He ordered himself a second omelette. Really, thought Jacynth, who was feeling slightly sick, his appetite was almost unhealthy. "I've done my best for you. I wouldn't set too much on what Pane said last night. He was tight as a drum when I saw him down there. He had not had time to sober up. You can't hold what a man said to you last night on a cruise to be solemn truth next morning."

SHE stared at him idly. She set the cup of black coffee down in its saucer again.

"You mean he won't have remembered?"

"Well, I ask you! When I saw him he was tight. He came up for air, and got off with you. That's all there is to it. Steward! Isn't there any cream for my coffee?"

"Cream! She could have killed him.

"I'm not feeling very well," she murmured, and, getting up, went off back to her cabin.

It was uncomfortable in the cabin. The steward had not done sweeping out. He seemed injured that anyone should have wanted to come back and "lie down for a bit." He argued that she would feel a lot better on deck. Quite firmly Jacynth informed him that she intended staying where she was. He reminded her of lifeboat drill. She would hear the siren go in half an hour. Everybody was expected to be on deck then. Captain's orders.

To the uninitiated, travelling at sea for the first time, captain's orders sound alarming enough. Jacynth eyed a salt-smelling bundle in unprepossessing khaki and said, "Oh, yes," weakly. Then she lay down. Charles had sent a tray to her, and she was grateful for that. Iced cantaloup, very cool and refreshing. Toast and coffee. Well, he had at least got some sense, though you would not have thought it earlier with his omelettes and his cream.

The siren blew overwhelmingly a little later. "I suppose I've got to go," she thought, and clasping the very heavy khaki bundle, went out into the alleyways. Everybody was surging up towards their separate stations, having no idea where those stations might be. Everybody looking self-conscious, and rather strained. Some carrying the lifebelts, others wearing them round their necks like strange articles of Chinese punishment.

She felt limp and wretched.

She did not know what would have happened had she not suddenly bumped round a corner into Philip. He was carrying his equipment jauntily. "Why, hello," said he, "you're looking a bit under the weather. Come up on to the deck."

"They all keep telling me that, but somehow I don't seem able to get there. Legs gone wobbly," and she tried to smile.

He said, "Which is your station?"

"B Deck. Starboard, or something like it."

"Mine's there too. Come along."

Suddenly they came up into the sunshine on the deck. Sunshine on the Bay of Biscay, behaving truculently as is its wont. Little hills and valleys of water, but that strong, cold breeze which instantly made her feel a new woman.

"Oh, this is better," she said.

"Yes, of course it is. And last night you were so well."

"So you remember last night?"

"Remember last night? What do you mean? Of course I remember it."

It was absurd. Here they were standing on deck with the others all surging round them, and every man jack of them armed with this bulky and ludicrous equipment. Arguing about last night. Arguing about themselves. It was all so silly.

He said, "Why did you think I should forget one of the sweetest experiences of my life, dear?"

"It was Charles."

"The devil it was. What has Charles been saying?"

"Nothing, only he just gave me that idea."

"What has Charles been saying?"

"He told me you were in the aft bar."

"Oh, he did, did he? And I bet he garnished it a little. I was drunk. I should not remember and wake with a head! That was Charles' tale, I don't mind betting. Instead of which here I am with no head at all, and never felt better in my life. And I do remember."

She choked a little.

"Why did you get yourself mixed up with all this mannequin business?" he asked her gently.

"I wanted to come this trip."

He came a little nearer. "Jacynth, was it by any chance because you wanted to be with me? If I dare think——"

"Officer coming, please put on your lifebelts." A pompous-looking seaman paraded the deck. Instantly everybody stood back into line. A red-faced pert-looking little officer appeared from nowhere, looked at no one, and announced that the drill was over. Jacynth could hardly believe it.

"But," said she, "what would we do if there really were a wreck? I mean I don't know what to do."

"There won't be a wreck. That needn't worry you. You know where your station is, and you know what to do with your life-belt."

"I don't! I think that it is a vile contraption, and I'd probably drown in it."

"I know I'd break my blinking neck if I tried to dive over the side in it, but that is really what they are supposed to be for. A quick and merciful end. Le coup de grace."

"Philip, you are being dreadful."

"I'm not. Now come and let's find a nice little spot where we can talk. I've got so much that I want to say to you."

"And I've got to appear in the lounge parading cruise frocks and bathing costumes."

"Ye Gods!"

She nodded. "Oh, yes, I'm not here for fun. I'm here to earn my living. I actually have a salary."

"I HATE the idea of your parading frocks like that. Jacynth, you weren't ever meant for it. Why did you do it?"

"The only way."

He frowned a little. "Well, I hate the idea. One of those show-as-much-as-you-dare parades, I bet, and all the cruise yokels ogling round."

"And Aunt Lil in the front row."

"I'd have loved to see your Aunt Lil in a life-belt."

For the moment she did not notice the rising and falling of the ship. She did not notice anything save his merry smiling face and the fact that the frown had gone. That was something. His fair hair was rumpled. His blue eyes had the twinkles back again.

"Meet me afterwards in the cocktail bar?" he suggested, "a tiny flip of something to warm the cockles keeps off seasickness."

"Is that true?"

"Perfectly true. Ask any old sea dog. Eight bells? Make it a date?"

"I can't do it in bells yet. I have to do it in Greenwich mean time."

"Midday, then."

"All right."

She went back to her cabin then, for it was time she thought about the parade. The moment she got below she felt a little queer again. Legs going wobbly, head throbbing a little, a nasty premonition that to take a meal would be a perilous performance, and one that she would rather not attempt. "I've got to go through with this," she told herself.

Below the ship seemed to rock more, which was, of course, ridiculous, and only because the air was less clear. She had difficulty in making her way to the lounge where the parade was to be. Charles had booked a large empty cabin alongside where the other girls were. Fifi, pale as death, was sitting on a sofa limply.

"I feel awful. Why did we ever come on this quest? And he wants us to wear green. Mon Dieu! I look a lettuce already, I'll look like a lettuce with the megrims later."

Charles was rushing in and out. He was full of buck and vim, that frightful buck and vim the hearty sailor invariably gets, and for which you want to choke him.

The lounge itself was already crowded.

"Your aunt is in the front row," he told Jacynth.

"Just as I said."

"Never mind. Don't look at anybody. Just swim in and feel that you don't care. I'm putting the play suit on you."

She glanced at it. A mere wisp of tussore. A wisp with red spots the size

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of shillings, but exquisitely cut. Low at the back, and ridiculous little shorts which looked like a couple of skirts swing together. Not too much of it. Just as Philip had said. "All right," she agreed.

There was the sound of music coming from the lounge. Charles was making a little introductory speech. Pifi, green as a French salad, was already stepping out into the room. A murmur of approval greeted her arrival. She unclipped a flowing skirt and instantly was revealed in a play suit, chic and clinging. She played with an enormous straw hat. She moved indolently and indifferently. No one would have believed that she was feeling like death. No-no followed her. No-no was a good sailor. The sea did not disturb her. Orchas was chalk white.

"Do I look awful? I feel ghastly," she said.

"You look grand," said Jacynth.

She was waiting her turn now in the piquante little play suit with the red spots. She was terribly nervous. She knew she would only see her aunt's face. She did not believe her legs would hold her up. The world swam.

"Now," said Charles to her.

She stepped out into what seemed to be an enormous space. The over-heated lounge suddenly went to her head. She took two or three steps forward and realised that a play frock was perhaps the most difficult one to show, of any. She would have given the world for a train to swish about her legs. She moved slowly, slower still. Suddenly there was a little flutter of excitement among the onlookers. Jacynth gave a gasp and dropped into a huddle on the deck.

When Jacynth recovered she was lying in her own cabin, with eau-de-Cologne on her head and the stewardess and Auntie Lil fussing about her. Auntie Lil of all people!

"What are you doing here?" she asked when she could speak.

"Now, that's quite all right," said her aunt, "my duty. I came to see after you. You must stop in bed, my dear. You must have a nice rest. It has all been too much for you."

OUT of the haziness of her brain there came the words, insistent and strong. Call it a date. Eight bells in the cocktail bar. Something to warm the cockles! Philip would be waiting.

"I've got to get up," she said.

"You haven't got to do anything of the sort." Aunt Lil pressed her gently back again. "You ought never to have come on this trip. You aren't a good sailor, and I insist that you rest."

"But Philip . . ."

"I know all about Philip. What you young women are coming to, running after young men in the way you do, simply leaves me staggered! If Philip wants to know how you are he'll be making inquiries and he'll be told. That's that."

"And the dress show?"

"The dress show is over. I never saw such a thing. All of the girls seedy. And what dresses! What in the world would people think of me if I appeared in the sort of play frock that you were showing?"

Jacynth hated to think. She said nothing at all. She knew that Aunt Lil withdrew, and that the stewardess put the door on the hook, and that she was left alone. She was feeling quite ill. Much as she wanted to be up and explaining things to Philip, she knew that her legs would not hold her.

She dozed a little.

Gloria appeared a little later, armed with a book from the library. "Thought you might want something to read."

"I don't feel like reading."

Gloria sat down beside her. "Jacynth, I am so sorry about all this, for I do feel it was so enormously brave of you to come here like you did. Then to go phut. It does seem hard lines. Still, Philip understands. I'll see him and explain. Half the ship is seasick."

"You're very hale and hearty."

She nodded. Suddenly she glowed. "Jacynth, I'm having a most marvellous time. It isn't usual for me to have a marvellous time, but somehow it has happened. It's the wireless officer."

"The one Charles calls Sparks? Gloria, I like him."

"Yes. He's nice. Ever heard of sea fever?"

"The thing everybody has once?"

"It's happened to me."

For a moment she sat there very still. In that moment Jacynth realised how quickly these things do happen when you are on board ship. How different life becomes. Romance, adventure, thrills are there for the asking. Suddenly you are catapulted into a crowd of congenial people. Suddenly everything becomes extraordinarily pleasant. Life is lovely. She said, "Oh Gloria, I do hope it is all going to be a success."

Supposing Gloria really had met the man of her dreams. She deserved to, because she was such a dear. "You're a lamb!" whispered Gloria.

That day passed in a whirl.

Jacynth dozed a lot. The ship seemed to be full of footballs. People were for ever walking about, so that a long sleep was impossible. When the dusk fell, the stewardess bustled in with a cup of tea.

"We shall be out of the bay to-morrow," she said, "so then we may hope for a better sea. It'll make all the difference. The weather report from the bridge says there is better weather ahead."

Only last night Sparks had said they always sent that down to give the passengers confidence! It didn't help Jacynth. "I think I'll just stay here for the rest of the day," she said.

She lay there sleeping, and lying only half awake in between, until well into the night, when the ship's noises were hushed, and there was only the sound of the sea outside, and of the ship's bell striking the hours. Then she passed into a deep sleep and woke refreshed to a new day.

It was a brilliant morning, and the sea had lessened. It was altogether a different ship, with a feeling of bon camaraderie and gaiety.

Jacynth went on deck. Charles was the first person who met her. "I'm sorry about yesterday," he said.

"I'm sorry I messed up the show."

"You didn't really. Everybody was feeling a bit off color. We hope to do evening dresses at five to-night. It will be a different story to-day." He drew a deck chair into the sunshine for her and they sat there side by side. "Not sorry you came, Jacynth?"

"No. I'm glad. Only I do want to see Philip. I missed a date with him yesterday."

"You're fond of Philip?"

She nodded. "If I hadn't been fond of Philip, do you suppose I'd be here now?"

"That's not very complimentary to me! I suppose you hadn't thought about me?"

For a moment the memory of the red roses came back to her. The other girls had said that he always sent flowers and then she had thought no more of it. For a second, however, she felt uneasy. "You're different," she said.

"I tell you I'm no different from any other man in the world. If you think I brought you here for philanthropic reasons, or to give your aunt a pain in the neck, you make a mistake. I brought you here for myself."

SO that was that! What did one say next? After a moment, a moment when she went all wobbly inside, she said in a small childish voice, "And what do you expect me to do?"

"Well, I expect you to be nice to me. I don't expect you to go after the first man who comes along."

"Charles, this wasn't in the bargain. You said when we first met that you would always give me a job as a mannequin."

"You'll never make a mannequin really."

For a moment she felt almost sick with shame. Never make a mannequin. All along she had thought she was rather clever being here at all. Rather clever having got herself into a job with a pay envelope attached. Now she realised she was nothing of the kind. Loveliness can usually get a job. It can usually get a pay envelope, only it isn't always the kind of pay envelope it wants.

She said, "You're being a beast."

"All the same you have contracted to come to the Riviera, and to the Riviera you come."

"Supposing I go and tell my aunt?"

He laughed. "Well, supposing you do? Do you suppose she cares two hoots about you? She was decent when you fainted yesterday, just because she likes butting in and being the centre of the scene. But as to helping you out of anything like this, you are wrong. She got you to London to help her get Gloria off."

"Please don't."

"Well, it is common knowledge. Nobody went to her dull parties to meet her dull daughter——"

"You're being cruel about Gloria."

"I'm being honest. Honesty is often cruel. That was the key to the whole business. Your aunt wouldn't raise a finger to help you, so don't you think it."

"Philip would."

"Well, you can try that if you like. I think you flatter yourself about his feelings for you. Fane has always been a notorious flirt, and nothing more. He'd think it rather good fun."

Gloria came along with the wireless officer. For the first time in her life she looked quite glowing. She's pretty really, thought Jacynth. She got up and went to the far end of the ship. Somehow she felt that she could not bear Charles. And she was in a jam! There was no mistake about that. She thought of Mother and Father peacefully at home, and their horror had they known what was happening. She thought of the Riviera as a wicked spot, where anything might happen. "Only I've got to go through with it," she told herself.

Surely if she asked Philip about it he

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would help her? He had said she ought to go for the whole trip. Perhaps the opportunity might occur. Youth conquered the difficulty and turned her lighthearted again.

She went for a bathe, and felt better for it.

It was fun splashing through the clear water with the sunshine pouring down on you. Fun afterwards, lying on a mat and getting brown. Fun drinking iced lemonades, and talking to the people around you. A lazy life. She was amazed when she heard the bugle going for the second sitting, and here she was in her brief little bathing dress, not even changed.

She made a mad rush to her cabin and pulled on her clothes. Things happen so quickly at sea. Yesterday she had felt that she was at her last gasp. To-day she felt like a new person. She could not associate the two, the yesterday girl and the to-day girl. She rushed down to lunch in a panic. Charles had finished and had gone. He probably thought she had done it on purpose to avoid him. Sparks was still there. They ate the meal alone together.

"I hear you know my cousin!" she said.

"GLORIA is so different from the usual people you meet on a cruise," he told her. "She is more serious, and I can't tell you what a joy that is."

It sounded promising. She said, "Gloria is a dear thing, and you don't know yet what a good sort she can be. You mustn't judge her by my aunt."

He laughed. "I thought not," he said.

Jacynth was nearly late for the dress show. She found horseracing in progress on the far deck, and she and Pifi winning five shillings each for an original investment of a shilling had become enamoured of it. An old gentleman who had sat at her table on the first night initiated them into the ethics of the game, with the result that they were either tremendously up (so that they must win a bit more and make it a round number), or tremendously down, with the result that they must do something to re-establish themselves. They rushed into the show late. Charles was furious. He took Jacynth on one side just as she had returned from showing off the "Dream of midnight" frock, with the deep dark sapphire sequins and the one red rose.

"You're avoiding me," he said, "you aren't behaving as you should do, and I'm not going to stand for much more of it. I can promise you that."

"I haven't avoided you. I went for a bathe, and it was later than I thought, I went horseracing, and somehow time slipped by. It is frightfully difficult to keep count of time on board ship, you know."

"Well, it isn't going to happen again."

"I don't see why you should talk to me like that."

"You shouldn't have taken on a job if you didn't expect the man who paid you for the job to give orders and expect some return for his money."

She gave him one look and turned. She could not argue. It is true that evening she went and sat with her aunt, hoping to propitiate her. But Aunt Lil wasn't in a good mood. She had been trying to reduce her weight on "that awful electric machine in the gym." She felt sore all over. She felt as though she had been shaken to a jelly. She was pulp. And the gym instructor, who was tall and handsome, and who ought to have been interested, had left her to her own devices while he took a couple of obvious blondes on the bicycle machine.

"If you are having trouble with Charles," said she, "it is no use your coming to me about it. As you made your bed, you must lie in it. I wash my hands of the whole affair. I have already written to your mother—your poor mother—and told her what has happened. I'm sorry for her. I'm sorry for you, too. Your wilfulness will lead you into a nasty quandary before you finish."

The prophecy was, so Jacynth felt, likely to be a true one. She said nothing at all. There seemed to be nothing left to say. "I'm not one of the sort who comes squealing," she remarked icily, and left her aunt to her bruises and bumps.

She went into the writing saloon and wrote a letter to her mother. Poor old Mum! She might as well get the true explanation. It was such a long letter that Jacynth found herself arriving on deck for the dancing very late indeed. The stewards' band were in the corner. They thrummed a tune which set her feet going. She danced with Sparks first, but he talked of nothing but Gloria. Jacynth did her best for Gloria, put in a few well-meant remarks, and left it at that. Charles was absent.

Much later Philip came along.

They danced together and they talked over the taffrail. It was all enchanting, and like fairyland. Somehow she could not think of the difficulties of the day. It had been such a varied day, too. Things had kept on happening as they invariably do happen when you are in mid-ocean. Why think about the unpleasantnesses? There is always the moment, and when the moment is enchanting why does anything else matter?

She went to bed in a whirl.

It seemed only a few hours later when they went ashore for the first time. Only a few hours, but in those hours all sorts of things had happened, and she had met all kinds of people. She had danced, and gambled, and shown frocks, and bathed. She knew the swimming instructor with his cheery friendly smile, and the dancing gigolo who was tall, and willowy, and danced divinely.

These things happen on board. They go on happening.

Now she was in Gibraltar with the sun beating down in a hot blaze on the Rock, and the Moorish market fainting in the heat. She was sitting in a carrozzi, and it was unfortunate that Charles was with her. It was more unfortunate that she was so thrilled by her surroundings, that life was so enchanting and she so brimful of enthusiasm.

The flower market with the bunches of flowers and the dark-eyed Spaniards glancing up at her from across them. The little Main Street, where the Indian shops jostle one another in their endeavor to attract the tourist to buy a shawl, or Moorish leather work, a pouffe, or a bottle of perfume.

"It's all so lovely," she said.

"Glad you came?"

"Well, of course, Charles, isn't anybody glad they've come on such an expedition?"

Africa in blue points across the bay. The Andalusian mountains piercing up into the sky. They drank gin and lime on the flat garden roof of an hotel. Charles was being nice about it all. He was not demanding much, and one would almost have thought that he had forgotten that conversation. Jacynth liked to feel that way about it, but wasn't too sure. She wasn't easy in her mind.

They walked under the pepper trees in the Alameda, and fell in with others from the cruise. The cruise was literally pouring into Gibraltar.

"You must buy nougat I hear. It's the thing."

"What about gloves? Somebody told me there was a most marvellous glove shop."

"Don't touch the leatherwork here! It is much cheaper at Tangier, and we shall call in there on the return journey."

Lastly, Philip, leaning on the wall overlooking the Trafalgar burying ground, and watching the monkeys swinging by their long skinny arms in the acacias.

Jacynth knew that Charles did not want to stop. She did! "Philip," she called.

"Oh, hello! How's things? It's pretty hot here, isn't it?"

"I'm cool enough."

He glanced at her. Jacynth in a slinky white silk frock, with her initials on the tiny pocket. Jacynth, with an enormous shady hat and little crimson sandals to match the initials. "You look cool enough, and lovely enough, if I may say so." He offered Charles a cigarette.

"She does look well," Charles said. "I'm glad I brought her on this expedition."

"Selling many frocks?" Philip inquired. Somehow Jacynth knew that he did so on purpose.

Charles flushed a little. "Oh, quite all right. Expect to do better coming home. We leave the ship at Villefranches you see, and pick her up on the return journey."

The cigarette slipped from Philip's finger into the roadway. "You are leaving the ship? I didn't know. Surely you aren't going to desert us?"

"Yes, we are. Cannes, Mentone and all the rest of it. I expect to do big business there."

"But Jacynth? Jacynth is staying?"

Her blue eyes met his for a moment, and in that moment she felt quite sure that he cared for her. She said, "I'm working for Charles, you see. I have to go ashore with them and stay at Villefranche till the ship puts in for us again."

PHILIP stared at her aghast. "But, Jacynth, I thought you were coming for the whole trip? This is absurd."

It was Charles who laughed. "Business is business," he said.

Perhaps more would have been discussed, but at that moment a really rowdy collection of cruisettes appeared, and they all got swept up together. There wasn't time to say anything. They were being bowled along in carrozzis with bells jangling gaily, towards the mole, when the tender would depart. The talk was all of Europe Point, and Rosea Bay. The leatherwork, the perfume and souvenirs. "My dear, I only gave one and six for that bag. Beat the man down to a frazzle. Oh, no, you never pay what they ask. Oh, never." And so on!

And on the tender it was a crowd under the awning, an awning that could not keep the sun off it anyhow, and Jacynth's head ached, so that she could not talk to anyone, and from across the boat she saw Philip's eyes watching her, reproachful, contrite eyes

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CALL IT A DATE

as though he felt she had purposely deceived him.

"Now don't keep thinking about him," said Charles, "that won't help you, nor me either! I've bought you a lovely bottle of perfume. Think about that!"

He brought out the tissue parcel. One of those wickedly expensive black bottles. A lovely carved onyx bottle, and from it the most delicious scent. Somehow she did not want it. "Give it to one of the other girls," she suggested.

"Jacynth, you must be crazy."

"I don't want to receive presents from you."

"Why in the world not?"

AND what could she say? Nothing at all. When she got on board she went straight to her cabin and lay down. It might be a rush of sunshine to the head. When she stirred again the ship was under way. The orange-sellers were waving good-bye from their little craft, and there was the heavy throbbing of the engines. On the dressing-table stood an enormous black bottle of scent—Charles' gift to her.

The next night it was a fancy dress carnival. Charles had arranged their frocks. He had thought of everything for his models, and of course it was unthinkable that they should not be the best-dressed in the saloon. In Jacynth's cabin lay a green Bacchante's frock. A lovely wisp of chiffon with a leopard skin, and bunches of grapes attached to it.

"I thought you'd fancy something rural," said Charles.

"If you think this frock is anything like the village at home," she began, and broke off to laugh.

"Thank Heaven you aren't in the village at home now. Thank Heaven you are here with me." He leant against the open door of the cabin. When we get ashore, Jacynth, I shall expect you to be very nice to me."

When we got ashore! That didn't sound so good! "I hope I am always polite to people," she said.

"After all," Charles continued, "I'm the chap who has given you the good time. Fane talks a lot, but what does he do save flirt? Your darling auntie wouldn't raise a little finger to help you unless it were to help herself, too."

"True, O King!" she replied.

It was a mercy that a bathing party happened to bob along the alleyway then. A mercy that they called to her, reminding her that she was already late, and that she had the excuse to go flying off to the sun deck. In the cool water she forgot about Charles. To-day was good, why worry about to-morrow? Besides, there was Philip. He would be bound to come to her rescue. Aunt Lil would do something; she'd have to do something.

Jacynth curled up in a crimson lifebuoy and drowsed peacefully in the swimming pool. Blue Mediterranean sky above her, peaceful Mediterranean sea with the ship never moving. What a difference from that first day out!

She came out and pulled on a towelling gown, and stood there rubbing her legs. The swimming instructor smiled to her. "You'll all be getting off at Villefranche," he said.

"Yes, more's the pity."

"I always say the first four days of a cruise are wasted getting to know people. You've only broken the ice as yet, another few days and you'd be enjoying yourself."

"I am enjoying myself," she said.

"You look as if you were, too, but later on it would be greater fun." He wrung out bathing dresses with the hand of a professional, and hung them on the line to dry.

"When you grow too old to be a swimming instructor," said Jacynth, "you'll always be able to take in washing."

"And that will be such fun for me!"

On her return to her cabin she met Gloria and Sparks. She came round a corner on to them, in the nice little niche they had found for themselves hidden behind paintwork, and almost away from the world. They were two people very obviously suffering from sea fever.

Sparks got up. "Time I went back to my job," said he.

Gloria came down below with Jacynth. She sat down on the bed and clasped her hands round her knees. She was a new Gloria, a Gloria who was radiant and young, and almost beautiful. "Oh, Jacynth, it has been so wonderful. I think I'm in love."

"Sea fever," Jacynth reminded her.

"No, it isn't. That's the funny thing. I thought it was, but it isn't. He wants to get married."

Jacynth dropped the comb with which she was trying to persuade her hair to go back into curl. "He wants to marry you? But isn't this all frightfully sudden?"

"Things happen that way at sea. The trouble is Mother. She wouldn't ever hear of it."

"What's she doing?"

"Trying to get her figure down in the gymnasium. She has got the instructor helping her. Somebody made an illusion to 'Tug-boat Annie' on her first night out, and that set her going. But she would never hear of it."

"You're of age," said Jacynth, "I'd just marry him."

"There'd be such a frightful row."

Jacynth flourished a final curl into place. "It seems to me life is built up of rows. Have a good one, and go on with it. Marry him and have done with it. Oh, Gloria, you are lucky, because I do think he is nice."

"Well, I think he is rather nice myself."

"You dear."

The afternoon was a haze. Philip had only been seen on occasions, and Charles was making dark hints about the after bar. Jacynth was waiting for the evening. She dressed for it luxuriously. Tiny gold sandals on feet that had already become deliciously sunburned. A wreath of grapes on a head of golden curls. The leopard skin, and the chiffon skirt coming only to her knees. "Surely to-night he'll say something?" she asked herself.

The dining-saloon was full of people in fancy dress. On every plate there was a fancy hat. The band was playing old-time music. "Old Kent Road." "Polly-wolly-Doodle."

At the far end somebody started singing, and that was the signal for the whole saloon to burst into song. The echoes rang. Here were Vikings, and young Caesars, gondoliers, and costers. Here were old English ladies, pompadours, and peasants. A glorious mixture.

Charles had come as a Tyrolean gentleman. He looked well, for he had bought the costume when he had gone to the Olympic sports at Garmetsch last winter. Funny little hat which somehow suited him. Gay braces. Edelweiss tucked into a buttonhole.

He ordered champagne.

"It's going to be a night," he said, and lifted a glass to Jacynth, "the prelude to many such, I hope." And he drank.

"This is getting a bit too thick," thought Jacynth, "only what can I do?") She began to wonder if you could become a stowaway. Supposing she failed to go ashore? Supposing she secreted herself in the luggage-room? Faint memories of "The Ghost Goes West" came to her. Luggage-rooms were dark and gloomy; she didn't think she'd care about it overmuch.

"Why are you so silent?" asked Sparks.

"Silent? I didn't mean to be. I was thinking."

"About . . . ?"

She whispered, "I was wondering if it would be possible to get stowed away."

"Certainly not! You'd be caught by the purser, and then you'd be in chokey before you knew where you were. They'd put you ashore in Corsica, and you'd have a terrible time with the bandits." He grinned at her.

"I don't think that's funny," she said.

If Charles hadn't been joining in a glorious chorus to do with a military gentleman bent on business in South Africa who was bidding adieu to a certain lady called Dolly Gray, he would have heard. As it was, he didn't.

Dinner dragged on and on. When ultimately the second sitting, merry and bright, trailed out and up to the lounges, the first sitting were already dancing. The evening had started.

It was quite a long time before she saw Philip, and when she did she gave a little gasp. He was wearing a torcador's outfit. ("Now why in the world should a fair man wear that?" she thought.) She went over to him.

"Surely you'll ask me to dance?" she said. It might be throwing herself at his head, but time was running short. Already the coast of the Riviera was not too far away.

"Jacynth, you look marvellous."

"Like it?"

"Charles' idea, I suppose?"

SHE avoided the question. "Whatever made you come out as a bullfighter, when you are fair and, I am sure, hate bull-fighting?"

He parried the remark. "What made me come without a fancy dress and the chap in the next cabin with two?" he inquired.

They danced gaily. The music went to their head. All the while Chinese lanterns swung languorously in the warm breeze, and the blue-and-red electric lights sparkled. Then they went to the ship's side, and stood there staring down into the water, dark as midnight sapphires, almost still.

He said, "It isn't true that you are going ashore for good to-morrow? It isn't true that you are showing frocks along the Cote d'Azur, and that we are picking you up on the return journey."

"Yes, it is true."

"Why?"

"Well, when I took this job on I had to do it. I felt half a loaf was better than no bread. I've got the trip out and the trip back. That's something for a country mouse who has been living on crumbs all her life."

"Poor darling little country mouse!"

He put an arm round her, and they stood

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there staring down at the water. She said, "I don't want to go ashore. Charles has started making love to me already, and I've told Auntie Lil."

"That's done a fat lot of good!"

"Yes, she washed her hands of the whole affair."

"So charming of her, but so like her. She is trying to hatch an attack of sea fever with the Gym Instructor."

She tried not to laugh. "You are just being horrid about my poor aunt."

"I'll tell you one thing, she'll be jolly glad when you get off the ship. She knows you are egging on Gloria with that wireless fellow——"

"How did you know about that?"

"Well, I'm not a fool. When a man starts looking like a dying duck, and a girl suddenly develops good looks and blushes every time she starts talking about him, it's pretty plain, isn't it?"

"You know too much."

"Your aunt is going to start the good work on me the moment you are ashore. I have that sort of feeling. I'm for the high drive. She'll work it too, if she gets half a chance, the only thing is I'm not giving her the chance."

(She thought, "Now he is going to say something. Now he is going to be truthful at last.") "What are you going to do?"

"I've got a little plan of my own. One of my funny little schemes. Nothing to get excited about, but I feel that it will work." And he laughed. His hand touched her hair with the bunches of grapes lying softly against it. "Dear little Jacynth. You've made such a difference to everything."

"I wish I understood you. Are you always flirting, or do you ever mean what you say?"

"I always mean what I say," he told her.

"Don't you realise that it hurts? You make a fuss of me and then you turn cold."

"Well, you have done some rather silly things, haven't you? You can't expect me to bounce with vim and energy because you are going about with Charles."

"I tell you, I don't like Charles. I'm afraid of him."

"Then why start on a trip with him?"

She admitted it suddenly and startlingly. "To see you," she said.

"Jacynth, you don't really mean that?"

He was facing her, and his blue eyes were staring into hers. Something within her snapped. This couldn't go on. It was too much to ask of any girl. He forced her to confess how she felt about him and yet said nothing himself. It was too humiliating. He made a little gesture as though he would take her into his arms, but somehow she eluded him. "Don't," she said, "don't. I can't stand another moment of it."

She turned and went from him. A little Bacchante running up the deck, back to the dancing; back to the gay illusion, and the fairy lights, and the frightful sight of her aunt dancing and feeling that she was being a girl again.

After that nothing mattered.

She danced with everyone and everything. A Paul Jones. Old gentlemen with bland faces. Young gentlemen with sleek hair, and Latin profiles. Later, tired out, she went down to her cabin to sleep from sheer exhaustion. And she had not seen Philip again.

There was the packing to be done, all in a hurry, because she had left it to the last moment. Gloria came and gave a hand. There was the final arrangement and the excitement of the ship having got into harbor again, and the shore-going parties, and the cook's man bustling about. You couldn't expect to meet anybody under those conditions. It wasn't the right moment to choose for a nice quiet talk. What did you expect?

She did not even see Auntie Lil.

She found herself ultimately sitting in an enormous car beside Charles, with the Alpes Maritimes in the distance, and the car speeding along the Grand Corniche at a pace that was really disgraceful. You would have supposed heaven was not far away. Round every bend in fact—or the other place!

"This is frightful," she said.

"Wait till you get to the hotel."

Beaulieu with white palaces of hotels and a sea bluer than she would have believed. Ultimately a cool room with green blinds drawn and the sight through the shutters of a garden full of clove-scented stocks and little orange trees. A room perfumed by flowers.

"Oh, I've got to rest," she told herself.

She slept again, and woke in time for dinner. Their first dinner here. The excitement of being in a new country got her. She put on the white shirred frock, with the diamante belt. Simple. Alluring. Very smart. She clipped tiny earrings in her ears, and pinned white violets across a shoulder.

Outside the sun was falling, and the garden was exquisite in the light shadows. She opened the window and stepped out on to the terrace. Beyond there was vista of cedar and cypress, of pepper trees and acacias. There was the colorful garden of flowers, red roses, pink stocks, white lilies.

She stood there very still, rather like a lily herself. Then the door of another room opened and she heard a man's footfalls on the terrace behind her. She felt hands laid on her shoulders, possessive hands. She turned sharply, expecting to see Charles.

But the man standing there was Philip.

PHILIP was holding her in his arms. "Jacynth, my own little Jacynth. You never thought I'd let you come here and leave me on board, did you?"

She did not know what to do. "Why didn't you tell me, Philip? Why were you so queer and reticent about everything?"

"I meant to get my own back on Charles. He thought he was going to be too clever for me. I reckon he is going to get the surprise of his life." He drew her closer and kissed her. "Don't let's talk about anything but our two selves, Jacynth. It is marvellous to be here with you."

She wanted to cry. A lump seemed to come into her throat. She didn't know what to do. "Oh, Philip, I'm almost sorry you came, because this will only make it harder in the long run."

"Harder? How do you mean?"

"I'll hate parting with you when the time comes. And what will my aunt say? What will everybody say?"

"Well, what can they say? I'm not asking any of them to the wedding, anyway. Darling, you realised that was what was coming surely?"

"I'm going mad," she told herself. "I'm going stark raving mad."

"Darling, why did you make me so jealous?"

"Jealous?" she gasped, "me make you jealous?"

"Yes, all that business with the other fellow down at your home. All this business with Charles."

"There wasn't any business with either of them. Jerry never mattered. I never cared for him, and I should think it is highly likely that he will marry Ruby. From Mother's latest letters things seem to be working out that way. I came abroad with Charles' mannequins because I wanted to see you. That's the truth, Philip, the honest truth."

He stooped and kissed her on the very tip of her nose. "I believe you, my dear."

Around them spread the loveliness of the garden in the failing sunlight. The darkness of cedars etched like fine needlework against the sky, the fresh sweet smell of the stocks and the roses. "Oh, Philip, I do love you," she said.

"We'll tell the world. When is it to be? Call it a date, Jacynth?"

Charles came on to the terrace later.

He was dressed ready for the dining-hall, preening himself a little. All the mannequins in white. They would make a sensation. There ought to be big business here, even though it was the wrong time of the year. He tapped his chest and told himself that everything was going to be grand.

Then he saw Jacynth standing there, slender and white like some flower, and by her side Philip.

"Good Heavens," said Charles. "I thought we left you in the Dolores."

"I am afraid I had pressing business here in Beaulieu. The business of matrimony."

Charles looked from one to the other of them. He blinked a little, settled his tie, and then decided that it was no use having a bone to pick with them about it. A toss of the dice, and life was against him. Better accept it with a good grace, than start to argue.

"I guessed it all the time," he lied. "I had an idea that there was a little something going on. Don't think you have surprised me, because you haven't," and he chuckled to himself.

"We'll all go down together," said Philip.

They went indoors, shutting out the lovely night. They went down a marble flight of stairs which spread out into a great hall. From the distance came the tinkle of a string band. There were lovely women. There were sleek men. The mannequins were gathered together in a little bunch at the foot of the stairs. They looked like a chaplet of white flowers.

Charles went on to break the news to them.

"We shall have to get the day fixed," said Philip, "no need to hold it up. I suppose your people won't mind?"

She said, "Every letter I have ever written home has been all about you. They love you already."

"You're a dear!"

"Oh, Philip. I'm so happy."

He put an arm round her. They went ahead of the others and entered the salon. Somehow she knew that from now on they would always be together.

(THE END).

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.)

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NEW SUMMER & WINTER *Puddings*

(Continued)

GOLDEN FRUIT JUNKET

Half cup cream, 2 teaspoons sugar, junket tablet, nuts, bananas and cherries, 2 egg-yolks, cinnamon, sponge cake, 1 pint milk.

Put milk in a saucepan with sugar and warm slightly, add well-beaten egg-yolks. When well mixed add junket tablet ground down in a little water. Line individual dishes (four) with small fingers of sponge cake, a few slices of bananas and cut cherries (crystallised or fresh). Sprinkle lightly with sugar and fill up the glasses with the junket mixture. When set beat the cream and pile on top, decorate with nuts, cherries, and sprinkle with cinnamon. Serve in glasses.

COCONUT APPLE TART

Shortcrust: 6oz. flour, pinch salt, 4oz. butter, 1 egg-yolk, squeeze lemon juice.

Filling: (1) 3 apples, ½ cup sugar, ½ gill water; (2) ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, coconut.

Peel and core the apples and put into saucepan with the sugar and water and stew till pulpy. Cool.

Sift the flour for the shortcrust with the salt. Rub in the butter. Mix the egg-yolk with the lemon juice, add to the flour mixture, making into a dry dough. Turn on to a floured board and knead slightly. Roll to about 1 inch larger than the pie plate in which it is to be baked. Cut a narrow strip from the edge, and place round the edge of plate which has been well buttered. Moisten with water and line plate with remainder of pastry, trim and decorate edges, then glaze with a little water and sugar mixed. Prick the pastry centre to prevent rising.

Cream the butter and sugar well, add the beaten egg and beat well. Thicken to a stiff paste with coconut (see filling No. 2). Put a layer of No. 1 in the pastry case and cover with the second filling. Bake in a moderate oven for 25 minutes.

QUICK PUDDING

Three tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, jam, essence lemon, few drops.

Sift flour and baking powder, add sugar, then milk and egg beaten together with few drops essence lemon. Bake in a greased sandwich tin in moderate oven about 15 minutes.

APRICOT MOUSSE

Half pound dried apricots, ½ cup sugar, cold water, 1 tablespoon plain flour, ½ cup cold water, 1 tablespoon granulated gelatine, 1 cupful water, juice and grated rind of 1 orange, 1 cup sugar, ½ pint cooking sherry.

Wash apricots and soak overnight in water—just sufficient to cover them. Next day, cook until soft in the same water, adding sugar, and strain juice from fruit. Then mix to a smooth paste flour and cold water in a large basin, adding the strained apricot liquor. Soak gelatine in remaining cup of water and, when dissolved, pour with the fruit juice mixture and remainder of sugar into a saucepan. Allow just to reach boiling point, add sherry, rind and juice of orange. Remove, and let cool. Pour into mixing bowl, and when it begins to thicken round the edge, whip with an egg whisk till light and frothy. Pile in a glass bowl which has been lined with the drained stewed apricots.

CAFE AU PARFUM

Quarter pound butter, ½lb. castor sugar, a few drops vanilla essence, 2 egg-yolks, 3-4 tablespoons very strong coffee, 8 double sponge fingers.

Beat butter, sugar, egg-yolks, vanilla, and 2 tablespoons of coffee together for about half an hour. Separate sponge fingers. Dip 5 pieces into remaining coffee, place in a row on plate and spread mixture over carefully. Continue this, lessening the number of pieces by one in a row with mixture between each row till all pieces are used and a pyramid is made. Decorate with ground roasted almonds.

FRUIT BLANCMANGE

Two cups milk, ½ cup chopped dates, 2 tablespoons cornflour, ½ cup chopped nuts, 1 tablespoon sugar.

Blend cornflour with a little milk. Put remainder on to boil with the sugar and when almost boiling pour on to cornflour.

Mix all together, add sugar to taste, then it boils and thickens. Now add the dates and nuts. Pour into wetted mould. Place on ice. Turn out and serve with whipped cream.

ENCORE PUDDING

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 6oz. suet, about ½ cup water, 1 cup jam, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Sift flour, salt, and sugar into a basin. Mix in the finely-chopped suet. Add lemon juice to water and stir into dry ingredients to make a stiff dough. Roll out half on a floured board and line a greased pudding mould with it. Then put in a layer of jam, then another layer of plain dough which has been rolled out and cut to fit the basin, and so on until basin is full, having a layer of dough on top. Cover down securely and steam for 2½ to 3 hours. Serve hot with pudding sauce or custard.

ORANGE MILK SHERBET

One and a half cups orange juice, 1½ cups icing sugar, 2 cups milk.

Add strained orange juice to sugar, add milk, and freeze. Decorate with sweetened whipped cream (either plain or colored), and garnish with nuts and/or crystallised fruits. Serve with wafer or sweet biscuits.

PUDDING A LA VENETIENNE

Quarter pint of any clear jelly, fresh fruit, sponge cake, half a dozen macaroons, one wineglass sherry, dried candied fruit, one pint milk, 8 yolks eggs, 6oz. sugar, 2oz. gelatine.

Ornament top of a jelly mould with the clear jelly, setting in any fresh fruit that is in season such as cherries, grapes, strawberries, etc. When cold and firm, fill mould lightly with alternate layers of dried candied fruit in small pieces and sponge cake, macaroons, soaked in the sherry. Make a custard with the milk, yolks of eggs and sugar, and when slightly cool add gelatine and stir till dissolved. When custard is cold, but not set, pour over ingredients in mould. Set on ice and when quite cold turn it out. Serve with whipped cream.

ORANGE FRITTERS WITH MINT

Peel 4 oranges as you would apples, then pick out each section whole and place in a bowl sprinkled with sugar. Add a few mint leaves and leave 2 hours, continually turning sections over, but taking care not to break them. Have ready a fritter batter as follows: 2 cups of plain flour, 1 teaspoon sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, and ½ cup of milk. Beat eggs well, add milk, then flour, baking powder, and salt (sifting flour, etc., together), then add sugar and stir in the melted butter. Dip each section of orange into the batter and drop into hot fat. Fry till a golden brown. Drain, and serve with the heated syrup in which oranges were soaked.

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NEW SUMMER & WINTER *Puddings*

(Continued)

VANILLA WALNUT PARFAIT

Half breakfast cup sugar, 1-3rd cup water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 eggs, 1 breakfast cup thick cream stiffly beaten, 1-3rd breakfast cup chopped walnuts.

Cook sugar and water until mixture spins a short thread. Add vanilla, and pour on to egg-yolks, beaten light, in top of double boiler. Cook slowly till mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Fold in egg-whites beaten stiffly after removing from fire. Now fold whole mixture into cream, add chopped walnuts. Serve in small dishes.

CARAMEL RAISIN PINEAPPLE

Six slices canned pineapple, ½ cup seeded raisins, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup water.

Cut pineapple slices in halves and arrange in a frying-pan. Cover with raisins and dot over with butter. Add sugar and water, and cook slowly until a thick caramel syrup is formed. Serve as accompaniment to a plain steamed sponge pudding, or cold with whipped cream.

APPLE CHEESE PIE

Two apples, 1 lemon, 1 egg, ½ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon lemon butter.

Grate apples on large grater and mix with sugar, butter, egg, lemon-butter, juice and grated rind of lemon. Mix well.

Make short crust with 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 2 tablespoons butter and mix with water.

Roll out and line deep tart plate. Fill with apple mixture and bake golden brown.

ORIENTAL SUNDAE

Two cups hot water, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 3 dessertspoons gelatine, juice two lemons, sponge cake, 3 bananas, 3 passionfruit, cochineal.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add sugar, lemon juice and cochineal. Cut sponge cake into squares, place in shallow dish, then pour in jelly. Cut bananas into rings and place on top of cake with passionfruit on top of banana. Serve with custard or cream.

PAGODA TRIFLE

Six macaroons, 1 small raspberry jam sponge sandwich, 3 figs, 3 dates, 2oz. glace cherries, ½ cup of sweet sherry, ½lb. blanched almonds, juice of 2 oranges.

Dice cake and macaroons, mix chopped dates, figs, cherries and almonds. Mix sherry and orange juice and pour over mixture. When soaked pile up in conical shape. Next, make a boiled custard, and when lukewarm, pour over the above mixture. When quite cold, cover with whipped cream, being careful to preserve the conical shape.

Custard: 1½ cups milk, 2 egg-yolks, vanilla essence, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon cornflour. Blend cornflour with a little milk, beat egg-yolks and sugar together. Put all ingredients in a jug, and stand in saucepan of boiling water (water must not boil too quickly or eggs may curdle). Stir till it thickens—when custard coats on spoon, remove jug from saucepan and leave till warm.

Decoration: Take the white of two eggs, add 1 tablespoon of fine sugar and beat until very stiff, then spread over trifle in rough peaks. Next draw with fork prongs a "road" from the base in spiral form to the top. Sprinkle a little cocoa along the "road." Wash some little sprigs from a tree (preferably cypress) and stick them at intervals along the "road." Place little dabs of whipped "snow" on them. Now cut some little figures from Japanese postcards (or, if artistic design, color and cut out yourself). Place the little figures here and there like travellers ascending the "mountain" on the top of which place a little pagoda.

GRAPE CHIFFON PIE

Pastry: 3 cups self-raising flour, 1-3rd cup butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons cold water.

Filling: 1 tablespoon gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 4 eggs, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup grape juice, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup cream.

Rub butter into flour and salt, moisten with cold water, turn out on pastry board and roll to desired thickness. Line pie plate and bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Soak gelatine in cold water, add ½ cup sugar, grape juice and salt to beaten egg-yolks and cook over boiling water until it begins to thicken. Add gelatine to hot mixture and stir until dissolved. Cool. Add the other ½ cup sugar gradually to stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Fold in the cooked mixture. Fill coated pie shell and chill. Just before serving, cover with whipped cream.

HORNS OF PLENTY

Ice-cream, cherries and walnuts, ½lb. treacle, 1oz. flour, 1oz. butter, ½ teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon allspice.

Mix flour and spices in a basin. Melt butter and treacle over the fire and pour it onto flour, and mix thoroughly. Grease a baking dish and drop in the teaspoons of mixture here and there. Bake slowly. The mixture will spread and form a thin sheet. After taking from oven let stand for a while, then twist the pieces over into shapes like horns. Secure ends and press the opening gently to make the shape. Mix the ice-cream with cherries and chopped walnuts. Now fill each horn with ice-cream mixture, and place in freezer or ice-chest.

Serve with hot butterscotch sauce, which is made in the following way: 1 cup of brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon cornflour, ½ cup cold water, 1 teaspoon vinegar. Boil all together to 240 degrees Fahrenheit or till it forms a soft ball when a small quantity is dropped in cold water. Use at once.

DEVONSHIRE PUDDING

Five ounces stale bread cut in small dice, 2oz. sultanas, 2oz. candied peel, rind and juice of 1 lemon, ½ pint milk coffee, 2 eggs, 2oz. sugar.

Put diced bread into a bowl with sultanas, peel, cut into dices, grated rind and juice of the lemon. Beat eggs and sugar, pour the hot coffee over the eggs. Pour over the bread, etc., and allow to stand until thoroughly soaked. Turn into a greased mould, cover with double thickness of greased paper, and steam gently 1½ hours or stand in baking dish and use plenty of water and steam in oven. Serve with boiled custard separately.

LEMON CREAM TART

Half pound flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½lb. butter, dripping or lard, cold water, pinch of salt.

Sift the flour, salt, and baking powder. Add shortening and rub with finger-tips until it looks like breadcrumbs. Mix to a stiff dough with a little cold water. Roll out and cut to fit a plate, and prick in the middle. Bake in a hot oven for about 10 minutes.

Lemon Filling: 1 rounded tablespoon custard powder, 1 pint milk, 2 level tablespoons sugar. Mix custard powder, sugar, juice and rind of lemon with a little cold milk. Add one pint of boiling milk, mix well, and add to pie shell. Place a meringue on top. The meringue is made by beating the whites of two eggs stiffly and adding two tablespoons of sugar.

FAIRY PIE

Half cup butter, ½ cup sugar, 4 eggs, ½ breakfast cup self-raising flour.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolks only, and beat well, then beat in self-raising flour. Grease and flour the bottoms of two cake tins, and spread mixture evenly on each.

Now beat the 4 egg-whites to a stiff froth and add 1 cup of castor sugar. Spread thin on cake batter, then sprinkle a few chopped nuts on meringue. Bake in moderate oven 30-35 minutes. When cold, put sweetened whipped cream and layers of bananas or strawberries between and join.

APRICOT CREAM

One cup pulped apricot, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup cream.

Soak gelatine in cold water and heat with the fruit juice and sugar until dissolved. Add lemon juice and cool. When beginning to thicken, add whipped cream, folding it in. Pour in a mould and leave till set. Garnish with whipped cream and halves of stewed or preserved apricots. Other fruits may be used in a similar way to garnish most attractive puddings.

APPLE PUDDING IN RHYME

Melt in a saucepan with due care,
A tablespoon of butter fair.
Stir in it till smooth it be,
Two ounces flour—stir constantly.
Two cups of milk to it you add,
Three minutes boil or you'll be sad.
Next turn into a basin clean
And mix therein with mind serene.
One ounce of sugar, nothing more,
Then beat two yolks and spread them o'er,
The two whites beat to a stiff froth,
To stir together, don't be loth.
Pour all upon a sweetened bed
Of apples, cooked and even spread,
Inside a baking dish, then bake—
Just twenty minutes it should take.

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JAMS, JELLIES *and* PRESERVES

THESE excellent recipes have come from every corner of Australia, hence the variety. Some, of course, may be familiar to you, but there is a spice of originality running through many of them. Here is your opportunity to stock up shelves with wholesome "home-made" jams, jellies, and preserves. They are the firm favorites of other good housewives—let them be yours!

INDIANA PRESERVE

Ten pounds tomatoes, 10lb. sugar, 2lb. preserved ginger, 2oz. stock cinnamon, 1oz. gelatine, 6 lemons.

Scald tomatoes, peel, cut roughly and put in a preserving pan. Then finely cut lemons. Cut ginger into small pieces, and add. Tie cinnamon in a piece of muslin, add to the other ingredients and boil all together till the lemons are tender. Now, add sugar and boil another hour. A few minutes before taking off the fire, sprinkle in gelatine. Stir well. This jam will keep for years.

YELLOW TOMATO AND ROCK MELON JAM

Six pounds yellow tomatoes, 6lb. sugar, 1 small rock melon, 2oz. crystallised ginger.

Scald and peel tomatoes, and cut into pieces. Peel and take seeds from rock melon, also cut into pieces. Add 1lb. sugar and ginger and boil together for twenty minutes. Heat the remainder of the sugar in the oven and add very hot to jam. Boil very quickly for ¼ of an hour, or till a small quantity sets on a cold saucer. Bottle. The jam when cooked should be an amber color.

MELON AND YELLOW GUAVA JAM

Ten pounds of melon, 4 doz. yellow guavas, ¾lb. sugar to each pound of melon, 1 cup sugar to every cup of fluid.

Cut melon in small pieces, sprinkle with sugar and allow to stand while preparing guavas. Peel guavas, scoop out seeds, cover skins and seeds with water and boil till tender. Strain and add sugar to liquid. Cut the flesh of guavas into pieces, add all to melon and boil till it jellies. Bottle.

GRANNY SMITH AND RASPBERRY JAM

Four pounds Granny Smith apples, 3lb. sugar, ½ cup water, 1 tin raspberry jam.

Cut up apples but do not peel them, place in pan with water and cook till soft. Run through colander. Return to pan, add sugar, boil about 1 hour, then add raspberry jam and cook a few minutes. Bottle and seal.

GRAPEFRUIT JELLY

To every pound of grapefruit allow 3 pints of water and 3lb. of sugar.

Peel grapefruit thinly, shred peel into strips, and cover with water. Cut rest of fruit roughly and put in with rest of water. Boil both well, and when fruit is mashy, strain carefully into shredded peel. Boil till shredded peel is soft, add the sugar (warm), and boil 20 to 30 minutes. Take off and stir gently for 10 minutes.

ORANGE GINGER MARMALADE

Wipe and cut up about 20 small oranges into quarters. Remove peel, cut into chips, and cut oranges finely. Put all in a preserving pan, cover with water, and boil until the peel chips are quite soft. Strain, and to every pint of juice allow ¾lb. to 1lb. of sugar. Bring to the boil. In the meantime, cut up about ¾lb. green ginger and add to the boiling juice. Boil for half an hour or until marmalade sets when tested.

TINNED APPLES

Peel and cut thinly a quantity of apples, put on to boil with just enough water to start them. Add sugar to taste and boil till a pulp. Have ready in oven some 2lb. syrup or treacle tins, lids included. When tins are hot fill with the pulp and knock lids down tightly. Run a little melted mutton fat or paraffin around crevice of lids, and again, if necessary, when tins are cold. Store in a cool, dry cupboard and when apples are scarce you have tinned apples ready for pies, apple charlotte, etc.

PRESERVED FIGS IN PEACH JUICE

Select nice ripe figs, leave whole or cut in halves and pack loosely into jars cut side down. Pour over the sweetened liquor from stewed peaches. See that the jars are full of syrup, secure or screw down lids, put into a preserving pan, add water until it reaches neck of jars. Bring the water up to about 170deg., then allow to drop to 160deg., and leave at that for 2½ hours. Remove from water. When cold, store in a cool, dry place.

CARROT, LEMON AND PINEAPPLE JAM

One large bunch of carrots (about 5), 4 large lemons, 8 cups water, 4lbs. sugar, juice of 1 pineapple.

Wash, dry, peel and grate carrots, slice lemons very thinly. Pour over this mixture 8 cups of water. Leave stand for 12 hours. Then boil together for 1 hour and add sugar and pineapple juice. Continue to boil until it jellies when tested. Bottle and seal.

ORIENTAL MARMALADE

One cup dates, 2 cups seeded raisins, 2 cups dried apricots (soak these overnight), 1 cup dried figs, 2 lemons, 2 oranges, 2 large cooking apples, 2lbs. sugar, 8 cups water, 1 pineapple (not quite ripe).

Stone and chop dates, raisins; cut apricots and figs into small pieces, peel and grate pineapple and cooking apples, grate rind of oranges and lemons. Put all into preserving pan with eight cups of water, and let stand overnight. Next day, extract juice of oranges and lemons, add to mixture in preserving pan and boil for about half an hour. Then add sugar and boil till it will set when tested on a cold plate.

CRYSTALLISED SMALL PEARS

For each pound of pears allow 1½lb. loaf sugar and ½ pint of water.

Thinly pare fruit, taking care not to break the stalks. Put sugar and water on to boil, with the well-whipped white of an egg added; let it boil up, and, when ready to run over, pour in a little cold water to give it a check; but when it rises the second time take it off the fire, and set aside for quarter of an hour, skim gently and pour the syrup into a vessel, leaving any sediment behind. While this is proceeding, place pears in some slightly-salted boiling water, bring to the boil, take off fire and allow to remain in the water for 20 minutes; stand pears on a sieve to drain, then place them in a syrup, and bring again to the boil. Remove pears, drain, and roll in icing sugar until quite white. Set on wire rack in warm place to dry slowly. Any fruits may be thus crystallised—apricots, pineapples, and cherries are very successful done this way.

ROSELLA AND MANGO PRESERVE

Three pounds of mangoes (weighed before peeling), 4lb. rosellas, sugar to measure, water.

Peel and cut up mangoes, put into preserving pan with ½ pint water, and allow to boil for 1 hour. Remove, and save husks from rosellas and in another pan just cover rosella kernels with water and boil for 1 hour. Strain liquid from kernels and add this to the mango preserve. Then add 1 cup of sugar to each cup of the mixture, and put in the rosella husks. Stir well, bringing slowly to the boil, to dissolve sugar. Then allow to boil briskly until it jells when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle while hot in warmed jars, and seal immediately. When cold, label, and store in a dry place.

GLACE ORANGE SECTIONS AND GRAPES

Two oranges, ½lb. grapes, 1lb. sugar, and ½ pint water.

Orange sections must be unbroken, and without pips. Work will be easier if tangerine oranges are used. Dry sections in a warm place for several hours. If not perfectly dry, the sugar will drain off. Separate some grapes, leaving a little stalk to each. They must be unbroken and wiped perfectly with a soft cloth. Take 1lb. of best cane sugar, and ½ pint of boiling water. Boil together, without stirring, till 300 degrees is registered. Drop each of the prepared fruits one at a time into the prepared syrup. Lift out orange sections with an oiled fork into an oiled paper, and the grapes with a small pair of pincers by their stalks. Do not pierce the fruit. A second coating after the first is quite hard is an improvement. A fresh lot of syrup must be prepared for this purpose.

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JAM, JELLIES *and* PRESERVES

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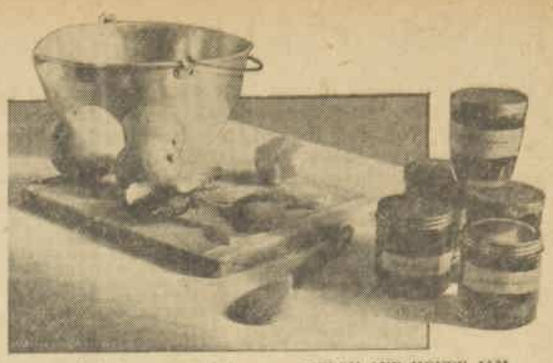

POMELO JAM

To each lb. of sliced fruit (not too finely sliced) allow 3 pints water. Stand 24 hours. Then boil till tender and clear, leave another 24 hours. To each lb. of fruit and water weighed together allow 1lb. sugar. Boil till clear and thick. The juice of 1 or 2 oranges is an improvement.

PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES AND PINEAPPLE

Mix equal quantities of strawberries and diced pineapple. Allow 1lb. of sugar to each 1lb. of fruit. Mix all together, let stand for 10 minutes. Bring to boiling point and cook gently until pineapple is clear and the mixture thick. Allow to cool, then seal in jars.

UNUSUAL BLACKBERRY JELLY

You can make a beautiful red jelly with a delicious flavor by gathering the large red, unripe blackberries. This is a happy change from the dark jelly made from the ripened fruit. You simply place the blackberries in a preserving pan with ½oz. bruised ginger to every pound of fruit, cover with water and boil gently until juice is extracted. Then pour into a jelly bag and let it run all night, or else put through a fine sieve. To each pint of liquid allow 1lb. of the best sugar. Stir occasionally with a wooden spoon. Take the scum off as it rises. Boil until it jellies, when a little is put on a cold plate. Bottle and seal.

APRICOT AND RED PLUM JAM

Two pounds red plums, 2lb. apricots (when stoned), 4lb. sugar, ½ pint water.

Stone fruit, sprinkle sugar over, and leave overnight, after which add water. Stand over a low fire until sugar is dissolved; boil jam till a little jells on a plate. Remove kernels from a few apricot stones, blanch, and add to jam when boiling.

NECTARINE AND PASSION FRUIT CONSERVE

Four pounds nectarines, 3 doz. passion fruit, 4lb. sugar.

Cut nectarines in half and remove stones, place in preserving pan with sugar and passion fruit pulp and four cups of water. Bring to the boil and skim off any skum that rises, taking care while stirring not to break nectarines up too much. The conserve is ready when a little dropped on a cold plate sets thick.

FRUIT BOTTLING WITHOUT SUGAR

Pack jars or wide-necked bottles with fruit very tightly. Add no water at all. Put bottles into a boiler of cold water; do not let the bottles touch or they may crack when water boils.

Stand the boiler on the stove and let come to the boil gradually, and boil for about ten minutes or until fruit changes color and begins to sink.

Take out bottles one by one, and fill quickly with boiling water, taking care to cover the fruit. Seal bottles quickly.

The following method is recommended if screw tops are not used: Melt 1lb. resin, 2lb. tallow and 2oz. beeswax in a pan of boiling water. Stir till thoroughly mixed. Cut some strong linen or cloth into round covers the right size, paint this mixture on. It sets hard, so any number of covers can be made and stored for use. Put one of these over each bottle; the heat will soften the cover. Press firmly, the covers will stick fast.

PRESERVED BLACKBERRIES

Take good sound blackberries of even size, and put them in dry glass bottles. Sprinkle well with castor sugar, allow 8oz. of sugar to every pound of fruit. When bottles are nearly full, pour in sufficient brandy to almost reach the cork. Cork the bottles and seal, store in a dry place, and in 3 months they will be quite ready for eating.

AUSTRALIAN JAM

Six pounds melon, 1 large pineapple, 1 dozen passionfruit, 6 large peaches, 1 dozen bananas, 6 large oranges, ¾lb. sugar to each 1lb. fruit, 1 cup lemon juice, 1lb. crystallised ginger.

Cut all fruit into small pieces, use pulp only of passionfruit. Sprinkle with a small quantity of the sugar, and leave overnight. Next day, add rest of sugar, the ginger cut into small pieces and the lemon juice. Boil slowly 4-5 hours. Bottle in the usual way.

CUCUMBERS IN SYRUP

Six pounds cucumbers, 6lb. sugar, 3 pints water, juice of 3 lemons, 6 teaspoons ginger.

Use small green cucumbers for preference. Slice and cover with water, adding salt (1 teaspoon to each pint). Soak overnight, then drain and put in a preserving pan with 3 pints water, the lemon juice, and ginger. Bring to the boil, add sugar, and simmer till slices are clear. Pour into pots, seal down, and store. This may be used as a sweet preserve, and is delicious with meats.

RHUBARB AND ORANGES

Six pounds rhubarb, 6lb. sugar, 24 oranges.

Peel oranges carefully, remove rind, pith and pips. Slice pulp into a preserving-pan with peel cut very fine, and rhubarb cut small. Add sugar and boil for about 1 hour. Rhubarb assimilates all flavors but imparts none, so it is a good foundation for jams or jellies. Rhubarb jules flavored with lemon peel and cinnamon tastes like quince jelly; with lemon and almond flavoring tastes like apple jelly.

MELON AND HONEY JAM

Six pounds melon, 3lb. honey, 1 lemon.

Dice 6lb. melon in small pieces and cover with 3lb. light honey. Allow to stand overnight. Take the rind of 1 lemon, put in pan, and boil for 1 hour, then shred the cooked rind finely and add to melon and honey. Boil all for 3 to 4 hours.

APRICOT AND PERSIMMON JAM

Three pounds apricots, 3lb. persimmon, 5 pints water, ¾lb. sugar to each pound of fruit.

Soak apricots for 24 hours, then add pulp of the persimmons (which must be very ripe). Boil all together till all fruit is quite tender, add sugar, then boil rapidly for one hour. This is delicious and keeps well.

CUMQUAT MARMALADE

Three pounds cumquats, 4½lb. sugar, 6 breakfast cups water, pinch salt.

Cut cumquats in half (roundwise) and remove the seeds. Put the fruit through a mincing machine, using the large chopper. Have a basin beneath to catch the juice which is added to the pulp. Take 1 cup of water and put on pips, the rest put on fruit. Let all stand for 12 hours.

Put on to boil, adding the water strained from the pips. Boil till skins are soft—½ hour; then add the sugar and pinch of salt. Bring again to the boil, and let boil rapidly for 20 minutes. Any pips that may have been left in the fruit will come to the surface immediately after the sugar is added, and this can be lifted off when skimming. Let all stand till nearly cold, then bottle and cover with brown paper brushed over with clag paste, having pasted side to the jam. This ensures the jam keeping indefinitely. When cooked, the consistency is no thicker than water, but it sets firmly in 12 hours.

This recipe makes a delicious marmalade with a piquant flavor.

CHERRY AND GOOSEBERRY JAM

Six pounds cherries, 6lb. gooseberries.

Butter a preserving pan well, place the fruit in (previously stoned, and the gooseberries topped and tailed), stand overnight with 3 cups of water. Next morning boil for 1½ hours, then add 12lb. sugar and simmer until it jellies.

CUCUMBER JAM

Three pounds cucumbers, 2lb. sugar to each lb. of fruit, 1oz. root ginger (bruised), 1oz. preserved ginger, 3 slices of pineapple.

Slice cucumber, add sugar, and let stand for 2 days. Then boil steadily for 5 hours. Let stand overnight and next day boil again for 20 to 30 minutes, or until it jellies. Most delicious jam. Passionfruit may be added instead of pineapple.

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JAMS, JELLIES *and* PRESERVES

(Continued)

APPLE AND MULBERRY JELLY

Equal quantities of green apples and ripe mulberries.

Cut up apples, using skin and core, put in preserving pan with berries, and cover with water. Boil until soft, then strain through jelly bag. Allow 1lb. of sugar to every pint of juice, and bring to the boil. Boil rapidly for 20 minutes. Bottle while hot, but let get quite cold before sealing bottles. This is really a delicious jelly.

QUINCE SNIPS

Wash quinces, peel and core them. Cover skins with water and boil. Cut quinces into small dice. To every 1lb. of fruit add 1lb. sugar and 1 cup water. Take juice from skins, strain it, and add to sugar and water. Boil all together 20 minutes. Add quinces and simmer until a deep red in color.

GRAPE AND APPLE JAM

Twelve pounds of grapes, 8lbs. apples, 12lbs. sugar, juice 1 lemon.

Stalk and wash grapes; peel and core apples. Boil together until thoroughly broken, then gradually add sugar and lemon juice. Boil until clear and jelled.

LOGANBERRY JELLY

Twelve pounds loganberries, 4 lemons cut in pieces, sugar.

Barely cover fruit with water, simmer for 4 hours, then strain through jelly-bag. Next day measure, and to each cup of liquid add 1 cup sugar. Boil together until it hangs in large beads from spoon. To vary taste you may add 1 dozen green apple skins and cores to original ingredients.

CHERRIES IN HONEY

Select large cherries not quite ripe, allow ¼ their weight of sugar and ½ of honey. Stone cherries, arrange in preserving pan in layers with the sugar and allow them to remain overnight. In the morning heat the honey to boiling point and pour over cherries and sugar, then simmer gently until fruit is tender. The process of permitting the fruit to remain in the sugar for several hours preserves the shape and texture, but does not prevent the fruit becoming tender during the cooking. Pour the preserve into jars and seal when cold.

PAWPAW GINGER

Six pounds firm pawpaw, 4½lb. sugar, 1lb. preserved ginger, 3 lemons.

Cut up pawpaw and preserved ginger not too small, and slice the lemons thinly, cover with sugar and stand for 12 hours. Then put all in preserving pan with a little water (enough to keep it from burning) and simmer till the pawpaw looks clear. Cook very slowly for about 3 hours. Now take pieces out or leave stand in pan, pour off any syrup, and sprinkle with a little good quality crystal sugar. When dry, store in tins with layers of fine white paper between.

FIG AND ROCKMELON JAM

Two pounds figs, 1 medium-sized rock melon, 1½lb. sugar, enough water to prevent burning.

Cut up figs, peel and cut up rockmelon. Add sugar, and cook till consistency of jam.

PRUNES AND WALNUT JELLY

Half pound prunes, 1 lemon, 3oz. walnuts, ½oz. gelatine, or a packet of port wine jelly crystals, ½ cup sugar.

Soak prunes overnight in 1 pint cold water, put them into a saucepan with the water in which they were soaked and stew gently till soft. Strain off liquid, add sugar and gelatine and stir over very low heat until dissolved. Remove from stove, stone and halve prunes, chop nuts and add both to gelatine. Strain in juice of lemon, mix well, and when cold again stir and pour into a mould. Turn out when set. Serve with cream or custard.

TOMATO FIGS

Six pounds tomatoes, 3lb. sugar.

Select small, smooth, ripe tomatoes. Scald and remove the skins. Place a layer of tomatoes in bottom of preserving pan, strew them thickly with sugar, and place them over a moderate fire. Stew very gently until sugar appears to have thoroughly penetrated the tomatoes. Lift them out carefully, one at a time, with a spoon, spread on dishes, and dry in the sun, sprinkling with sugar several times while drying. When perfectly dry, pack in jars with a layer of sugar, between each layer of tomatoes. Care must be taken not to let rain or dew fall on them while drying.

APPLE AND GRAPE JELLY

Wash and stem 3lb. sound grapes. Slice 5lb. apples, without peeling. Remove cores. Put the apples and grapes into preserving-pan and boil till quite soft, then strain through a muslin cloth or jelly bag. Next day, add sugar in the proportion of 1 cup sugar to every cup juice.

Put sugar in oven to heat, and add to juice after the latter has boiled for 10 minutes. Add juice of 1 lemon and boil about 30 minutes or until a little tested on a saucer jells. Pour into small glass jars and cover.

STRAWBERRY AND BRAZIL NUT CONSERVE

Wash and hull 2lb. of strawberries. Wash 2lb. of rhubarb and slice into small pieces, but do not peel. Mix strawberries with 3lb. sugar, and crush together. Add rhubarb and cook until thick—about 30-40 minutes. Add nuts and bring again to the boil. Pour into jars while hot, and seal when cold.

CRYSTALLISED PAWPAW

Select 3 large pawpaws not too ripe, peel, take out seeds, and slice. Put fruit into boiling water for 1 hour; take out and drain on a cloth or clean blotting-paper. Dissolve 2lb. sugar in 1 quart water, put in fruit, and boil slowly for 1 hour. Put preserving pan aside until next day, leaving the fruit to steep, then cook over gentle heat until syrup is thick. Take out fruit, drain on a cloth, sprinkle with castor sugar and dry on plates in the sun for some days, turning each day, and removing when necessary to dry plates. Pieces of clean planed wood may be used instead of plates. Pack preserved fruit in boxes, sprinkling first with castor sugar or icing sugar. Preserved this way the fruit may be used as a sweetmeat or soaked in water and cooked.

APPLE AND BARBERRY JELLY

Fifteen pounds of apple, 3oz. of barberries, 1lb. of sugar to each pint of juice.

Pick barberries when quite ripe. Stem, place in a saucepan with just sufficient water to cover them, and boil till soft. Place in a muslin bag and drain overnight. Wipe and slice the apples. Place in a preserving pan, barely cover with cold water, bring to boil and simmer for 1 hour or until quite soft. Drain overnight in a jelly bag. Next day measure juice from both and place in the pan. Boil for 10 minutes, then add sugar, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Skim as necessary and boil rapidly until a little of the liquid will jell when cooled on a saucer. The addition of the barberries adds both color and flavor to the jelly.

DELICIOUS JELLY

Simmer gently for 1 hour 4 large cooking apples, 2 cups strawberries, 1 cup passion-fruit pulp, 1 cup water, then strain through thin muslin. Allow 1 cup sugar to 1 cup strained liquid and juice of 1 lemon. Boil all together for 1 hour or till it jells.

WHITE MUSCAT JAM

Wash and seed 10 cups grapes, sprinkle with 1 cup of sugar, let stand overnight. Next day place in a pan with 1 pint water. Boil until fruit is cooked, then add 6 cups sugar and boil steadily for 1 hour. Do not let jam go off the boil. It should be a deep pink color when cooked. Bottle.

CINNAMON-APPLE MARMALADE

Three pounds cooking apples, sugar to measure, water to cover, ½ teaspoon cinnamon (ground), ½ teaspoon ground cloves.

Peel apples, cut in small pieces, removing cores and pips. Put into preserving-pan with water to cover. Cook to a pulp. Rub through a sieve. After measuring apple pulp, add 1 breakfast cup sugar to each breakfast cup pulp. Return to pan, add ground cinnamon and cloves. Cook until thick. Put into warm pots. Seal when cold.

FRUIT SALAD AND MELON JAM

Fourteen pounds of melon, 10½lbs. sugar, 4 oranges, 2 lemons, 1 medium-sized pineapple, 6 bananas, 9 passion-fruit, 3 large apples grated.

Cut melon into dice and sprinkle with sugar. Stand overnight. Next morning shred oranges and lemons, cut up pineapple and bruise bananas with a fork. Put all in preserving pan with remainder of sugar. Add passion pulp later, also tie seeds of the passionfruit in muslin bag, and add. Remove when cooked. Boil till it jells when tested on a cold plate.

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NEW, ECONOMICAL DISHES

Other Housewives help you to solve the main course problem—happily!

SELECTED from thousands of economical dinner recipes entered in our £500 cookery competition, these new, nourishing, and appetising dishes will appeal to every housewife and mother. Note variety, and particularly their inexpensiveness.

MUTTON SHANKS

Simmer 4 mutton shanks in sufficient water to cover, season with 3 cloves, a bay leaf, ½ large teaspoon salt, pepper, 3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce or ketchup. When meat is nearly cooked, add 1 cup diced turnips, 1 cup diced carrots, and potatoes and continue cooking another 35 minutes. Remove meat from bone, keeping it in large pieces, return to saucepan, add dumplings, and cook another 15 minutes.

To Make the Dumplings: Sift together 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt. Form into a soft dough with milk. Drop from the spoon into the boiling broth. Cook 15 minutes. Serve meat covered with vegetables and surrounded by dumplings. Sufficient for 4 persons.

APPLE STEAK

Two pounds topside steak, 4 cooking apples, 1 small onion, 1oz. butter, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Make a slit in steak and fill cavity with finely-chopped apple and onion. Sew up, brush over with melted butter, roll in breadcrumbs, sprinkle with salt and pepper and lemon juice; wrap in greaseproof paper, put in a baking dish with some dripping, and cook 1½ hours. Serve with gravy. Boil parsnips in salted water. Make a small quantity white sauce with milk and cornflour, add a little butter, pepper, and salt. This is poured over the parsnips. Put a little salt, sugar, and baking soda on peas, pour boiling water over, and a sprig of mint; boil until tender with the lid off. Boil potatoes in salted water, drain, and mash with a little warm milk, melted butter, and pepper, until creamy.

OX CHEEK WITH GOLDEN SAUCE

Wash an ox cheek well, place in tepid water (enough to cover) and simmer for 2 hours. Allow to cool, and skim off fat. Return to heat after adding 1 large onion stuck with 10 cloves, and 1½lb. diced vegetables (potatoes, carrots, turnips, etc.). Simmer for a further 2 hours.

Golden Sauce: Mix 1oz. flour and 1oz. butter in heated saucepan and when smooth add ½ pint stock gradually. Simmer well for 10 minutes, cool slightly, stir in beaten yolk of 1 egg and continue to stir over heat for about 30 seconds. Cool again, and add 1 tablespoon white vinegar. To serve, slice meat and arrange on a hot dish with the vegetables as a border. Pour sauce over meat, add mashed potatoes, and any green vegetables. Serve at once.

BAKED MINCE STEAK

One pound mince steak, 1 onion, ½ cup milk, 1 egg, 1 slice bread, salt and pepper, small piece butter.

Put mince steak and onion in casserole dish. Pour boiling milk over slice of bread to soften, then add boiling milk and bread to steak in casserole, also pepper, salt and butter. Mix thoroughly. Add beaten egg to mixture and mix well in. Put enough potatoes for 4 persons on top of the mixture, and bake about 1½ hours in moderate oven.

A FRIDAY CURRY

Into a casserole put 2 tablespoons washed rice. Fry together 1 large onion, 1 apple, teaspoon parsley, pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon curry powder (more if liked hot). Add to rice and pour over all 1 pint milk or milk and water, stirring occasionally to see it does not burn. Bake about 1 hour. Ten minutes before serving, break into the casserole 4 fresh eggs, making little holes to keep eggs in shape. Put a piece of butter on each egg. Cover and return to the oven.

BAKED FLATHEAD

Wash, trim, and dry flathead (size according to persons), sprinkle inside with pepper and butter, stuff with breadcrumbs, butter and chopped parsley and lemon juice. Sprinkle with fine breadcrumbs and dust with flour, place a few knobs of butter and a tablespoon milk in dish, and bake in moderate oven ½ hour. Then lower heat and bake slowly another ½ hour. Place halved tomatoes on an enamel plate, pepper and salt and dot with butter (if liked a strip of bacon may be added), and cooked at the same time as the fish. Serve with mashed potatoes and green peas.

PORK CHOPS WITH BROWNED RICE

(Served with Baked Cauliflower)

Four pork chops, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 cup uncooked rice, 2 cups tomatoes, 1½ cups water, ½ cup green pepper finely chopped, ½ cup finely-chopped onion, 3 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper.

Brown pork chops in fat. Remove from pan and season with ½ teaspoon salt. Wash rice and brown in fat, stirring constantly. Add tomatoes, water, green pepper, onion, and seasonings. Lay chops over the top. Cover and cook on low heat ½ hour, or until chops are tender.

Baked Cauliflower: 1 head (small) cooked cauliflower, 2½ cups tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, few grains pepper, 1 cup grated cheese, buttered crumbs. Put cauliflower in a shallow baking dish. Salt and pepper tomatoes. Cook until most of the water has evaporated. Pour tomatoes over cauliflower, sprinkle with cheese and buttered crumbs. Bake in slow oven, about 15 minutes, or until cheese is melted.

CREOLE KIDNEY

Trim fat from a fresh beef kidney, cut the kidney into ½-inch slices, and dredge well with flour. Brown in a pan 6 thin slices bacon, cut into small pieces; add kidney and 2 chopped onions, and stir till the meat is a nice brown. Now add 2 sliced tomatoes, ½ teaspoon salt, and a dash of pepper and curry powder. Cover closely, and simmer for half-hour. Thicken with 1 tablespoon of flour mixed with a little milk.

MACARONI PIE

Fill two-thirds of a greased pie dish with boiled macaroni cut small; then add a layer of diced cold mutton, veal, or pork; season with salt and pepper, pour over ½ cup of gravy and sprinkle generously with tomato sauce. Cover with breadcrumbs, dot with small pieces butter, cover with greased paper for ½ hour in oven, then uncover and allow to brown. Wash medium-sized potatoes well, dry, and bake in oven at the same time. Parsnips, washed, scraped, and cut into small pieces, put into casserole or covered pie dish with ½ cup of water, can be cooked in oven with the rest of the dinner. When ready, mash with butter. No salt is required. Also serve spinach treated this way: Wash well in running water, shred, then place in saucepan containing very little water and small lump of butter, 1 cube of loaf sugar (no soda). Cover and cook for 10 minutes.

STEAK AND APRICOTS

Quarter-pound dried apricots, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1½lb stewing steak, 1 onion, 1oz. butter or dripping, 1oz. flour, ½ teaspoon salt.

Wash ¼lb. good dried apricots and soak for 12 hours in sufficient water to cover well. Next day bring slowly to simmering point, with 1 tablespoon brown sugar, and enough additional water to keep fruit covered. Simmer till the fruit is plump and tender. Strain off the syrup. Cut up 1lb. stewing steak and brown lightly in a stewing-pan with an onion chopped small. Place meat in casserole, and melt 1oz. of butter in the stewpan; stir in smoothly 1oz. of flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Add the apricot syrup with enough water added to make 1 pint. Bring to the boil and pour over steak. Place casserole in moderate oven and bake 2 hours, adding apricots ½ hour before serving. Serve with small new potatoes and green peas.

NUT MEAT PIE

One ½lb. tin nut meat, 2 large onions, ½ bunch spinach, carrots, or any vegetable in season.

Cook all vegetables in as little water as possible. When tender, mash together, then add nut meat, which is purchased in the tin ready cooked. Mix all together thoroughly and season to taste. Make a short pastry with wholemeal flour. Cover plate with a layer of pastry, add nut meat, and cover with another layer of pastry. Bake in a hot oven till nicely browned.

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NEW, ECONOMICAL DISHES

(Continued)

MILANNAISE CUTLETS

Eight bones best neck of lamb, egg and breadcrumbs, butter or dripping.

FOR THE SAUCE: 2 or 3 small mushrooms, 1oz. spaghetti, 1 to 1½oz. cooked ham, 1½ gills milk, ½oz. flour, 1oz. margarine, 1 teaspoon onion juice, seasoning.

Have the rib bone removed, then cut into cutlets, shaping meat to a point at the end of each bone. Brush with egg and coat with breadcrumbs and fry gently in a little heated butter or dripping. Brown on both sides. Serve on a hot dish, placing a cutlet frill on the end of each and arranging them with the bone to the left. Pour thick gravy around and heap the white sauce mixed with spaghetti, mushrooms, and ham on one side. Make the white sauce in the usual way, season and flavor with onion juice. Add spaghetti, ham, and mushrooms all cooked and cut in strips, and serve hot.

STUFFED LAMBS' HEARTS

Chop a boiled onion finely and blend with ½ cup of fine breadcrumbs, a few scraps of fat bacon, pepper and salt to taste. Prepare 2 lambs' hearts by soaking in salted water for 30 minutes, then removing veins, etc. Stuff each with half of the seasoning, and sew up securely. Place in a small casserole with hot fat and more scraps of fat bacon and bake for 2 hours. Half an hour before serving place dry already boiled (not too soft) potatoes in the fat. Lift out hearts and potatoes on to hot dish, pour away surplus fat, and make a brown gravy to pour over.

ROMAN PIE

Quarter-pound cold meat, ½lb. macaroni, ½lb. grated cheese, 1 onion, ½ teaspoonful salt, ¼ teaspoonful pepper, and 1 teaspoonful mustard, 1 teacupful milk.

Break macaroni into pieces, 1 inch long. Put into saucepan of boiling water, to which has been added 1 teaspoon of salt. Cook for ½ hour, drain, and set aside. Boil the onion for the same time (separately), drain, and chop up. Cut up meat very small, put in a basin with the grated cheese, cooked macaroni, and onion; add the seasonings and the milk. Pour into a buttered pieditsh and cover with a good short paste. Bake long enough to brown pastry. Cold chicken is nice instead of meat, done this way.

SAUSAGE AND BANANA TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE

Four ounces flour, 2 eggs, ½ pint milk, pinch salt, 8 beef or mixed sausages, 4 bananas, and rasher of bacon.

Make a batter as follows: Sift flour and salt, beat eggs, add to the centre of the flour. Mix, and gradually add half the milk and work well together. Beat this well, then stir in the rest of the milk and allow to stand half an hour before using. Well grease a casserole or deep baking-dish and place layers of sliced partly-cooked sausages (cold meat of any kind may be used). Slice bananas and place on top of meat layer; chop bacon finely and sprinkle over bananas, then rest of meat, sprinkling with salt and pepper. Pour batter over all and bake in fairly hot oven three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot.

GRILLED STUFFED PORK CHOPS

Six thick pork chops, ½ cup stock, ½ cup chopped mushrooms, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon butter, 1½ teaspoons minced parsley, 1½ tablespoons flour.

Split chops lengthwise to the bone. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cook onion in butter until it browns slightly. Add mushrooms, flour, and stock. Cook until boiling. Add parsley, salt and pepper. Divide into six portions, and place in hollow of each chop. Fasten together with small wooden toothpicks. Grill and serve with brown gravy.

GRILLED TRIPE

One pound tripe, some sao biscuit crumbs, salad oil or bacon fat, salt, pepper, and butter to taste.

Wash tripe; cover with cold salted water, bring to boil, and simmer 30 minutes. Drain, cut into neat pieces, dip each in biscuit-crumbs, brush with melted fat or salad oil, then again in biscuit-crumbs. Press them on lightly, then grill tripe on honeycomb side for 2 minutes. Serve on hot dish, honeycomb side uppermost. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and spread butter and sprinkle cheese (grated) on top. Serve with the vegetables.

RABBIT WITH APPLE RAISIN STUFFING

Choose a medium-sized rabbit in good condition and soak in salt and water for 2 hours. Make the seasoning with 4oz. breadcrumbs, 1½oz. good dripping, 1 small apple, 1 medium-sized onion grated, and 2 tablespoons stoned and chopped raisins, salt and pepper to taste. Wipe rabbit carefully and pack in the seasoning, sew up, and tie into shape. Melt some dripping in a large saucepan. When quite hot, put in rabbit with 2 or 3 rashers of bacon on top. When nicely browned on both sides add ½ cup water. Cook altogether about 2 hours, according to size of rabbit. When done, lift out rabbit, pour off fat, and make gravy, adding a little coloring if not brown enough.

CORONATION COD

Half-pound smoked N.Z. cod, 2 cups rice, 1 cup green peas, 1 lemon.

Cut fish into pieces about 3 inches square. Place in frying-pan, cover with milk, salt and pepper to taste, and cook slowly until fish is soft. Remove to large meat dish. Using the milk the fish was cooked in, make a white butter sauce, with the addition of a dessertspoon of anchovy and enough cochineal to color sauce pink. Pour sauce over fish and garnish edge of plate with alternate mounds of cooked rice and green peas. Place quarter slices of lemon on fish. Serve hot.

BAKED STEW

Take 2lb. neck chops, remove fat. Cut up 3 large onions in rings, and peel and slice 4 large potatoes. Roll each chop in flour and place in casserole and sprinkle over 2 tablespoons of rolled oats and pepper and salt to taste. Next a layer of onions, more pepper and salt, then lastly potatoes. Pour in a large cup of water and place in oven. After the stew has come to the boil, cook with very low heat for 3 hours. The lid should be removed during the last half-hour.

HADDOCK MOULD

Half-pound haddock, ½ cup milk, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon butter, salt and pepper to taste, ½ cup cream.

Melt butter in a saucepan, stir in the flour, add milk, pepper, salt, cream, and 2 egg-yolks. Then add haddock, which has been boiled and flaked, and lastly the egg-whites which have been beaten stiff. Pour into a buttered pudding basin, and steam 1 hour. Serve with white sauce, to which the extra egg-yolk has been added, also a little chopped parsley.

CORONET OF LAMB

Choose a fair-sized neck of lamb. Have the chops cut neatly and evenly so that when cooked they will divide easily. Turn the neck in circle, inside-out, and fasten with skewers. The joint will thus represent a diadem of chops, with the skin in the centre. Cover with grease-proof paper and roast carefully.

To Serve: Make the cushion part of the coronet by filling with mashed potatoes. On top of each alternate chop-bone place a small boiled onion to represent pearls, and small tomato to represent rubies. Serve with mint sauce. Very appetising, very economical.

CASSEROLED KIDNEY STEAKS WITH GREEN PEAS

Take 1½lb. topside steak cut thin, divide into 4 pieces, smear with a little vinegar. Place on floured board till filling is ready, then make filling with the following ingredients: 1 cup fine breadcrumbs, 1 finely-chopped kidney, 1 small onion, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, pepper and salt. Mix well and bind with a little milk. Place portion on each piece of steak, roll up firmly, and skewer. Place in casserole dish with 1 tablespoon dripping, ½ cup water, pepper, and salt. Cook gently ½ hour. When the steaks have been cooking about ½ hour have peas shelled and spread over top. Baked potatoes in jackets can accompany this dish.

POTATO WALL

Freshly-mashed potato, beaten egg, remains of cold meat, tomato sauce, stock or water, pepper, salt, flour.

Grease a shallow fireproof dish and form the potato into a wall higher than the dish. Mark with a fork, brush over with beaten egg and bake in oven till nicely browned. Meanwhile, mince the meat, season to taste with tomato sauce, pepper and salt. Place in a saucepan, add stock or water barely to cover. Bring nearly to the boil, thicken with flour blended with cold water and boil for 3 or 4 minutes. Stand over a low heat till required. When the potato is browned, turn the mince into the centre of the dish and serve.

VEGETABLE PIE

Onions, potatoes, green peas, salt, pepper, milk, grated cheese.

Grease a piedish and almost fill with sliced onions, potatoes, and very young green peas. (If the peas are not too young, cook them first). Add salt, pepper, and grated cheese to taste, and sufficient milk to just cover. Place in a hot oven, or on top of stove, and allow to boil until the vegetables are soft. Remove from fire and cover with short crust. Bake in a hot oven until the crust is cooked.

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NEW, ECONOMICAL DISHES

(Continued)

HARLEQUIN OF MUTTON

Several slices of cold mutton, same of ham, 1 tablespoon sultanas, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, pepper and salt, good brown gravy.

Allow one slice of mutton to each person. Lay on board and beat with a cutlet bat. Spread with a little dripping, chopped onion and several well-washed sultanas, and season well. Place a slice of ham on top of each and press firmly together. Trim nicely. Roll up and tie with string. Bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes. Serve hot with a good gravy.

MILDURA CHOP SUEY

A pound and a half gravy beef, 1 small onion, 2 pieces dried apricot, 4 pieces dried apple, 1 medium potato, ½ cup green peas, 1-3 cup macaroni.

Remove fat and cut meat into small pieces. Simmer 1½ to 1¾ hours. Add apricots and apples (cut in halves), chopped onion, potato cut into rough bits, and salt to taste. When boiling again, add peas and cook gently 10 minutes. Place macaroni on top, cook for 20 minutes—cooking 2 hours in all. Thicken with 2 tablespoons flour and ½ teaspoon curry powder.

GREEN PEA OMELETTE

One tablespoon butter, 4 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon cornflour, pepper and salt, 1 cup cooked green peas.

Melt butter in frying-pan. Have ready well-beaten eggs, mixed with milk, cornflour to thicken, and salt and pepper. Fry in hot pan. Place on one-half the hot green peas, double over. Serve at once with mashed potatoes.

CARROT AND BACON PIE

Six thin slices bacon, 2 large carrots, 2 large potatoes, 1 large onion, 1 pint stock.

Partly cook potatoes and carrots, par boil bacon, cut onion very small, cut potatoes in slices, cut carrots in rings. Make pastry by mixing 1½ cups self-raising flour, ¾ cup dripping, and salt to a stiff paste. Line sides of dish with pastry. Put layer of potatoes in bottom of piedish, then carrots, and then layer of bacon. Sprinkle top with onions. Repeat till dish is full. Add stock. Cover with pastry and cook in quick oven till golden brown.

CURRIED LAMB'S FRY

Slice one lamb's fry, roll in flour, place layer in casserole dish or piedish, then a layer of bacon, and so on, lastly a layer of sliced onions. Season with salt and pepper, cover with water, and cook in slow oven for 2½ hours. About ½ hour before taking off, mix 1 dessertspoon of curry powder with 1lb. flour and stir in.

STUFFED STEAK WITH PRUNES

Take 2lb. topside steak, cut very thick, make a pocket. Put in pocket a layer of prunes which have been soaked and stoned previously, then make the following seasoning: 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 egg, a nut of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well, and place on top of prunes, then add another layer of prunes and fasten with skewers. Place in meat dish with plenty of dripping, roast 1 hour, turning meat several times. Put some rashers of bacon on meat and roast another half-hour.

HAM AND BEEF ROLL

Put ½lb. lean beef and 4oz. fat ham through the mincer two or three times. Mix together 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoonful each salt and mustard, add the minced meat with the meat of three sausages, blend with a beaten egg and a little milk, then roll in a floured cloth and boil 1½ hours. Remove from cloth and roll in browned crumbs. Serve hot or cold.

LAMB CAKES

Two pounds breast lamb, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-3 cup water or stock, 6 halved tomatoes, red currant jelly.

Put lamb through mincer, after removing any superfluous fat. Stir in salt, pepper, and stock or water. Shape into 6 flat, equal-sized cakes about ¾-inch thick. Place in a hot dry frying-pan. Fry for 2 minutes on each side, then cook slowly for 5 minutes. Turn and cook slowly for 5 minutes on second side, or until tender. Serve on a hot dish, on halved tomatoes previously grilled, and garnish with red currant jelly.

SALMON SYMPHONY

One small tin salmon, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper, 2 hard-boiled eggs.

Drain liquor from salmon. Add the breadcrumbs, egg, parsley, salt, and pepper. Mix all well together. Remove shells from hard-boiled eggs, and cover eggs with salmon mixture, retaining the oval shape. Fry them slowly and carefully. When cold, cut in halves with a sharp knife. Serve each in a bed of finely-shredded lettuce, garnished with slices of tomato.

OXTAIL CURRY

Divide an oxtail at the joints and put into a saucepan with 3 pints water and a bunch of sweet herbs. Simmer 4 hours. Let broth cool and skim well, then take out the tail and strain liquor into a basin. Cut two large sour apples and 1 onion into very small pieces and stir in a pan with a tablespoon of butter over the fire until browned. Add a little salt to taste and add to one pint of the broth a dessertspoonful of the best curry powder. Stir over fire for 20 minutes, then thicken with 1 tablespoonful of flour. Boil for 2 minutes, then put in the tail again and squeeze in juice of half a lemon and bring to the boil. Serve with rice on a separate dish.

RICE AND HAM SAVORY DISH

Twelve large onions, ¾ cup sultanas, ½lb. thick cooked ham, cut into half-inch cubes, pinch of salt and pepper, rice, 1 fried egg or omelette portion for each person.

Cut up onions and fry in fat until brown. Then add ham, sultanas, pepper, and salt, and heat thoroughly; do not burn. Prepare rice as follows: Put into a saucepan 4 cups boiling water, add 1 cup of well-washed rice. Boil rapidly five minutes, then very gently until all water has been absorbed. Place rice on large, hot meat dish, put onions and ham mixture on top. Mix lightly for a moment, not too much, or it will become sodden. Add 1 fried egg or omelette portion for each serve, replace dish in oven for few minutes and serve hot. Enough for five persons.

SAUSAGE AND EGG PIE

One pound pork sausages, 2 eggs, stock, 2 sheets leaf gelatine, ½lb. pork bones, salt, pepper, a little mace and small onion, stuck with 2 cloves. Cover well with water and cook 2 hours.

Pastry for Top: Half-pound flour, ¼lb. margarine, pinch of salt — water for mixing.

Skin sausages, put into cold water 5 minutes, take out, split down centre, put layer of sausage and layer of hard-boiled eggs till dish is full. Add stock with leaf gelatine. Pastry as follows: Add salt to flour and mix with water, add margarine to rolled-out dough, fold and roll out three times, cut pastry to fit top of piedish. Cover sausages and egg and cook half-hour. Serve either hot or cold.

HARICOT BEANS AND BRAINS

Take 4 sets brains and clean thoroughly in salt water, then boil in slightly salted water for about half an hour; drain off liquor and mash. Mash 6 large tablespoons haricot beans (soaked and boiled soft), grease a piedish, line with the mashed beans and fill with the brains. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs. Pour over all 1 beaten egg, seasoned with pepper and salt, drop pieces of butter on top, and bake in moderate oven about 35 minutes. Garnish with parsley and serve with brown gravy made from the liquid in which brains were boiled. If there is any left over cut into squares, dip in egg and breadcrumbs and fry with bacon rashers for breakfast.

BLANQUETTE OF RABBIT

One rabbit, bunch of sweet herbs, 2 small onions, juice of 1 lemon, 3 cloves, 2oz. flour, 2oz. butter, ½ pint cream, yolks of 2 eggs, salt, pepper and cold water.

Soak rabbit, cut into pieces, place in stewpan with onions, cloves, herbs, and seasoning. Cover with cold water. Bring to boil and simmer gently for 1½ hours. Strain off liquid, but keep rabbit hot. Make a sauce with the butter, flour, and stock from the rabbit. Boil the sauce, add yolks of eggs, cream and lemon juice. Make sauce hot again, arrange rabbit on dish, and mask with the sauce.

BACON ROLY-POLY

Take 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup dripping, pinch salt, rub dripping through flour and salt, mix with cold water enough to make a soft dough—roll out ¼ inch thick. Have ready ½lb. lean bacon cut thin and one large onion, cut finely. Spread this over dough with a little pepper, and chopped parsley, but no salt. Place in a cloth which has been dampened and sprinkled lightly with plain flour. Tie firmly at each end. Place in boiling water and cook 1½ hours.

Serve with white onion sauce made as follows: 1 cup milk, 1 large onion, cut small, a pinch of salt. Place onion on to boil in a little water. When nearly cooked, add milk and bring to the boil. Mix one dessertspoonful cornflour with a little cold milk to a cream, then add to milk and onion, stirring until it thickens. Then add a small piece of butter.

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NEW, ECONOMICAL DISHES

(Continued)

STEAK STUFFED WITH RICE

One pound round steak, 6 tablespoons cooked rice, small minced onion, pepper and salt, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley (if liked).

Spread out steak; mix other ingredients and spread on steak thickly. Roll up and tie into shape, put in a deep saucepan and add enough water to keep from burning. Cover tightly, and allow to simmer gently for 1½ hours. Lift meat from pot, thicken liquid with flour, add a little browning, and serve hot.

SWEETBREADS AU SUPREME

Blanch and skin sweetbreads. Edge pie-dish with mashed potatoes, 1 hard-boiled egg sliced, and parsley. Keep warm and fill centre with following: Heat 1 tablespoon dripping in a stewpan, add 2 slices diced bacon, 1 clove, 1 bay leaf, 1 tablespoon chopped turnip and carrot, pinch each mixed herbs, salt, pepper and sugar. Put in prepared sweetbreads and braise 20 minutes, turning frequently. Pour over 1 pint hot stock and simmer one hour. Lift into prepared piedish, thicken gravy, pour over and serve. Fried tomatoes are a nice addition to this dish, served separately.

LAMB SAVORY WITH MUSHROOM DUMPLINGS

Three pounds lamb shoulder chops, flour seasoned with pepper and salt, 3 carrots, 1 small swede turnip, 5 cups boiling water.

Roll lamb in seasoned flour and brown in hot fat in stewpan with diced onion. Add carrot and turnip, diced small, and 5 cups boiling water, and simmer slowly for 2 hours.

Mushroom Dumplings: 1 cup flour, 2 heaped teaspoons baking powder, small tin condensed mushroom soup, and 3 tablespoons water, ½ teaspoon salt. Sift dry ingredients, add soup and water to make soft dough. Drop by spoonfuls into quickly-boiling stew and cook for ten minutes without raising the lid. Before serving, sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley.

VEAL DELICIOUS

Bone and stuff a loin of veal with 1 finely-minced onion, 1 cup breadcrumbs, pepper and salt to taste, and a little good dripping rubbed in. Skewer neatly, and place in pan with ½ cup water, 2oz. butter, pepper and salt. Roast for 2 hours, basting well. Then drain and dip in liquid, made of ½ cup white stock and 1 beaten egg. Cover thickly with breadcrumbs, mixed with grated cheese. Return to oven and bake till brown. Serve with apple sauce, roast potatoes, and Brussels sprouts.

Boil sprouts till tender, drain, allow to dry out. Add pepper, salt, and butter. Shake well together.

VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

Steam one small cauliflower and when soft, remove carefully from saucepan. Break flowers off and place in ring around edge of casserole dish. Steam 1 cup peas, 2 small carrots, cut in rings, 1½ cups celery, cut in small pieces, and 1 cup pumpkin, cut in small squares. Fill centre of casserole with steamed vegetables and cover with cheese sauce made with 6 cups milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1½ teablespoons wholemeal flour. Stir in two-thirds cup grated cheese. Cover with breadcrumbs and place in hot oven for half an hour.

IMPERIAL SAUSAGE PUDDING

One pound of sausage meat, 16oz. self-raising flour, 3oz. beef dripping, 1 rasher shoulder bacon, 2 teaspoons freshly-grated horseradish (or 1½ teaspoons of the dried mixed to a paste with a tablespoon of milk), 1 cup gravy.

Rub dripping into flour, add salt to taste, make into a stiff dough. Cut off a small portion, enough to cover bottom of basin, when rolled out thinly. Flour a sheet of paper and place sausage meat on it; spread out a little, cut the bacon up finely and scatter over. Add the horseradish. Horseradish has a distinctly garlic flavor when cooked, losing all the "heat," so if you do not like the garlic flavor substitute with other seasoning. Cut off a small portion, roll out thinly, and place on top of the paste in basin, continue alternately until all is used up and finish with a pastry top. Cover securely, and steam two and a half hours or more.

To serve, turn out on to a hot dish, pour over a cup of hot gravy, and cut down in slices, serve with mashed swedes, mashed potatoes and french beans. When cooking swedes put them on in cold salted water. After they have cooked twenty minutes put potatoes on top. To mash, pour the water into a basin to warm it, then into the hot basin place potatoes, and mash them. Mash the swedes in the pan. Swedes, potatoes and beans give a distinct color scheme to a dinner that is appetising.

BAKED CHILLIE SUPREME

Take 4 large chillies, cut off stem ends, scoop out seeds, mince left-over cooked meat with 1 onion, add pepper and salt. Fill each chillie with this and replace ends, using toothpicks to hold in place. Place in a baking dish with 1lb. dripping and bake with potatoes and white turnips (turnips to be boiled for 20 minutes first).

BONED CORNED MUTTON DE LUXE

One corned breast of mutton, 2 peppercorns, 1 peach leaf for flavoring, 3 sheeps' tongues, 1lb. potatoes, 2 carrots, 2 parsnips, 4 onions.

Remove bones from mutton, place tongues in centre; roll up and tie with string. Place in water to which flavorings have been added. Warm slightly. Add meat and boil 2 to 2½ hours or until tender. Prepare carrots, parsnips, and onions. Tie in cloth and place in saucepan with mutton. Boil 40 to 50 minutes—until tender. Serve with parsley sauce.

Parsley Sauce: Blend 1 dessertspoon flour with 2 tablespoons of milk. Add to 1 cup stock. Stir till mixture boils and thickens. Add finely-chopped parsley. If preferred, one of the cooked onions may be finely chopped and added in place of parsley.

LAMB MOULD WITH LETTUCE CUP SALAD

Two shanks, 1 small onion stuck with 3 cloves, 6 peppercorns, 1 small carrot, 1 small bunch parsley, 1 teaspoon gelatine.

Cook shanks with vegetables in water to cover, simmering only until sufficiently cooked (about 1½ hours). Take meat out of liquor (reserving this for soup next day) and cut meat off bones into neat pieces. Line a small mould with pieces of carrot cut into neat shapes, place pieces of meat on top, then pour over sufficient of the liquid, to which gelatine has been added, to just cover the meat. Put away to cool and set. Serve cold with lettuce cup salad. Three mutton flaps may be substituted for the shanks (at about the same cost) if preferred.

Lettuce Cup Salad: Lettuce leaves, 1 egg, 1 tomato, 1 gherkin, ½lb. cooked haricot beans, 1 stick chopped celery, 1 tablespoon grated onion.

Wash lettuce leaves well, select the four largest and place one inside the other in a cup to crisp in cup shape. Boil egg until hard and cut into 4 boat shapes, lengthwise. Peel tomato and cut into quarters. Slice gherkin crosswise. Chop celery; grate onion. Mix haricot beans, onion, gherkin, and celery together, and toss in mayonnaise dressing. Dry lettuce cups, fill with bean mixture, and garnish each cup with piece of tomato and egg. Serve round lamb mould.

RABBIT CROQUETTES

Mince ¼lb. cooked rabbit and 2oz. ham very finely. Chop up one hard-boiled egg, and mix with rabbit and ham; add the grated rind of a lemon and salt and pepper to taste. Melt 1oz. butter, add 1oz. flour, and stir till smooth, then add 1 gill (½ pint) milk and stir over fire till thick. Add rabbit mixture, mix well, and turn out on plate to cool. Mix 1 dessertspoon flour on a plate with ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Divide mixture into eight pieces, roll each in the flour, salt and pepper, and make into cork shapes with a knife. Dip into a beaten egg, then into breadcrumbs. Fry in deep fat till a golden brown, drain on paper, and serve garnished with sprigs of parsley.

SAVORY STEAK
(Without Water)

One pound of steak, ½ teacupful of tomato sauce or mushroom ketchup, 1oz. butter, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 saltspoon pepper.

Have steak cut one inch thick. Put 1oz. butter in a stewpan and let it melt without browning. Wash steak in cold water, and put in stewpan, covering closely. As soon as it is warm add salt and pepper. Then let simmer for 1½ hours, keeping covered all the time. Remove meat to a dish. Add tomato sauce or ketchup to gravy, thicken slightly, then pour over the steak.

BROILED BARRACOOTA

Half a barracoota, butter, pepper, salt, lemon juice, parsley, anchovy.

Wash fish, and wipe dry. Cut into four equal pieces; brush over with melted butter, sprinkle with pepper and salt. Place on hot griller, and cook for 10 minutes, turning twice. Place on hot dish. Melt a little butter in a saucepan, stir in a teaspoon lemon juice, teaspoon chopped parsley, and little anchovy. Pour round the fish, and serve.

STUFFED EGG-FRUIT

Two large or 4 medium-sized egg-fruit, finely chopped mutton left over from joint, 1 onion, rice, mint, salt and pepper, 1 tomato, potatoes, carrots and parsnips, white sauce with parsley.

Peel, cut tops off and scrape out interior of egg-fruit, chop onion finely, and mix with chopped mutton, rice and mint, season with salt and pepper, part fill each egg-fruit with mixture, allow space for rice to swell. Return tops to egg-fruit, place upright in saucepan with an inch of water, added to which is the tomato and portion of the scrapings of egg-fruit. Steam until tender. Serve with mashed potatoes, boiled carrots, parsnips and white sauce

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NEW, ECONOMICAL DISHES

(Continued)

TRIPE OLIVES

One pound tripe, 1 large onion, 1 stalk celery, 1 dessertspoon butter (or beef dripping), 1 cup breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, pinch herbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1½ cups milk or white stock (or milk and water), 1 dessertspoon flour, 4 strips bacon, 2 slices bread.

Prepare tripe by soaking in salted water for an hour, after scraping away any adhesions, etc. Meanwhile slice onion thinly and cut celery in half-inch lengths. Chop parsley. Prepare breadcrumbs from stale white bread, and mix with herbs, parsley, salt and pepper. Cut tripe into pieces about 3 inches x 6 inches and place seasoned breadcrumbs (moistened with a little milk) on each strip; roll up and secure with white cotton. Melt butter in a saucepan and fry chopped onion and celery for five minutes without browning. Place rolls of stuffed tripe on top, add stock or milk, and simmer slowly for an hour. Fifteen minutes before serving thicken slightly with a little flour, making sure that sufficient seasoning has been added, and leave to simmer while frying bacon strips and triangles of bread in resulting bacon fat. When ready to serve, lift olives on a hot dish, pour sauce over, and garnish with bacon strips and bread triangles. Accompany with brussels sprouts and mashed potatoes.

MARYLAND CUTLETS
(With Apple Rings)

One rabbit and potato cubes, 1½ cups crumbs mixed with chopped parsley, pepper and salt, 1 beaten egg, mixed with 1 tablespoon milk, 1 tart apple, peeled, cored and cut into half-inch rings, potatoes.

Joint rabbit and soak for 2 hours in cold water. Strain this water off, add 1½ cups fresh water and simmer ½ hour (liquor can be used in a soup if desired). Drain rabbit on kitchen paper. Flour lightly, dip in beaten egg, then crumbs, and deep fry till golden brown.

Have potatoes cut in cubes about half-inch thick. Fry with the rabbit till cooked. Drain all carefully on kitchen paper in hot oven, while cooking the apple rings. Before doing this, pour nearly all the fat out of the pan. Cook apple lightly both sides. Remove from pan and make a little brown gravy.

PIQUANT STEAK AND SPAGHETTI PIE

One pound bladebone steak, 1 carrot, 1 onion, ½lb. tomatoes, ½lb. spaghetti, wineglass sherry, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoon grated cheese.

Remove all skin and fat from steak and cut up finely. Peel tomatoes and cut up onion in small pieces, dice carrot, and put all in saucepan. Simmer for two hours, or until tender. Put spaghetti in boiling salted water and boil for half an hour. When steak is tender, add wine. Now put steak in a piedish and mix in cooked spaghetti. Add salt and pepper to taste. Sprinkle with grated cheese and put under griller for a minute or two. Serve hot. Wine and cheese may be omitted, but they add a piquancy to the dish at very small cost.

DELICIOUS CHEESE ROAST

One pound cooked lima beans, ½lb. shredded cheese, 1 cup breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, ½ onion, 1 tablespoon butter.

Put beans, onion, and cheese through a mincer, mix with the melted butter and seasonings and form into a loaf. Brush over with melted butter and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Bake in a moderate oven for ½ hour. Serve with tomato sauce and garnish with parsley.

VEAL SOUFFLE WITH RICE SAVORY

Three-quarters pound minced veal, ½lb. white crumbs, 1 dessertspoon flour, 2 eggs, salt and pepper, enough milk to wet crumbs.

Mix the minced veal and crumbs dampened with milk. Add flour. Beat whites of eggs alone, mix the yolks with the veal, then add salt and pepper and the whipped egg-whites last. Put in a basin with a tight lid; steam 1½ hours.

Rice Savory: ½lb. rice, 2 tomatoes, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 tablespoon Worcester sauce, salt, pepper. Cook rice till soft, drain well—dry it as thoroughly as is possible. Slice tomatoes, cook gently in the butter and curry powder 10 minutes; add cheese, sauce, salt, and pepper. Mix well, then add rice and mix again. Finish in the oven, topped with crumbs or just pats of butter. Rice may be served without baking.

ORIENTAL GRILL

One and a quarter pounds lean leg mutton chops, ½lb. pork fat, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, salt, pepper to taste.

Cut meat into small pieces about the size of a walnut, then the pork fat into an equal number of pieces, only much smaller in size. Put alternate pieces of mutton and pork on a skewer till all skewer is filled; repeat process with another skewer till all meat is used up. Sprinkle with herbs, and place under griller. Cook both sides. When ready serve in a dish surrounded with mashed potatoes.

WINCHESTER CUTLETS
(With Garnished Rice)

One egg, 1 cup cold cooked meat (any kind), 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1oz. butter, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 dessertspoon tomato ketchup, dash cayenne, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon sultanas.

Mince meat finely with sultanas, then pound it, and add crumbs, butter, and seasonings. Mix to a stiff paste with beaten egg and shape into small cutlets. Add a little flour to bind them, dip in egg, then in seasoned breadcrumbs, and fry in hot fat. Put a small stem of uncooked macaroni into the end of each to simulate cutlet bone, and place a small paper frill around. Serve very hot with well-cooked dry rice and heated tomato sauce.

Rice: Place ¼ cup well-washed brown (unpolished) rice in the top of a double saucepan, cover with water, and cook until all the water is absorbed, adding salt to taste. Cook until the rice is soft but dry, and every grain separate. When ready to serve, arrange in a mound in the centre of a heated dish, place cutlets leaning against the mound, and sprinkle rice with finely-chopped parsley for garnish.

GARNISHED VEAL CHOPS
(With Mint-Flavored Glazed Carrots and Peas)

Trim veal chops neatly and flour well. Season on both sides with salt and pepper and brown in hot fat. When nicely colored, pour 1 cup sour cream over chops and cover. Simmer until the meat is tender. Remove to a hot plate, garnish with tomatoes sliced thickly, dipped in melted fat and sprinkled thickly with cheese, and browned at the top of a very hot oven. Thicken the liquid in the pan, adding more cream if necessary, and strain over the chops.

Mint-Flavored Glazed Carrots and Peas: Cook 3 large carrots in boiling water till tender, plunge in cold water and slip off the skins, then cut in cubes. Cover with melted butter or other fat, and add 3 tablespoons sugar and a teaspoon of fresh mint leaves finely minced. Cook slowly until nicely glazed, then add ½lb. fresh peas which have been cooked separately. Stir all together over the fire for 5 minutes.

RUMP STEAK SAVORY WITH DUMPLINGS

Two pounds rump steak, 1 cup fine breadcrumbs, dripping or lard, salt and pepper.

Cut steak in slices and cover with breadcrumbs. Beat breadcrumbs well into steak with back of chopper, turn steak over, and repeat this process. Place in pan with dripping and fry a little. Then drain off dripping and add hot water gradually. Steam until soft.

Dumplings: 1lb. plain flour, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour, 3 vienna rolls or bread, 1 egg, and salt. Cut bread into cubes, fry in dripping a golden color. Sift flour, add egg and enough water to make a batter, then add fried bread, and mix together. Drop dessertspoons of this mixture in a saucepan of boiling water to which a dessertspoon of salt has been added. Let cook for 20 minutes.

SKEWERED KABOBS

Two large apples, 3 large onions, 2 pieces streaky bacon, 8 pieces from neck of mutton or loin of veal, curry powder, ground ginger, salt, rice.

Lay apples, onions (cut into about 8 slices), bacon and mutton (or veal) in a dish and sprinkle with curry powder, ground ginger and salt. Leave for 2 hours and then string on a skewer in this order: Meat, onions, bacon, and apples. Wrap skewers in buttered paper and bake in oven 1½ hours. Slip off the skewers and serve with a border of rice. Curry sauce may be served with them, or they can be cooked in a dish in the oven with sufficient water to make gravy, which can be thickened with a little cornflour.

WALNUT PUREE

One cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup minced walnuts, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg or sufficient milk to moisten slightly.

Mix ingredients together, adding sufficient egg or milk to moisten. Add salt and pepper to taste, and press into buttered mould. Steam for one hour. Turn out and serve hot.

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